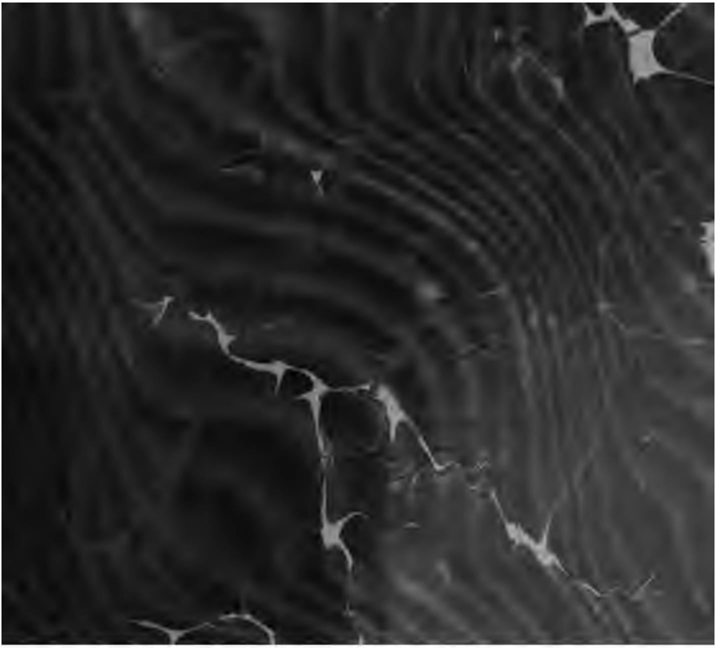


THE ALDINE EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

VOL. IV

THE POETICAL WORKS OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

EDITED WITH MEMOIR BY

EDWARD DOWDEN

IN SEVEN VOLUMES

VOL. IV

LONDON

GEORGE BELL & SONS, YORK ST., COVENT GARDEN

NEW YORK: 112, FOURTH AVENUE

1893

CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT,
CHANCERY LANE.

CONTENTS.

Vol. IV.

PART II.—TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

PART III.—FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

Poems, Composed or Suggested During a Tour, in the Summer of 1833.

Poems of Sentiment and Reflection.

POEMS.

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE;

OR,

THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

During the Summer of 1807 I visited, for the first time, the beautiful country that surrounds Bolton Priory in Yorkshire; and the Poem of "The White Doe," founded upon a Tradition connected with that place, was composed at the close of the same year.

DEDICATION.

In trellised shed with clustering roses gay,
And, Mary! oft beside our blazing fire,
When years of wedded life were as a day
Whose current answers to the heart's desire,
Did we together read in Spenser's Lay
How Una, sad of soul—in sad attire,
The gentle Una, of celestial birth,
To seek her Knight went wandering o'er the earth.

Ah, then, Belovèd! pleasing was the smart,
And the tear precious in compassion shed
For Her, who, pierced by sorrow's thrilling dart,
Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;
Meek as that emblem of her lowly heart
The milk-white Lamb which in a line she led,—
And faithful, loyal in her innocence,
Like the brave Lion slain in her defence.

Notes could we hear as of a faery shell
Attuned to words with sacred wisdom fraught;

Free Fancy prized each specious miracle,
And all its finer inspiration caught;
Till in the bosom of our rustic Cell
We by a lamentable change were taught
That "bliss with mortal Man may not abide:"
How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

For us the stream of fiction ceased to flow,
For us the voice of melody was mute.
—But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary snow,
And give the timid herbage leave to shoot,
Heaven's breathing influence failed not to bestow
A timely promise of unlooked-for fruit,
Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content
From blossoms wild of fancies innocent.

It soothed us—it beguiled us—then, to hear
Once more of troubles wrought by magic spell;
And griefs whose aery motion comes not near
The pangs that tempt the Spirit to rebel:
Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,
High over hill and low adown the dell
Again we wandered, willing to partake
All that she suffered for her dear Lord's sake.

Then, too, this Song *of mine* once more could please,
Where anguish, strange as dreams of restless sleep,
Is tempered and allayed by sympathies
Aloft ascending, and descending deep,
Even to the inferior Kinds; whom forest-trees
Protect from beating sunbeams, and the sweep
Of the sharp winds;—fair Creatures!—to whom Heaven
A calm and sinless life, with love, hath given.

This tragic Story cheered us; for it speaks
Of female patience winning firm repose;
And, of the recompense that conscience seeks,
A bright, encouraging, example shows;
Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest breaks,
Needful amid life's ordinary woes;—
Hence not for them unfitted who would bless
A happy hour with holier happiness.

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive:
O, that my mind were equal to fulfil

The comprehensive mandate which they give—
Vain aspiration of an earnest will!
Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,
Belovèd Wife! such solace to impart
As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND,
April 20, 1815.

"Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'Tis done; and in the after-vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And has the nature of infinity.
Yet through that darkness (infinite though it seem
And irremoveable) gracious openings lie,
By which the soul—with patient steps of thought
Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer—
May pass in hope, and, though from mortal bonds
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
Even to the fountain-head of peace divine."

"They that deny a God destroy Man's nobility: for certainly Man is of kin to the Beast by his Body, and if he be not of kin to God by his Spirit, he is a base ignoble Creature. It destroys likewise Magnanimity, and the raising of humane Nature: for take an example of a Dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a Man, who to him is instead of a God, or Melior Natura. Which courage is manifestly such as that Creature without that confidence of a better Nature than his own could never attain. So Man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon Divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human Nature in itself could not obtain."

LORD BACON.

CANTO FIRST.

FROM Bolton's old monastic tower
The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
The sun shines bright; the fields are gay

With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of crystal Wharf,
Through the Vale retired and lowly,
Trooping to that summons holy.
And, up among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of blithe company!
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
That down the steep hills force their way,
Like cattle through the budded brooms;
Path, or no path, what care they?
And thus in joyous mood they hie
To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What would they there!—full fifty years
That sumptuous Pile, with all its peers,
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste
The bitterness of wrong and waste:
Its courts are ravaged; but the tower
Is standing with a voice of power,
That ancient voice which wont to call
To mass or some high festival;
And in the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part;
A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest,
Closely embowered and trimly drest;
And thither young and old repair,
This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

Fast the church-yard fills;—anon
Look again, and they all are gone;
The cluster round the porch, and the folk
Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak!
And scarcely have they disappeared
Ere the prelusive hymn is heard:—
With one consent the people rejoice,
Filling the church with a lofty voice!

They sing a service which they feel:
For 'tis the sunrise now of zeal;
Of a pure faith the vernal prime—
In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within;
For though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
—When soft!—the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen;
And through yon gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the church-yard ground—
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe!
White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
Lie quiet in your church-yard bed!
Ye living, tend your holy cares;
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
'Tis a work for sabbath hours

If I with this bright Creature go:
Whether she be of forest bowers,
From the bowers of earth below;
Or a Spirit for one day given,
A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this Pile of state
Overthrown and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Leads through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath:
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes,—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell,
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

The presence of this wandering Doe
Fills many a damp obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show;
And, reappearing, she no less
Sheds on the flowers that round her blow
A more than sunny liveliness.
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,

Rite to perform, or boon to ask?
Fair Pilgrim! harbours she a sense
Of sorrow, or of reverence?
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,
Crushed as if by wrath divine?
For what survives of house where God
Was worshipped, or where Man abode;
For old magnificence undone;
Or for the gentler work begun
By Nature, softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing?
Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth
That to the sapling ash gives birth;
For dormitory's length laid bare
Where the wild rose blossoms fair;
Or altar, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament?
—She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone;
A warrior, with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest,
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast;
As little she regards the sight
As a common creature might:
If she be doomed to inward care,
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
—But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves—with pace how light!
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;
And thus she fares, until at last
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down;
Gentle as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
Against an anchored vessel's side;

Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,
To a lingering motion bound,
Like the crystal stream now flowing
With its softest summer sound:
So the balmy minutes pass,
While this radiant Creature lies
Couched upon the dewy grass,
Pensively with downcast eyes.
—But now again the people raise
With awful cheer a voice of praise;
It is the last, the parting song;
And from the temple forth they throng,
And quickly spread themselves abroad,
While each pursues his several road.
But some—a variegated band
Of middle-aged, and old, and young,
And little children by the hand
Upon their leading mothers hung—
With mute obeisance gladly paid
Turn towards the spot where, full in view,
The white Doe, to her service true,
Her sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound;
Which two spears' length of level ground
Did from all other graves divide:
As if in some respect of pride;
Or melancholy's sickly mood,
Still shy of human neighbourhood;
Or guilt, that humbly would express
A penitential loneliness.

"Look, there she is, my Child! draw near;
She fears not, wherefore should we fear?

She means no harm;"—but still the Boy,
To whom the words were softly said,
Hung back, and smiled, and blushed for joy,
A shame-faced blush of glowing red!
Again the Mother whispered low,
"Now you have seen the famous Doe;
From Rylstone she hath found her way
Over the hills this sabbath day;
Her work, whate'er it be, is done,
And she will depart when we are gone;
Thus doth she keep, from year to year,
Her sabbath morning, foul or fair."

Bright was the Creature, as in dreams
The Boy had seen her, yea, more bright;
But is she truly what she seems?
He asks with insecure delight,
Asks of himself, and doubts,—and still
The doubt returns against his will:
Though he, and all the standers-by,
Could tell a tragic history
Of facts divulged, wherein appear
Substantial motive, reason clear,
Why thus the milk-white Doe is found
Couchant beside that lonely mound;
And why she duly loves to pace
The circuit of this hallowed place.
Nor to the Child's inquiring mind
Is such perplexity confined:
For, spite of sober Truth that sees
A world of fixed remembrances
Which to this mystery belong,
If, undeceived, my skill can trace
The characters of every face,
There lack not strange delusion here,
Conjecture vague, and idle fear,
And superstitious fancies strong,

Which do the gentle Creature wrong.

That bearded, staff-supported Sire—
Who in his boyhood often fed
Full cheerily on convent-bread
And heard old tales by the convent-fire,
And to his grave will go with scars,
Relics of long and distant wars—
That Old Man, studious to expound
The spectacle, is mounting high
To days of dim antiquity;
When Lady Aäliza mourned
Her Son, and felt in her despair
The pang of unavailing prayer;
Her Son in Wharf's abysses drowned,
The noble Boy of Egremound.
From which affliction—when the grace
Of God had in her heart found place—
A pious structure, fair to see,
Rose up, this stately Priory!
The Lady's work;—but now laid low;
To the grief of her soul that doth come and go,
In the beautiful form of this innocent Doe:
Which, though seemingly doomed in its breast to sustain
A softened remembrance of sorrow and pain,
Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and bright;
And glides o'er the earth like an angel of light.

Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door;
And through the chink in the fractured floor
Look down, and see a griesly sight;
A vault where the bodies are buried upright!
There, face by face, and hand by hand,
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;
And, in his place, among son and sire,
Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,

A valiant man, and a name of dread
In the ruthless wars of the White and Red;
Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury
church
And smote off his head on the stones of the
porch!
Look down among them, if you dare;
Oft does the White Doe loiter there,
Prying into the darksome rent;
Nor can it be with good intent:
So thinks that Dame of haughty air,
Who hath a Page her book to hold,
And wears a frontlet edged with gold.
Harsh thoughts with her high mood agree—
Who counts among her ancestry
Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously!

That slender Youth, a scholar pale,
From Oxford come to his native vale,
He also hath his own conceit:
It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,
Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet
In his wanderings solitary:
Wild notes she in his hearing sang,
A song of Nature's hidden powers;
That whistled like the wind, and rang
Among the rocks and holly bowers.
'Twas said that She all shapes could wear;
And oftentimes before him stood,
Amid the trees of some thick wood,
In semblance of a lady fair;
And taught him signs, and showed him sights,
In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian heights;
When under cloud of fear he lay,
A shepherd clad in homely grey;
Nor left him at his later day.
And hence when he, with spear and shield,

Rode full of years to Flodden-field,
His eye could see the hidden spring,
And how the current was to flow;
The fatal end of Scotland's King,
And all that hopeless overthrow.
But not in wars did he delight,
This Clifford wished for worthier might;
Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state;
Him his own thoughts did elevate,—
Most happy in the shy recess
Of Barden's lowly quietness.
And choice of studious friends had he
Of Bolton's dear fraternity;
Who, standing on this old church tower,
In many a calm propitious hour,
Perused, with him, the starry sky;
Or, in their cells, with him did pry
For other lore,—by keen desire
Urged to close toil with chemic fire;
In quest belike of transmutations
Rich as the mine's most bright creations.
But they and their good works are fled,
And all is now disquieted—
And peace is none, for living or dead!

Ah, pensive Scholar, think not so,
But look again at the radiant Doe!
What quiet watch she seems to keep,
Alone, beside that grassy heap!
Why mention other thoughts unmeet
For vision so composed and sweet?
While stand the people in a ring,
Gazing, doubting, questioning;
Yea, many overcome in spite
Of recollections clear and bright;
Which yet do unto some impart
An undisturbed repose of heart.

And all the assembly own a law
Of orderly respect and awe;
But see—they vanish one by one,
And last, the Doe herself is gone.

Harp! we have been full long beguiled
By vague thoughts, lured by fancies wild;
To which, with no reluctant strings,
Thou hast attuned thy murmurings;
And now before this Pile we stand
In solitude, and utter peace:
But, Harp! thy murmurs may not cease—
A Spirit, with his angelic wings,
In soft and breeze-like visitings,
Has touched thee—and a Spirit's hand:
A voice is with us—a command
To chant, in strains of heavenly glory,
A tale of tears, a mortal story!

CANTO SECOND.

THE Harp in lowliness obeyed;
And first we sang of the green-wood shade
And a solitary Maid;
Beginning, where the song must end,
With her, and with her sylvan Friend;
The Friend, who stood before her sight,
Her only unextinguished light;
Her last companion in a dearth
Of love, upon a hopeless earth.

For She it was—this Maid, who wrought
Meekly, with foreboding thought,
In vermeil colours and in gold
An unblest work; which, standing by,

Her Father did with joy behold,—
Exulting in its imagery;
A Banner, fashioned to fulfil
Too perfectly his headstrong will:
For on this Banner had her hand
Embroidered (such her Sire's command)
The sacred Cross; and figured there
The five dear wounds our Lord did bear;
Full soon to be uplifted high,
And float in rueful company!

It was the time when England's Queen
Twelve years had reigned, a Sovereign dread;
Nor yet the restless crown had been
Disturbed upon her virgin head;
But now the inly-working North
Was ripe to send its thousands forth,
A potent vassalage, to fight
In Percy's and in Neville's right,
Two Earls fast leagued in discontent,
Who gave their wishes open vent;
And boldly urged a general plea,
The rites of ancient piety
To be triumphantly restored,
By the stern justice of the sword!
And that same Banner on whose breast
The blameless Lady had exprest
Memorials chosen to give life
And sunshine to a dangerous strife;
That Banner, waiting for the Call,
Stood quietly in Rylstone-hall.

It came; and Francis Norton said,
"O Father! rise not in this fray—
The hairs are white upon your head;
Dear Father, hear me when I say
It is for you too late a day!

Bethink you of your own good name:
A just and gracious Queen have we,
A pure religion, and the claim
Of peace on our humanity.—
'Tis meet that I endure your scorn;
I am your son, your eldest born;
But not for lordship or for land,
My Father, do I clasp your knees;
The Banner touch not, stay your hand,
This multitude of men disband,
And live at home in blameless ease;
For these my brethren's sake, for me;
And, most of all, for Emily!"

Tumultuous noises filled the hall;
And scarcely could the Father hear
That name—pronounced with a dying fall—
The name of his only Daughter dear,
As on the banner which stood near
He glanced a look of holy pride,
And his moist eyes were glorified;
Then did he seize the staff, and say;
"Thou, Richard, bear'st thy father's name,
Keep thou this ensign till the day
When I of thee require the same:
Thy place be on my better hand;—
And seven as true as thou, I see,
Will cleave to this good cause and me."
He spake, and eight brave sons straightway
All followed him, a gallant band!

Thus, with his sons, when forth he came
The sight was hailed with loud acclaim
And din of arms and minstrelsy,
From all his warlike tenantry,
All horsed and harnessed with him to ride,—
A voice to which the hills replied!

But Francis, in the vacant hall,
Stood silent under dreary weight,—
A phantasm, in which roof and wall
Shook, tottered, swam before his sight;
A phantasm like a dream of night!
Thus overwhelmed, and desolate,
He found his way to a postern-gate;
And, when he waked, his languid eye
Was on the calm and silent sky;
With air about him breathing sweet,
And earth's green grass beneath his feet;
Nor did he fail ere long to hear
A sound of military cheer,
Faint—but it reached that sheltered spot;
He heard, and it disturbed him not.

There stood he, leaning on a lance
Which he had grasped unknowingly,
Had blindly grasped in that strong trance,
That dimness of heart-agony;
There stood he, cleansed from the despair
And sorrow of his fruitless prayer.
The past he calmly hath reviewed:
But where will be the fortitude
Of this brave man, when he shall see
That Form beneath the spreading tree,
And know that it is Emily?

He saw her where in open view
She sate beneath the spreading yew—
Her head upon her lap, concealing
In solitude her bitter feeling:
"Might ever son *command* a sire,
The act were justified to-day."
This to himself—and to the Maid,
Whom now he had approached, he said—
"Gone are they,—they have their desire;

And I with thee one hour will stay,
To give thee comfort if I may."

She heard, but looked not up, nor spake;
And sorrow moved him to partake
Her silence; then his thoughts turned round,
And fervent words a passage found.

"Gone are they, bravely, though misled;
With a dear Father at their head!
The Sons obey a natural lord;
The Father had given solemn word
To noble Percy; and a force
Still stronger bends him to his course.
This said, our tears to-day may fall
As at an innocent funeral.
In deep and awful channel runs
This sympathy of Sire and Sons;
Untried our Brothers have been loved
With heart by simple nature moved;
And now their faithfulness is proved:
For faithful we must call them, bearing
That soul of conscientious daring.
—There were they all in circle—there
Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,
John with a sword that will not fail,
And Marmaduke in fearless mail,
And those bright Twins were side by side;
And there, by fresh hopes beautified,
Stood He, whose arm yet lacks the power
Of man, our youngest, fairest flower!
I, by the right of eldest born,
And in a second father's place,
Presumed to grapple with their scorn,
And meet their pity face to face;
Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,
I to my Father knelt and prayed;

And one, the pensive Marmaduke,
Methought, was yielding inwardly,
And would have laid his purpose by,
But for a glance of his Father's eye,
Which I myself could scarcely brook.

"Then be we, each and all, forgiven!
Thou, chiefly thou, my Sister dear,
Whose pangs are registered in heaven—
The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,
And smiles, that dared to take their place,
Meek filial smiles, upon thy face,
As that unhallowed Banner grew
Beneath a loving old Man's view.
Thy part is done—thy painful part;
Be thou then satisfied in heart!
A further, though far easier, task
Than thine hath been, my duties ask;
With theirs my efforts cannot blend,
I cannot for such cause contend;
Their aims I utterly forswear;
But I in body will be there.
Unarmed and naked will I go,
Be at their side, come weal or woe:
On kind occasions I may wait,
See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.
Bare breast I take and an empty hand."—[1]
Therewith he threw away the lance,
Which he had grasped in that strong trance;
Spurned it, like something that would stand
Between him and the pure intent
Of love on which his soul was bent.

"For thee, for thee, is left the sense
Of trial past without offence

[1] See the Old Ballad,—"The Rising of the North."

To God or man; such innocence,
Such consolation, and the excess
Of an unmerited distress;
In that thy very strength must lie.
—O Sister, I could prophesy!
The time is come that rings the knell
Of all we loved, and loved so well:
Hope nothing, if I thus may speak
To thee, a woman, and thence weak:
Hope nothing, I repeat; for we
Are doomed to perish utterly:
'Tis meet that thou with me divide
The thought while I am by thy side,
Acknowledging a grace in this,
A comfort in the dark abyss.
But look not for me when I am gone,
And be no farther wrought upon:
Farewell all wishes, all debate,
All prayers for this cause, or for that!
Weep, if that aid thee; but depend
Upon no help of outward friend;
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
To fortitude without reprieve.
For we must fall, both we and ours—
This Mansion and these pleasant bowers,
Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead, hall—
Our fate is theirs, will reach them all;
The young horse must forsake his manger,
And learn to glory in a Stranger;
The hawk forget his perch; the hound
Be parted from his ancient ground:
The blast will sweep us all away—
One desolation, one decay!
And even this Creature!" which words saying,
He pointed to a lovely Doe,
A few steps distant, feeding, straying;
Fair creature, and more white than snow!

"Even she will to her peaceful woods
Return, and to her murmuring floods,
And be in heart and soul the same
She was before she hither came;
Ere she had learned to love us all,
Herself beloved in Rylstone-hall.
—But thou, my Sister, doomed to be
The last leaf on a blasted tree;
If not in vain we breathed the breath
Together of a purer faith;
If hand in hand we have been led,
And thou, (O happy thought this day!)
Not seldom foremost in the way;
If on one thought our minds have fed,
And we have in one meaning read;
If, when at home our private weal
Hath suffered from the shock of zeal,
Together we have learned to prize
Forbearance and self-sacrifice;
If we like combatants have fared,
And for this issue been prepared;
If thou art beautiful, and youth
And thought endue thee with all truth—
Be strong;—be worthy of the grace
Of God, and fill thy destined place:
A Soul, by force of sorrows high,
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed humanity!"

He ended,—or she heard no more;
He led her from the yew-tree shade,
And at the mansion's silent door,
He kissed the consecrated Maid;
And down the valley then pursued,
Alone, the armèd Multitude.

CANTO THIRD.

Now joy for you who from the towers
Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear,
Telling melancholy hours!
Proclaim it, let your Masters hear
That Norton with his band is near!
The watchmen from their station high
Pronounced the word,—and the Earls descry,
Well-pleased, the armèd Company
Marching down the banks of Were.

Said fearless Norton to the pair
Gone forth to greet him on the plain—
"This meeting, noble Lords! looks fair,
I bring with me a goodly train;
Their hearts are with you: hill and dale
Have helped us: Ure we crossed, and Swale,
And horse and harness followed—see
The best part of their Yeomanry!
—Stand forth, my Sons!—these eight are mine,
Whom to this service I commend;
Which way soe'er our fate incline,
These will be faithful to the end;
They are my all"—voice failed him here—
"My all save one, a Daughter dear!
Whom I have left, Love's mildest birth,
The meekest Child on this blessed earth.
I had—but these are by my side,
These Eight, and this is a day of pride!
The time is ripe. With festive din
Lo! how the people are flocking in,—
Like hungry fowl to the feeder's hand
When snow lies heavy upon the land."

He spake bare truth; for far and near

From every side came noisy swarms
Of Peasants in their homely gear;
And, mixed with these, to Brancepeth came
Grave Gentry of estate and name,
And Captains known for worth in arms;
And prayed the Earls in self-defence
To rise, and prove their innocence.—
"Rise, noble Earls, put forth your might
For holy Church, and the People's right!"

The Norton fixed, at this demand,
His eye upon Northumberland,
And said; "The Minds of Men will own
No loyal rest while England's Crown
Remains without an Heir, the bait
Of strife and factions desperate;
Who, paying deadly hate in kind
Through all things else, in this can find
A mutual hope, a common mind;
And plot, and pant to overwhelm
All ancient honour in the realm.
—Brave Earls! to whose heroic veins
Our noblest blood is given in trust,
To you a suffering State complains,
And ye must raise her from the dust.
With wishes of still bolder scope
On you we look, with dearest hope;
Even for our Altars—for the prize
In Heaven, of life that never dies;
For the old and holy Church we mourn,
And must in joy to her return.
Behold!"—and from his Son whose stand
Was on his right, from that guardian hand
He took the Banner, and unfurled
The precious folds—"behold," said he,
"The ransom of a sinful world;
Let this your preservation be;

The wounds of hands and feet and side,
And the sacred Cross on which Jesus died.
—This bring I from an ancient hearth,
These Records wrought in pledge of love
By hands of no ignoble birth,
A Maid o'er whom the blessed Dove
Vouchsafed in gentleness to brood
While she the holy work pursued."
"Uplift the Standard!" was the cry
From all the listeners that stood round,
"Plant it,—by this we live or die."
The Norton ceased not for that sound,
But said; "The prayer which ye have heard,
Much injured Earls! by these preferred,
Is offered to the Saints, the sigh
Of tens of thousands, secretly."
"Uplift it!" cried once more the Band,
And then a thoughtful pause ensued:
"Uplift it!" said Northumberland—
Whereat from all the multitude
Who saw the Banner reared on high
In all its dread emblazonry
A voice of uttermost joy brake out:
The transport was rolled down the river of Were,
And Durham, the time-honoured Durham, did hear,
And the towers of Saint Cuthbert were stirred by the shout!

Now was the North in arms:—they shine
In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,
At Percy's voice: and Neville sees
His Followers gathering in from Tees,
From Were, and all the little rills
Concealed among the forkèd hills—
Seven hundred Knights, Retainers all

Of Neville, at their Master's call
Had sate together in Raby Hall!
Such strength that Earldom held of yore;
Nor wanted at this time rich store
Of well-appointed chivalry.
—Not loth the sleepy lance to wield,
And greet the old paternal shield,
They heard the summons;—and, furthermore,
Horsemen and Foot of each degree,
Unbound by pledge of fealty,
Appeared, with free and open hate
Of novelties in Church and State;
Knight, burgher, yeoman, and esquire,
And Romish priest, in priest's attire.
And thus, in arms, a zealous Band
Proceeding under joint command,
To Durham first their course they bear;
And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat
Sang mass,—and tore the book of prayer,—
And trod the bible beneath their feet.

Thence marching southward smooth and free
"They mustered their host at Wetherby,
Full sixteen thousand fair to see;"[1]
The Choicest Warriors of the North!
But none for beauty and for worth
Like those eight Sons—who, in a ring,
(Ripe men, or blooming in life's spring)
Each with a lance, erect and tall,
A falchion, and a buckler small,
Stood by their Sire, on Clifford-moor,
To guard the Standard which he bore.
On foot they girt their Father round;
And so will keep the appointed ground
Where'er their march: no steed will he

[1] From the Old Ballad.

Henceforth bestride;—triumphantly
He stands upon the grassy sod,
Trusting himself to the earth, and God.
Rare sight to embolden and inspire!
Proud was the field of Sons and Sire;
Of him the most; and, sooth to say,
No shape of man in all the array
So graced the sunshine of that day.
The monumental pomp of age
Was with this goodly Personage;
A stature undepressed in size,
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
In open victory o'er the weight
Of seventy years, to loftier height;
Magnific limbs of withered state;
A face to fear and venerate;
Eyes dark and strong; and on his head
Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread,
Which a brown morion half-concealed,
Light as a hunter's of the field;
And thus, with girdle round his waist,
Whereon the Banner-staff might rest
At need, he stood, advancing high
The glittering, floating Pageantry.

Who sees him?—thousands see, and One
With unparticipated gaze;
Who, 'mong those thousands, friend hath none,
And treads in solitary ways.
He, following wheresoe'er he might,
Hath watched the Banner from afar,
As shepherds watch a lonely star,
Or mariners the distant light
That guides them through a stormy night.
And now, upon a chosen plot
Of rising ground, yon heathy spot!
He takes alone his far-off stand,

With breast unmailed, unweaponed hand.
Bold is his aspect; but his eye
Is pregnant with anxiety,
While, like a tutelary Power,
He there stands fixed from hour to hour:
Yet sometimes in more humble guise
Upon the turf-clad height he lies
Stretched, herdsman-like, as if to bask
In sunshine were his only task,
Or by his mantle's help to find
A shelter from the nipping wind:
And thus, with short oblivion blest,
His weary spirits gather rest.
Again he lifts his eyes; and lo!
The pageant glancing to and fro;
And hope is wakened by the sight,
He thence may learn, ere fall of night,
Which way the tide is doomed to flow.

To London were the Chieftains bent;
But what avails the bold intent?
A Royal army is gone forth
To quell the Rising of the North;
They march with Dudley at their head,
And, in seven days' space, will to York be led!—
Can such a mighty host be raised
Thus suddenly, and brought so near?
The Earls upon each other gazed,
And Neville's cheek grew pale with fear;
For, with a high and valiant name,
He bore a heart of timid frame;
And bold if both had been, yet they
"Against so many may not stay." [1]
Back therefore will they hie to seize
A strong-hold on the banks of Tees;

[1] From the Old Ballad.

There wait a favourable hour,
Until Lord Dacre with his power
From Naworth come; and Howard's aid
Be with them openly displayed.

While through the Host, from man to man,
A rumour of this purpose ran,
The Standard trusting to the care
Of him who heretofore did bear
That charge, impatient Norton sought
The Chieftains to unfold his thought,
And thus abruptly spake;—"We yield
(And can it be?) an unfought field!—
How oft has strength, the strength of heaven,
To few triumphantly been given!
Still do our very children boast
Of mitred Thurston—what a Host
He conquered!—Saw we not the Plain
(And flying shall behold again)
Where faith was proved?—while to battle moved
The Standard, on the Sacred Wain
That bore it, compassed round by a bold
Fraternity of Barons old;
And with those grey-haired champions stood,
Under the saintly ensigns three,
The infant Heir of Mowbray's blood—
All confident of victory!—
Shall Percy blush, then, for his name?
Must Westmoreland be asked with shame
Whose were the numbers, where the loss,
In that other day of Neville's Cross?
When the Prior of Durham with holy hand
Raised, as the Vision gave command,
Saint Cuthbert's Relic—far and near
Kenned on the point of a lofty spear;
While the Monks prayed in Maiden's Bower

To God descending in his power.
Less would not at our need be due
To us, who war against the Untrue;—
The delegates of Heaven we rise,
Convoked the impious to chastise:
We, we, the sanctities of old
Would re-establish and uphold:
Be warned"—His zeal the Chiefs confounded,
But word was given, and the trumpet sounded:
Back through the melancholy Host
Went Norton, and resumed his post.
Alas! thought he, and have I borne
This Banner raised with joyful pride,
This hope of all posterity,
By those dread symbols sanctified;
Thus to become at once the scorn
Of babbling winds as they go by,
A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye,
To the light clouds a mockery!
—"Even these poor eight of mine would stem—"
Half to himself, and half to them
He spake—"would stem, or quell, a force
Ten times their number, man and horse;
This by their own unaided might,
Without their father in their sight,
Without the Cause for which they fight;
A Cause, which on a needful day
Would breed us thousands brave as they."
—So speaking, he his reverend head
Raised towards that Imagery once more:
But the familiar prospect shed
Despondency unfelt before:
A shock of intimations vain,
Dismay, and superstitious pain,
Fell on him, with the sudden thought
Of her by whom the work was wrought:—
Oh! wherefore was her countenance bright

With love divine and gentle light?
She would not, could not, disobey,
But her Faith leaned another way.
Ill tears she wept; I saw them fall,
I overheard her as she spake
Sad words to that mute Animal,
The White Doe, in the hawthorn brake;
She steeped, but not for Jesu's sake,
This Cross in tears: by her, and One
Unworthier far we are undone—
Her recreant Brother—he prevailed
Over that tender Spirit—assailed
Too oft alas! by her whose head
In the cold grave hath long been laid:
She first in reason's dawn beguiled
Her docile, unsuspecting Child:
Far back—far back my mind must go
To reach the well-spring of this woe!

While thus he brooded, music sweet
Of border tunes was played to cheer
The footsteps of a quick retreat;
But Norton lingered in the rear,
Stung with sharp thoughts; and, ere the last
From his distracted brain was cast,
Before his Father, Francis stood,
And spake in firm and earnest mood.

"Though here I bend a suppliant knee
In reverence, and unarmed, I bear
In your indignant thoughts my share;
Am grieved this backward march to see
So careless and disorderly.
I scorn your Chiefs—men who would lead,
And yet want courage at their need:
Then look at them with open eyes!
Deserve they further sacrifice?—

If—when they shrink, nor dare oppose
In open field their gathering foes,
(And fast, from this decisive day,
Yon multitude must melt away;)
If now I ask a grace not claimed
While ground was left for hope; unblamed
Be an endeavour that can do
No injury to them or you.
My Father! I would help to find
A place of shelter, till the rage
Of cruel men do like the wind
Exhaust itself and sink to rest;
Be Brother now to Brother joined!
Admit me in the equipage
Of your misfortunes, that at least,
Whatever fate remain behind,
I may bear witness in my breast
To your nobility of mind!"

"Thou Enemy, my bane and blight!
Oh! bold to fight the Coward's fight
Against all good"—but why declare,
At length, the issue of a prayer
Which love had prompted, yielding scope
Too free to one bright moment's hope?
Suffice it that the Son, who strove
With fruitless effort to allay
That passion, prudently gave way;
Nor did he turn aside to prove
His Brothers' wisdom or their love—
But calmly from the spot withdrew;
His best endeavours to renew,
Should e'er a kindlier time ensue.

CANTO FOURTH.

'Tis night: in silence looking down,
The Moon from cloudless ether sees
A Camp, and a beleaguered Town,
And Castle like a stately crown
On the steep rocks of winding Tees;—
And southward far, with moor between,
Hill-top, and flood, and forest green,
The bright Moon sees that valley small
Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall
A venerable image yields
Of quiet to the neighbouring fields;
While from one pillared chimney breathes
The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths.
—The courts are hushed;—for timely sleep
The grey-hounds to their kennel creep;
The peacock in the broad ash tree
Aloft is roosted for the night,
He who in proud prosperity
Of colours manifold and bright
Walked round, affronting the daylight;
And higher still, above the bower
Where he is perched, from yon lone Tower
The hall-clock in the clear moonshine
With glittering finger points at nine.

Ah! who could think that sadness here
Hath any sway? or pain, or fear?
A soft and lulling sound is heard
Of streams inaudible by day;
The garden pool's dark surface, stirred
By the night insects in their play,
Breaks into dimples small and bright;
A thousand, thousand rings of light

That shape themselves and disappear
Almost as soon as seen:—and lo!
Not distant far, the milk-white Doe—
The same who quietly was feeding
On the green herb, and nothing heeding,
When Francis, uttering to the Maid
His last words in the yew-tree shade,
Involved whate'er by love was brought
Out of his heart, or crossed his thought,
Or chance presented to his eye,
In one sad sweep of destiny—
The same fair Creature, who hath found
Her way into forbidden ground;
Where now—within this spacious plot
For pleasure made, a goodly spot,
With lawns and beds of flowers, and shades
Of trellis-work in long arcades,
And cirque and crescent framed by wall
Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,
Converging walks, and fountains gay,
And terraces in trim array—
Beneath yon cypress spiring high,
With pine and cedar spreading wide
Their darksome boughs on either side,
In open moonlight doth she lie;
Happy as others of her kind,
That, far from human neighbourhood,
Range unrestricted as the wind,
Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

But see the consecrated Maid
Emerging from a cedar shade
To open moonshine, where the Doe
Beneath the cypress-spire is laid;
Like a patch of April snow—
Upon a bed of herbage green,
Lingering in a woody glade

Or behind a rocky screen—
Lonely relic! which, if seen
By the shepherd, is passed by
With an inattentive eye.
Nor more regard doth She bestow
Upon the uncomplaining Doe
Now couched at ease, though oft this day
Not unperplexed nor free from pain,
When she had tried, and tried in vain,
Approaching in her gentle way,
To win some look of love, or gain
Encouragement to sport or play;
Attempts which still the heart-sick Maid
Rejected, or with slight repaid.

Yet Emily is soothed;—the breeze
Came fraught with kindly sympathies.
As she approached yon rustic Shed
Hung with late-flowering woodbine, spread
Along the walls and overhead,
The fragrance of the breathing flowers
Revived a memory of those hours
When here, in this remote alcove,
(While from the pendent woodbine came
Like odours, sweet as if the same)
A fondly-anxious Mother strove
To teach her salutary fears
And mysteries above her years.
Yes, she is soothed: an Image faint,
And yet not faint—a presence bright
Returns to her—that blessèd Saint
Who with mild looks and language mild
Instructed here her darling Child,
While yet a prattler on the knee,
To worship in simplicity
The invisible God, and take for guide
The faith reformed and purified.

'Tis flown—the Vision, and the sense
Of that beguiling influence;
"But oh! thou Angel from above,
Mute Spirit of maternal love,
That stood'st before my eyes, more clear
Than ghosts are fabled to appear
Sent upon embassies of fear;
As thou thy presence hast to me
Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry
Descend on Francis; nor forbear
To greet him with a voice, and say;—
'If hope be a rejected stay,
Do thou, my christian Son, beware
Of that most lamentable snare,
The self-reliance of despair!'"

☛ Then from within the embowered retreat
Where she had found a grateful seat
Perturbed she issues. She will go!
Herself will follow to the war,
And clasp her Father's knees;—ah, no!
She meets the insuperable bar,
The injunction by her Brother laid;
His parting charge—but ill obeyed—
That interdicted all debate,
All prayer for this cause or for that;
All efforts that would turn aside
The headstrong current of their fate:
Her duty is to stand and wait;
In resignation to abide
The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE
O'ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE.
—She feels it, and her pangs are checked.
But now, as silently she paced
The turf, and thought by thought was chased,
Came One who, with sedate respect,
Approached, and, greeting her, thus spake;

"An old man's privilege I take:
Dark is the time—a woeful day!
Dear daughter of affliction, say
How can I serve you? point the way."

"Rights have you, and may well be bold:
You with my Father have grown old
In friendship—strive—for his sake go—
Turn from us all the coming woe:
This would I beg; but on my mind
A passive stillness is enjoined.
On you, if room for mortal aid
Be left, is no restriction laid;
You not forbidden to recline
With hope upon the Will divine."

"Hope," said the old Man, "must abide
With all of us, whate'er betide.
In Craven's Wilds is many a den,
To shelter persecuted men:
Far under ground is many a cave,
Where they might lie as in the grave,
Until this storm hath ceased to rave:
Or let them cross the River Tweed,
And be at once from peril freed!"

"Ah tempt me not!" she faintly sighed;
"I will not counsel nor exhort,
With my condition satisfied;
But you, at least, may make report
Of what befalls;—be this your task—
This may be done;—'tis all I ask!"

She spake—and from the Lady's sight
The Sire, unconscious of his age,
Departed promptly as a Page
Bound on some errand of delight.

—The noble Francis—wise as brave,
Thought he, may want not skill to save.
With hopes in tenderness concealed,
Unarmed he followed to the field;
Him will I seek: the insurgent Powers
Are now besieging Barnard's Towers,—
"Grant that the Moon which shines this night
May guide them in a prudent flight!"

But quick the turns of chance and change,
And knowledge has a narrow range;
Whence idle fears, and needless pain,
And wishes blind, and efforts vain.—
The Moon may shine, but cannot be
Their guide in flight—already she
Hath witnessed their captivity.
She saw the desperate assault
Upon that hostile castle made;—
But dark and dismal is the vault
Where Norton and his sons are laid!
Disastrous issue!—he had said
"This night yon faithless Towers must yield,
Or we for ever quit the field.
—Neville is utterly dismayed,
For promise fails of Howard's aid;
And Dacre to our call replies
That *he* is unprepared to rise.
My heart is sick;—this weary pause
Must needs be fatal to our cause.
The breach is open—on the wall,
This night,—the Banner shall be planted!"
—'Twas done: his Sons were with him—all;
They belt him round with hearts undaunted
And others follow;—Sire and Son
Leap down into the court;—"'Tis won"—
They shout aloud—but Heaven decreed
That with their joyful shout should close

The triumph of a desperate deed
Which struck with terror friends and foes!
The friend shrinks back—the foe recoils
From Norton and his filial band;
But they, now caught within the toils,
Against a thousand cannot stand;—
The foe from numbers courage drew,
And overpowered that gallant few.
"A rescue for the Standard!" cried
The Father from within the walls;
But, see, the sacred Standard falls!—
Confusion through the Camp spread wide:
Some fled; and some their fears detained:
But ere the Moon had sunk to rest
In her pale chambers of the west,
Of that rash levy nought remained.

CANTO FIFTH.

High on a point of rugged ground
Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,
Above the loftiest ridge or mound
Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
An edifice of warlike frame
Stands single—Norton Tower its name—
It fronts all quarters, and looks round
O'er path and road, and plain and dell,
Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,
Upon a prospect without bound.

The summit of this bold ascent—
Though bleak and bare, and seldom free
As Pendle-hill or Pennygent
From wind, or frost, or vapours wet—
Had often heard the sound of glee

When there the youthful Nortons met,
To practise games and archery:
How proud and happy they! the crowd
Of Lookers-on how pleased and proud!
And from the scorching noon-tide sun,
From showers, or when the prize was won,
They to the Tower withdrew, and there
Would mirth run round, with generous fare;
And the stern old Lord of Rylstone-hall
Was happiest, proudest of them all!

But now, his Child, with anguish pale,
Upon the height walks to and fro;
'Tis well that she hath heard the tale,
Received the bitterness of woe:
For she *had* hoped, had hoped and feared,
Such rights did feeble nature claim;
And oft her steps had hither steered,
Though not unconscious of self-blame;
For she her brother's charge revered,
His farewell words; and by the same,
Yea by her brother's very name,
Had, in her solitude, been cheered.

Beside the lonely watch-tower stood
That grey-haired Man of gentle blood,
Who with her Father had grown old
In friendship; rival hunters they,
And fellow warriors in their day;
To Rylstone he the tidings brought;
Then on this height the Maid had sought,
And, gently as he could, had told
The end of that dire Tragedy,
Which it had been his lot to see.

To him the Lady turned; "You said
That Francis lives, *he* is not dead?"

"Your noble brother hath been spared;
To take his life they have not dared;
On him and on his high endeavour
The light of praise shall shine for ever!
Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain
His solitary course maintain;
Not vainly struggled in the might
Of duty, seeing with clear sight;
He was their comfort to the last,
Their joy till every pang was past.

"I witnessed when to York they came—
What, Lady, if their feet were tied;
They might deserve a good Man's blame;
But marks of infamy and shame—
These were their triumph, these their pride;
Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd
Deep feeling, that found utterance loud,
'Lo, Francis comes,' there were who cried,
'A Prisoner once, but now set free!
'Tis well, for he the worst defied
Through force of natural piety;
He rose not in this quarrel, he,
For concord's sake and England's good,
Suit to his Brothers often made
With tears, and of his Father prayed—
And when he had in vain withstood
Their purpose—then did he divide,
He parted from them; but at their side
Now walks in unanimity.
Then peace to cruelty and scorn,
While to the prison they are borne,
Peace, peace to all indignity!'

"And so in Prison were they laid—
Oh hear me, hear me, gentle Maid,
For I am come with power to bless,

By scattering gleams, through your distress,
Of a redeeming happiness.
Me did a reverent pity move
And privilege of ancient love;
And, in your service making bold,
Entrance I gained to that strong-hold.

"Your Father gave me cordial greeting;
But to his purposes, that burned
Within him, instantly returned:
He was commanding and entreating,
And said—'We need not stop, my Son!
Thoughts press, and time is hurrying on'—
And so to Francis he renewed
His words, more calmly thus pursued.

"'Might this our enterprise have sped,
Change wide and deep the Land had seen,
A renovation from the dead,
A spring-tide of immortal green:
The darksome altars would have blazed
Like stars when clouds are rolled away;
Salvation to all eyes that gazed,
Once more the Rood had been upraised
To spread its arms, and stand for aye.
Then, then—had I survived to see
New life in Bolton Priory;
The voice restored, the eye of Truth
Re-opened that inspired my youth;
To see her in her pomp arrayed—
This Banner (for such vow I made)
Should on the consecrated breast
Of that same Temple have found rest:
I would myself have hung it high,
Fit offering of glad victory!

"'A shadow of such thought remains

To cheer this sad and pensive time;
A solemn fancy yet sustains
One feeble Being—bids me climb
Even to the last—one effort more
To attest my Faith, if not restore.

"'Hear then,' said he, 'while I impart,
My Son, the last wish of my heart.
The Banner strive thou to regain;
And, if the endeavour prove not vain,
Bear it—to whom if not to thee
Shall I this lonely thought consign?—
Bear it to Bolton Priory,
And lay it on Saint Mary's shrine;
To wither in the sun and breeze
'Mid those decaying sanctities.
There let at least the gift be laid,
The testimony there displayed;
Bold proof that with no selfish aim,
But for lost Faith and Christ's dear name,
I helmeted a brow though white,
And took a place in all men's sight;
Yea offered up this noble Brood,
This fair unrivalled Brotherhood,
And turned away from thee, my Son!
And left—but be the rest unsaid,
The name untouched, the tear unshed;—
My wish is known, and I have done:
Now promise, grant this one request,
This dying prayer, and be thou blest!'

"Then Francis answered—'Trust thy Son,
For, with God's will, it shall be done!'—

"The pledge obtained, the solemn word
Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,
And Officers appeared in state

To lead the prisoners to their fate.
They rose, oh! wherefore should I fear
To tell, or, Lady, you to hear?
They rose—embraces none were given—
They stood like trees when earth and heaven
Are calm; they knew each other's worth,
And reverently the Band went forth.
They met, when they had reached the door,
One with profane and harsh intent
Placed there—that he might go before
And, with that rueful Banner borne
Aloft in sign of taunting scorn,
Conduct them to their punishment:
So cruel Sussex, unrestrained
By human feeling, had ordained.
The unhappy Banner Francis saw,
And, with a look of calm command
Inspiring universal awe,
He took it from the soldier's hand;
And all the people that stood round
Confirmed the deed in peace profound.
—High transport did the Father shed
Upon his Son—and they were led,
Led on, and yielded up their breath;
Together died, a happy death!—
But Francis, soon as he had braved
That insult, and the Banner saved,
Athwart the unresisting tide
Of the spectators occupied
In admiration or dismay,
Bore instantly his Charge away."

These things, which thus had in the sight
And hearing passed of Him who stood
With Emily, on the Watch-tower height,
In Rylstone's woeful neighbourhood,
He told; and oftentimes with voice

Of power to comfort or rejoice;
For deepest sorrows that aspire
Go high, no transport ever higher.
"Yet—God is rich in mercy," said
The old Man to the silent Maid,
"Yet, Lady! shines, through this black night,
One star of aspect heavenly bright;
Your Brother lives—he lives—is come
Perhaps already to his home;
Then let us leave this dreary place."
She yielded, and with gentle pace,
Though without one uplifted look,
To Rylstone-hall her way she took.

CANTO SIXTH.

Why comes not Francis?—From the doleful City
He fled,—and, in his flight, could hear
The death-sounds of the Minster-bell:
That sullen stroke pronounced farewell
To Marmaduke, cut off from pity!
To Ambrose that! and then a knell
For him, the sweet half-opened Flower!
For all—all dying in one hour!
—Why comes not Francis? Thoughts of love
Should bear him to his Sister dear
With the fleet motion of a dove;
Yea, like a heavenly messenger
Of speediest wing, should he appear.
Why comes he not?—for westward fast
Along the plain of York he past;
Reckless of what impels or leads,
Unchecked he hurries on;—nor heeds
The sorrow, through the Villages,

Spread by triumphant cruelties
Of vengeful military force,
And punishment without remorse.
He marked not, heard not, as he fled;
All but the suffering heart was dead
For him abandoned to blank awe,
To vacancy, and horror strong:
And the first object which he saw,
With conscious sight, as he swept along—
It was the Banner in his hand!
He felt—and made a sudden stand.

He looked about like one betrayed:
What hath he done? what promise made?
Oh weak, weak moment! to what end
Can such a vain oblation tend,
And he the Bearer?—Can he go
Carrying this instrument of woe,
And find, find any where, a right
To excuse him in his Country's sight?
No; will not all men deem the change
A downward course, perverse and strange?
Here is it;—but how? when? must she,
The unoffending Emily,
Again this piteous object see?

Such conflict long did he maintain,
Nor liberty nor rest could gain:
His own life into danger brought
By this sad burden—even that thought,
Exciting self-suspicion strong,
Swayed the brave man to his wrong.
And how—unless it were the sense
Of all-disposing Providence,
Its will unquestionably shown—
How has the Banner clung so fast
To a palsied and unconscious hand;

Clung to the hand to which it passed
Without impediment? And why
But that Heaven's purpose might be known
Doth now no hindrance meet his eye,
No intervention, to withstand
Fulfilment of a Father's prayer
Breathed to a Son forgiven, and blest
When all resentments were at rest,
And life in death laid the heart bare?—
Then, like a spectre sweeping by,
Rushed through his mind the prophecy
Of utter desolation made
To Emily in the yew-tree shade:
He sighed, submitting will and power
To the stern embrace of that grasping hour.
"No choice is left, the deed is mine—
Dead are they, dead!—and I will go,
And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,
Will lay the Relic on the shrine."

So forward with a steady will
He went, and traversed plain and hill;
And up the vale of Wharf his way
Pursued;—and, at the dawn of day,
Attained a summit whence his eyes
Could see the Tower of Bolton rise.
There Francis for a moment's space
Made halt—but hark! a noise behind
Of horsemen at an eager pace!
He heard, and with misgiving mind.
—'Tis Sir George Bowes who leads the Band:
They come, by cruel Sussex sent;
Who, when the Nortons from the hand
Of death had drunk their punishment,
Bethought him, angry and ashamed,
How Francis, with the Banner claimed
As his own charge, had disappeared,

By all the standers-by revered.
His whole bold carriage (which had quelled
Thus far the Opposer, and repelled
All censure, enterprise so bright
That even bad men had vainly striven
Against that overcoming light)
Was then reviewed, and prompt word given,
That to what place soever fled
He should be seized, alive or dead.

The troop of horse have gained the height
Where Francis stood in open sight.
They hem him round—"Behold the proof,"
They cried, "the Ensign in his hand!
He did not arm, he walked aloof!
For why?—to save his Father's land;
Worst Traitor of them all is he,
A Traitor dark and cowardly!"

"I am no Traitor," Francis said,
"Though this unhappy freight I bear;
And must not part with. But beware;—
Err not, by hasty zeal misled,
Nor do a suffering Spirit wrong,
Whose self-reproaches are too strong!"
At this he from the beaten road
Retreated towards a brake of thorn,
That like a place of vantage showed;
And there stood bravely, though forlorn.
In self-defence with warlike brow
He stood,—nor weaponless was now;
He from a Soldier's hand had snatched
A spear,—and, so protected, watched
The Assailants, turning round and round;
But from behind with treacherous wound
A Spearman brought him to the ground.
The guardian lance, as Francis fell,

Dropped from him; but his other hand
The Banner clenched; till, from out the Band,
One, the most eager for the prize,
Rushed in; and—while, O grief to tell!
A glimmering sense still left, with eyes
Unclosed the noble Francis lay—
Seized it, as hunters seize their prey;
But not before the warm life-blood
Had tinged more deeply, as it flowed,
The wounds the broidered Banner showed,
Thy fatal work, O Maiden, innocent as good!

Proudly the Horsemen bore away
The Standard; and where Francis lay
There was he left alone, unwept,
And for two days unnoticed slept.
For at that time bewildering fear
Possessed the country, far and near;
But, on the third day, passing by
One of the Norton Tenantry
Espied the uncovered Corse; the Man
Shrunk as he recognised the face,
And to the nearest homesteads ran
And called the people to the place.
—How desolate is Rylstone-hall!
This was the instant thought of all;
And if the lonely Lady there
Should be; to her they cannot bear
This weight of anguish and despair.
So, when upon sad thoughts had prest
Thoughts sadder still, they deemed it best
That, if the Priest should yield assent
And no one hinder their intent,
Then they, for Christian pity's sake,
In holy ground a grave would make;
And straightway buried he should be
In the Church-yard of the Priory.

Apart, some little space, was made
The grave where Francis must be laid.
In no confusion or neglect
This did they,—but in pure respect
That he was born of gentle blood;
And that there was no neighbourhood
Of kindred for him in that ground:
So to the Church-yard they are bound,
Bearing the body on a bier;
And psalms they sing—a holy sound
That hill and vale with sadness hear.

But Emily hath raised her head,
And is again disquieted;
She must behold!—so many gone,
Where is the solitary One?
And forth from Rylstone-hall stepped she,—
To seek her Brother forth she went,
And tremblingly her course she bent
Toward Bolton's ruined Priory.
She comes, and in the vale hath heard
The funeral dirge;—she sees the knot
Of people, sees them in one spot—
And darting like a wounded bird
She reached the grave, and with her breast
Upon the ground received the rest,—
The consummation, the whole ruth
And sorrow of this final truth!

CANTO SEVENTH.

"Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick—in modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
No soul to dream of."

Thou Spirit, whose angelic hand
Was to the harp a strong command,

Called the submissive strings to wake
In glory for this Maiden's sake,
Say, Spirit! whither hath she fled
To hide her poor afflicted head?
What mighty forest in its gloom
Enfolds her?—is a rifted tomb
Within the wilderness her seat?
Some island which the wild waves beat—
Is that the Sufferer's last retreat?
Or some aspiring rock, that shrouds
Its perilous front in mists and clouds?
High-climbing rock, low sunless dale,
Sea, desert, what do these avail?
Oh take her anguish and her fears
Into a deep recess of years!

'Tis done;—despoil and desolation
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown;
Pools, terraces, and walks are sown
With weeds; the bowers are overthrown,
Or have given way to slow mutation,
While in their ancient habitation
The Norton name hath been unknown.
The lordly Mansion of its pride
Is stripped; the ravage hath spread wide
Through park and field, a perishing
That mocks the gladness of the Spring!
And, with this silent gloom agreeing,
Appears a joyless human Being,
Of aspect such as if the waste
Were under her dominion placed.
Upon a primrose bank, her throne
Of quietness, she sits alone;
Among the ruins of a wood,
Erewhile a covert bright and green,
And where full many a brave tree stood,
That used to spread its boughs, and ring

With the sweet bird's carolling.
Behold her, like a virgin Queen,
Neglecting in imperial state
These outward images of fate,
And carrying inward a serene
And perfect sway, through many a thought
Of chance and change, that hath been brought
To the subjection of a holy,
Though stern and rigorous, melancholy!
The like authority, with grace
Of awfulness, is in her face,—
There hath she fixed it; yet it seems
To o'ershadow by no native right
That face, which cannot lose the gleams,
Lose utterly the tender gleams,
Of gentleness and meek delight,
And loving-kindness ever bright:
Such is her sovereign mien:—her dress
(A vest with woollen cincture tied,
A hood of mountain-wool undyed)
Is homely,—fashioned to express
A wandering Pilgrim's humbleness.

And she *hath* wandered, long and far,
Beneath the light of sun and star;
Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,
Driven forward like a withered leaf,
Yea like a ship at random blown
To distant places and unknown.
But now she dares to seek a haven
Among her native wilds of Craven;
Hath seen again her Father's roof,
And put her fortitude to proof;
The mighty sorrow hath been borne,
And she is thoroughly forlorn:
Her soul doth in itself stand fast,
Sustained by memory of the past

And strength of Reason; held above
The infirmities of mortal love;
Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,
And awfully impenetrable.

And so—beneath a mouldered tree,
A self-surviving leafless oak
By unregarded age from stroke
Of ravage saved—sate Emily.
There did she rest, with head reclined,
Herself most like a stately flower,
(Such have I seen) whom chance of birth
Hath separated from its kind,
To live and die in a shady bower,
Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant thunder,
A troop of deer came sweeping by;
And suddenly, behold a wonder!
For One, among those rushing deer,
A single One, in mid career
Hath stopped, and fixed her large full eye
Upon the Lady Emily;
A Doe most beautiful, clear-white,
A radiant creature, silver-bright!

Thus checked, a little while it stayed;
A little thoughtful pause it made;
And then advanced with stealth-like pace,
Drew softly near her, and more near—
Looked round—but saw no cause for fear
So to her feet the Creature came,
And laid its head upon her knee,
And looked into the Lady's face,
A look of pure benignity,
And fond unclouded memory.
It is, thought Emily, the same,

The very Doe of other years!—
The pleading look the Lady viewed,
And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,
She melted into tears—
A flood of tears that flowed apace
Upon the happy Creature's face.

Oh, moment ever blest! O Pair
Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's chosen care,
This was for you a precious greeting;
And may it prove a fruitful meeting!
Joined are they, and the sylvan Doe
Can she depart? can she forego
The Lady, once her playful peer,
And now her sainted Mistress dear?
And will not Emily receive
This lovely chronicler of things
Long past, delights and sorrowings?
Long Sufferer! will not she believe
The promise in that speaking face;
And welcome, as a gift of grace,
The saddest thought the Creature brings?

That day, the first of a re-union
Which was to teem with high communion,
That day of balmy April weather,
They tarried in the wood together.
And when, ere fall of evening dew,
She from her sylvan haunt withdrew,
The White Doe tracked with faithful pace
The Lady to her dwelling-place;
That nook where, on paternal ground,
A habitation she had found,
The Master of whose humble board
Once owned her Father for his Lord;
A hut, by tufted trees defended,
Where Rylstone brook with Wharf is blended.

When Emily by morning light
Went forth, the Doe stood there in sight.
She shrunk:—with one frail shock of pain
Received and followed by a prayer,
She saw the Creature once again;
Shun will she not, she feels, will bear;—
But, wheresoever she looked round,
All now was trouble-haunted ground;
And therefore now she deems it good
Once more this restless neighbourhood
To leave.—Unwooed, yet unforbidden,
The White Doe followed up the vale,
Up to another cottage, hidden
In the deep fork of Amerdale;
And there may Emily restore
Herself, in spots unseen before.
—Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,
By lurking Dernbrook's pathless side,
Haunts of a strengthening amity
That calmed her, cheered, and fortified?
For she hath ventured now to read
Of time, and place, and thought, and deed—
Endless history that lies
In her silent Follower's eyes;
Who with a power like human reason
Discerns the favourable season,
Skilled to approach or to retire,—
From looks conceiving her desire;
From look, deportment, voice, or mien,
That vary to the heart within.
If she too passionately wreathed
Her arms, or over-deeply breathed,
Walked quick or slowly, every mood
In its degree was understood;
Then well may their accord be true,
And kindliest intercourse ensue.
—Oh! surely 'twas a gentle rousing

When she by sudden glimpse espied
The White Doe on the mountain browsing,
Or in the meadow wandered wide!
How pleased, when down the Straggler sank
Beside her, on some sunny bank!
How soothed, when in thick bower enclosed,
They, like a nested pair, reposed!
Fair Vision! when it crossed the Maid
Within some rocky cavern laid,
The dark cave's portal gliding by,
White as whitest cloud on high
Floating through the azure sky.
—What now is left for pain or fear?
That Presence, dearer and more dear,
While they, side by side, were straying,
And the shepherd's pipe was playing,
Did now a very gladness yield
At morning to the dewy field,
And with a deeper peace endued
The hour of moonlight solitude.

With her Companion, in such frame
Of mind, to Rylstone back she came;
And, ranging through the wasted groves,
Received the memory of old loves,
Undisturbed and undistrest,
Into a soul which now was blest
With a soft spring-day of holy,
Mild, and grateful, melancholy:
Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,
But by tender fancies brightened.

When the bells of Rylstone played
Their sabbath music—"God us ayde!"
That was the sound they seemed to speak;
Inscriptive legend which I ween
May on these holy bells be seen,

That legend and her Grandsire's name;
And oftentimes the Lady meek
Had in her childhood read the same;
Words which she slighted at that day;
But now, when such sad change was wrought,
And of that lonely name she thought,
The bells of Rylstone seemed to say,
While she sate listening in the shade,
With vocal music, "God us ayde;"
And all the hills were glad to bear
Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked she Reason's firmest power;
But with the White Doe at her side
Up would she climb to Norton Tower,
And thence look round her far and wide,
Her fate there measuring;—all is stilled,—
The weak One hath subdued her heart;
Behold the prophecy fulfilled,
Fulfilled, and she sustains her part!
But here her Brother's words have failed;
Here hath a milder doom prevailed;
That she, of him and all bereft,
Hath yet this faithful Partner left;
This one Associate that disproves
His words remains for her, and loves.
If tears are shed, they do not fall
For loss of him—for one, or all;
Yet sometimes, sometimes doth she weep
Moved gently in her soul's soft sleep;
A few tears down her cheek descend
For this her last and living Friend.

Bless, tender Hearts, their mutual lot,
And bless for both this savage spot;
Which Emily doth sacred hold
For reasons dear and manifold—
Here hath she, here before her sight,

Close to the summit of this height,
The grassy rock-encircled Pound
In which the Creature first was found.
So beautiful the timid Thrall
(A spotless Youngling white as foam)
Her youngest Brother brought it home;
The youngest, then a lusty boy,
Bore it, or led, to Rylstone-hall
With heart brimful of pride and joy!

But most to Bolton's sacred Pile,
On favouring nights, she loved to go;
There ranged through cloister, court, and aisle,
Attended by the soft-paced Doe;
Nor feared she in the still moonshine
To look upon Saint Mary's shrine;
Nor on the lonely turf that showed
Where Francis slept in his last abode.
For that she came; there oft she sate
Forlorn, but not disconsolate:
And when she from the abyss returned
Of thought, she neither shrunk nor mourned;
Was happy that she lived to greet
Her mute Companion as it lay
In love and pity at her feet;
How happy in its turn to meet
The recognition! the mild glance
Beamed from that gracious countenance;
Communication, like the ray
Of a new morning, to the nature
And prospects of the inferior Creature!

A mortal Song we sing, by dower
Encouraged of celestial power;
Power which the viewless Spirit shed
By whom we were first visited;
Whose voice we heard, whose hand and wings
Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,

When, left in solitude, erewhile
We stood before this ruined Pile,
And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,
Sang in this Presence kindred themes;
Distress and desolation spread
Through human hearts, and pleasure dead,—
Dead—but to live again on earth,
A second and yet nobler birth;
Dire overthrow, and yet how high
The re-ascent in sanctity!
From fair to fairer; day by day
A more divinè and loftier way!
Even such this blessèd Pilgrim trod,
By sorrow lifted towards her God;
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed mortality.
Her own thoughts loved she; and could bend
A dear look to her lowly Friend;
There stopped; her thirst was satisfied
With what this innocent spring supplied:
Her sanction inwardly she bore,
And stood apart from human cares:
But to the world returned no more,
Although with no unwilling mind
Help did she give at need, and joined
The Wharfdale peasants in their prayers.
At length, thus faintly, faintly tied
To earth, she was set free, and died.
Thy soul, exalted Emily,
Maid of the blasted family,
Rose to the God from whom it came!
—In Rylstone Church her mortal frame
Was buried by her Mother's side.

Most glorious sunset! and a ray
Survives—the twilight of this day—
In that fair Creature whom the fields

Support, and whom the forest shields;
Who, having filled a holy place,
Partakes, in her degree, Heaven's grace;
And bears a memory and a mind
Raised far above the law of kind;
Haunting the spots with lonely cheer
Which her dear Mistress once held dear:
Loves most what Emily loved most—
The enclosure of this church-yard ground;
Here wanders like a gliding ghost,
And every sabbath here is found;
Comes with the people when the bells
Are heard among the moorland dells,
Finds entrance through yon arch, where way
Lies open on the sabbath-day;
Here walks amid the mournful waste
Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,
And floors encumbered with rich show
Of fret-work imagery laid low;
Paces softly, or makes halt,
By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault;
By plate of monumental brass
Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,
And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave:
But chiefly by that single grave,
That one sequestered hillock green,
The pensive visitant is seen.
There doth the gentle Creature lie
With those adversities unmoved;
Calm spectacle, by earth and sky
In their benignity approved!
And aye, methinks, this hoary Pile,
Subdued by outrage and decay,
Looks down upon her with a smile,
A gracious smile, that seems to say—
"Thou, thou art not a Child of Time,
But Daughter of the Eternal Prime!"

1807-1808.

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.[1]

IN SERIES.

PART I.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL DOMINION.

"A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies
Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise
Convert delight into a Sacrifice."

I.

INTRODUCTION.

I, WHO accompanied with faithful pace
Cerulean Duddon from its cloud-fed spring,
And loved with spirit ruled by his to sing
Of mountain-quiet and boon nature's grace;
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace
Of Liberty, and smote the plausive string
Till the checked torrent, proudly triumphing,
Won for herself a lasting resting-place;
Now seek upon the heights of Time the source
Of a HOLY RIVER, on whose banks are found
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that have crowned
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force;

[1] Written with some exceptions in 1821; for the exceptions see Notes.—ED.

And, for delight of him who tracks its course,
Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

II.

CONJECTURES.

If there be prophets on whose spirits rest
Past things, revealed like future, they can tell
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred well
Of Christian Faith, this savage Island blessed
With its first bounty. Wandering through the west,
Did holy Paul[1] a while in Britain dwell,
And call the Fountain forth by miracle,
And with dread signs the nascent Stream invest?
Or He, whose bonds dropped off, whose prison doors
Flew open, by an Angel's voice unbarred?
Or some of humbler name, to these wild shores
Storm-driven; who, having seen the cup of woe
Pass from their Master, sojourned here to guard
The precious Current they had taught to flow?

III.

TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS.

Screams round the Arch-druid's brow the sea-mew[2]—white
As Menai's foam; and toward the mystic ring
Where Augurs stand, the Future questioning,
Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy flight,

[1] See Note.

[2] This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.

Portending ruin to each baleful rite
That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept o'er
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.
Haughty the Bard: can these meek doctrines blight
His transports? wither his heroic strains?
But all shall be fulfilled;—the Julian spear
A way first opened; and, with Roman chains,
The tidings come of Jesus crucified;
They come—they spread—the weak, the suffering, hear;
Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

IV.

DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION.

Mercy and Love have met thee on thy road,
Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of fire
And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,
From every sympathy that Man bestowed!
Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to God,
Ancient of days! that to the eternal Sire,
These jealous Ministers of law aspire,
As to the one sole fount whence wisdom flowed,
Justice, and order. Tremblingly escaped,
As if with prescience of the coming storm,
That intimation when the stars were shaped;
And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the primal truth
Glimmers through many a superstitious form
That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

V.

UNCERTAINTY.

Darkness surrounds us; seeking, we are lost
On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian coves,

Or where the solitary shepherd roves
Along the plain of Sarum, by the ghost
Of Time and shadows of Tradition crost;
And where the boatman of the Western Isles
Slackens his course—to mark those holy piles
Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast.
Nor these, nor monuments of eldest name,
Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays,
Nor characters of Greek or Roman fame,
To an unquestionable Source have led;
Enough—if eyes, that sought the fountain-head
In vain, upon the growing Rill may gaze.

VI.

PERSECUTION.

LAMENT! for Diocletian's fiery sword
Works busy as the lightning; but instinct
With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon linked,
Which God's ethereal store-houses afford:
Against the Followers of the incarnate Lord
It rages;—some are smitten in the field—
Some pierced to the heart through the ineffectual shield
Of sacred home;—with pomp are others gored
And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban tried,
England's first Martyr, whom no threats could shake;
Self-offered victim, for his friend he died,
And for the faith; nor shall his name forsake
That Hill, whose flowery platform seems to rise
By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice.[1]

[1] See Note.

VII.

RECOVERY.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain
Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim
Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn
To the blue ether and bespangled plain;
Even so, in many a re-constructed fane,
Have the survivors of this Storm renewed
Their holy rites with vocal gratitude:
And solemn ceremonials they ordain
To celebrate their great deliverance;
Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear—
That persecution, blind with rage extreme,
May not the less, through Heaven's mild countenance,
Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer;
For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

VIII.

TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

Watch, and be firm! for soul-subduing vice,
Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.
Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,
And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,
Their radiance through the woods—may yet suffice
To sap your hardy virtue, and abate
Your love of Him upon whose forehead sate
The crown of thorns; whose life-blood flowed, the price
Of your redemption. Shun the insidious arts
That Rome provides, less dreading from her frown
Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,

Language, and letters;—these, though fondly viewed
As humanising graces, are but parts
And instruments of deadliest servitude!

IX.

DISSENSIONS.

THAT heresies should strike (if truth be scanned
Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,
Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.
Lo! Discord at the altar dares to stand
Uplifting toward high Heaven her fiery brand,
A cherished Priestess of the new-baptized!
But chastisement shall follow peace despised.
The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate land
By Rome abandoned; vain are suppliant cries,
And prayers that would undo her forced farewell;
For she returns not.—Awed by her own knell,
She casts the Britons upon strange Allies,
Soon to become more dreaded enemies
Than heartless misery called them to repel.

X.

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITAINS AGAINST THE BARBARIANS.

RISE!—they *have* risen: of brave Aneurin ask
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious friends:
The Spirit of Caractacus descends

Upon the Patriots, animates their task;—
Amazement runs before the towering casque
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
The virgin sculptured on his Christian shield:—
Stretched in the sunny light of victory bask
The Host that followed Urien as he strode
O'er heaps óf slain;—from Cambrian wood and
moss
Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross;
Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still
abode,
Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,
And everlasting deeds to burning words!

XI.

SAXON CONQUEST.

Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid
Of hallelujahs[1] tost from hill to hill—
For instant victory. But Heaven's high will
Permits a second and a darker shade
Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,
The Relics of the sword flee to the mountains:
O wretched Land! whose tears have flowed like
fountains;
Whose arts and honours in the dust are laid
By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
For other monuments than those of Earth;
Who, as the fields and woods have given them
birth,
Will build their savage fortunes only there;
Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth
Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they were.

[1] See Note.

XII.

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.[1]

The oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn—
The tribulation—and the gleaming blades—
Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades
The song of Taliesin;—Ours shall mourn
The *unarmed* Host who by their prayers would turn
The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store
Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,
And Christian monuments, that now must burn
To senseless ashes. Mark! how all things swerve
From their known course, or vanish like a dream;
Another language spreads from coast to coast;
Only perchance some melancholy Stream
And some indignant Hills old names preserve,
When laws, and creeds, and people all are lost!

XIII.

CASUAL INCITEMENT.

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves:
ANGLI by name; and not an ANGEL waves
His wing who could seem lovelier to man's eye
Than they appear to holy Gregory;
Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
For Them, and for their Land. The earnest Sire,

[1]. See Note.

His questions urging, feels, in slender ties
Of chiming sound, commanding sympathies;
De-irians—he would save them from God's
Ire;
Subjects of Saxon Ælla—they shall sing
Glad Halle-lujahs to the eternal King!

XIV.

GLAD TIDINGS.

For ever hallowed be this morning fair,
Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye
tread,
And blest the silver Cross, which ye, instead
Of martial banner, in procession bear;
The Cross preceding Him who floats in air,
The pictured Saviour!—By Augustin led,
They come—and onward travel without dread,
Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer—
Sung for themselves, and those whom they
would free!
Rich conquest waits them:—the tempestuous
sea
Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high
And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,
These good men humble by a few bare words,
And calm with fear of God's divinity.

XV.

PAULINUS.[1]

But to remote Northumbria's royal Hall,
Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the school
Of sorrow, still maintains a heathen rule,

[1] See Note.

Who comes with functions apostolical?
Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature tall,
Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,
His prominent feature like an eagle's beak;
A Man whose aspect doth at once appal
And strike with reverence. The Monarch leans
Toward the pure truths this Delegate propounds,
Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds
With careful hesitation,—then convenes
A synod of his Councillors:—give ear,
And what a pensive Sage doth utter, hear!

XVI.

PERSUASION.

"MAN'S life is like a Sparrow, mighty King!
That—while at banquet with your Chiefs you sit
Housed near a blazing fire—is seen to flit
Safe from the wintry tempest. Fluttering,
Here did it enter; there, on hasty wing,
Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold;
But whence it came we know not, nor behold
Whither it goes. Even such that transient Thing,
The human Soul; not utterly unknown
While in the Body lodged, her warm abode;
But from what world She came, what woe or weal
On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown;
This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,
His be a welcome cordially bestowed!"[1]

[1] See Note.

XVII.

CONVERSION.

PROMPT transformation works the novel Lore;
The Council closed, the Priest in full career
Rides forth, an armèd man, and hurls a spear
To desecrate the Fane which heretofore
He served in folly. Woden falls, and Thor
Is overturned; the mace, in battle heaved
(So might they dream) till victory was achieved,
Drops, and the God himself is seen no more.
Temple and Altar sink, to hide their shame
Amid oblivious weeds. "*O come to me,*
Ye heavy laden!" such the inviting voice
Heard near fresh streams;[1] and thousands, who
rejoice
In the new Rite—the pledge of sanctity,
Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim.

XVIII.

APOLOGY.

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend
The Soul's eternal interests to promote:
Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot;
And evil Spirits *may* our walk attend
For aught the wisest know or comprehend;
Then be *good* Spirits free to breathe a note
Of elevation; let their odours float
Around these Converts; and their glories blend,
The midnight stars outshining, or the blaze
Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords
Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
The Soul to purer worlds: and *who* the line
Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
That even imperfect faith to man affords?

[1] See Note.

XIX.

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY.[1]

How beautiful your presence, how benign,
Servants of God! who not a thought will share
With the vain world; who, outwardly as bare
As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign
That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine!
Such Priest, when service worthy of his care
Has called him forth to breathe the common air,
Might seem a saintly Image from its shrine
Descended:—happy are the eyes that meet
The Apparition; evil thoughts are stayed
At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat
A benediction from his voice or hand;
Whence grace, through which the heart can understand,
And vows, that bind the will, in silence made.

XX.

OTHER INFLUENCES.

Ah, when the Body, round which in love we clung,
Is chilled by death, does mutual service fail?
Is tender pity then of no avail?
Are intercessions of the fervent tongue
A waste of hope?—From this sad source have sprung
Rites that console the Spirit, under grief
Which ill can brook more rational relief:
Hence prayers are shaped amiss, and dirges sung
For Souls whose doom is fixed! The way is smooth

[1] See Note.

For Power that travels with the human heart :
Confession ministers the pang to soothe
In him who at the ghost of guilt doth start.
Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,
Of your own mighty instruments beware !

XXI.

SECLUSION.

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquished—at his side
A bead-roll, in his hand a claspèd book,
Or staff more harmless than a shepherd's crook,
The war-worn Chieftain quits the world—to hide
His thin autumnal locks where Monks abide
In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell
In soft repose he comes. Within his cell,
Round the decaying trunk of human pride,
At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour,
Do penitential cogitations cling ;
Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine
In grisly folds and strictures serpentine ;
Yet, while they strangle, a fair growth they bring,
For recompense—their own perennial bower.

XXII.

CONTINUED.

METHINKS that to some vacant hermitage
My feet would rather turn—to some dry nook
Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook
Hurled down a mountain-cove from stage to stage,

Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage
In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;
Thence creeping under sylvan arches cool,
Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
Would elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,
A maple dish, my furniture should be;
Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the hooting owl
My night-watch: nor should e'er the crested fowl
From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
Tired of the world and all its industry.

XXIII.

REPROOF.

But what if One, through grove or flowery mead,
Indulging thus at will the creeping feet
Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet
Thy hovering Shade, O venerable Bede!
The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat
Of learning, where thou heard'st the billows beat
On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!
The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt
Imposed on human kind, must first forget
Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
Of a long life; and, in the hour of death,
The last dear service of thy passing breath! [1]

[1] He expired dictating the last words of a translation of St. John's Gospel.

XXIV.

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE RELIGION.

By such examples moved to unbought pains,
The people work like congregated bees;
Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
Where Piety, as they believe, obtains
From Heaven a *general* blessing; timely rains
Or needful sunshine; prosperous enterprise,
Justice and peace:—bold faith! yet also rise
The sacred Structures for less doubtful gains.
The Sensual think with reverence of the palms
Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond the grave;
If penance be redeemable, thence alms
Flow to the poor, and freedom to the slave;
And if full oft the Sanctuary save
Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

XXV.

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

Not sedentary all: there are who roam
To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores;
Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn floors
To seek the general mart of Christendom;
Whence they, like richly-laden merchants, come
To their belovèd cells:—or shall we say
That, like the Red-cross Knight, they urge their way,
To lead in memorable triumph home
Truth, their immortal Una? Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh

That would lament her;—Memphis, Tyre, are gone
With all their Arts,—but classic lore glides on
By these Religious saved for all posterity.

XXVI.

ALFRED.

Behold a pupil of the monkish gown,
The pious Alfred, King to Justice dear!
Lord of the harp and liberating spear;
Mirror of Princes! Indigent Renown
Might range the starry ether for a crown
Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year,
Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth cheer,
And awes like night with mercy-tempered frown.
Ease from this noble miser of his time
No moment steals; pain narrows not his cares[1]
Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem,
Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,
And Christian India, through her wide-spread clime,
In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

XXVII.

HIS DESCENDANTS.

When thy great soul was freed from mortal chains,
Darling of England! many a bitter shower
Fell on thy tomb; but emulative power
Flowed in thy line through undegenerate veins.
The Race of Alfred covet glorious pains

[1] See Note.

When dangers threaten, dangers ever new!
Black tempests bursting, blacker still in view!
But manly sovereignty its hold retains;
The root sincere, the branches bold to strive
With the fierce tempest, while, within the round
Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive;
As oft, 'mid some green plot of open ground,
Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,
The fostered hyacinths spread their purple bloom.

XXVIII.

INFLUENCE ABUSED.

Urged by Ambition, who with subtlest skill
Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a dupe
Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can stoop,
And turn the instruments of good to ill,
Moulding the credulous people to his will.
Such Dunstan:—from its Benedictine coop
Issues the master Mind, at whose fell swoop
The chaste affections tremble to fulfil
Their purposes. Behold, pre-signified,
The Might of spiritual sway! his thoughts, his dreams,
Do in the supernatural world abide:
So vaunt a throng of Followers, filled with pride
In what they see of virtues pushed to extremes,
And sorceries of talent misapplied.

XXIX.

DANISH CONQUESTS.

Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey![1]
Dissension, checking arms that would restrain

[1] See Note.

The incessant Rovers of the northern main,
Helps to restore and spread a Pagan sway:
But Gospel-truth is potent to allay
Fierceness and rage; and soon the cruel Dane
Feels, through the influence of her gentle reign,
His native superstitions melt away.
Thus often, when thick gloom the east o'er-shrouds,
The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing, doth appear
Silently to consume the heavy clouds;
How no one can resolve; but every eye
Around her sees, while air is hushed, a clear
And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

XXX.

CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the Mere,
From Monks in Ely chanting service high,
While-as Canùte the King is rowing by:
"My Oarsmen," quoth the mighty King, "draw near,
That we the sweet song of the Monks may hear!"
He listens (all past conquests and all schemes
Of future vanishing like empty dreams)
Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.
The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still,
While his free Barge skims the smooth flood along,
Gives to that rapture an accordant Rhyme.[1]
O suffering Earth! be thankful; sternest clime
And rudest age are subject to the thrill
Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

[1] Which is still extant.

XXXI.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

The woman-hearted Confessor prepares
The evanescence of the Saxon line.
Hark! 'tis the tolling Curfew!—the stars shine;
But of the lights that cherish household cares
And festive gladness, burns not one that dares
To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,
Emblem and instrument, from Thames to Tyne,
Of force that daunts, and cunning that ensnares!
Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,
That quench, from hut to palace, lamps and fires,
Touch not the tapers of the sacred quires;
Even so a thraldom, studious to expel
Old laws, and ancient customs to derange,
To Creed or Ritual brings no fatal change.

XXXII.

Coldly we spake. The Saxons, overpowered
By wrong triumphant through its own excess,
From fields laid waste, from house and home devoured
By flames, look up to heaven and crave redress
From God's eternal justice. Pitiless
Though men be, there are angels that can feel
For wounds that death alone has power to heal,
For penitent guilt, and innocent distress.
And has a Champion risen in arms to try
His Country's virtue, fought, and breathes no more;
Him in their hearts the people canonize;
And far above the mine's most precious ore
The least small pittance of bare mould they prize
Scooped from the sacred earth where his dear relics lie.

XXXIII.

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

"And shall," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness flow
From Nazareth—source of Christian piety,
From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of Agony
And glorified Ascension? Warriors, go,
With prayers and blessings we your path will sow;
Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye
Have chased far off by righteous victory
These sons of Amalek, or laid them low!"—
"God willeth it," the whole assembly cry;
Shout which the enraptured multitude astounds!
The Council-roof and Clermont's towers reply;—
"God willeth it," from hill to hill rebounds,
And, in awe-stricken Countries far and nigh,
Through "Nature's hollow arch" that voice resounds.[1]

XXXIV.

CRUSADES.

The turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms
Along the west; though driven from Aquitaine,
The Crescent glitters on the towers of Spain;
And soft Italia feels renewed alarms;
The scimitar, that yields not to the charms
Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain;
Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills detain
Their tents, and check the current of their arms.
Then blame not those who, by the mightiest lever

[1] The decision of this council was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.

Known to the moral world, Imagination,
Upheave, so seems it, from her natural station
All Christendom:—they sweep along (was
never
So huge a host!)—to tear from the Unbeliever
The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

XXXV.

RICHARD I.

Redoubted King, of courage leonine,
I mark thee, Richard! urgent to equip
Thy warlike person with the staff and scrip;
I watch thee sailing o'er the midland brine;
In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride decline
Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her lip,
And see love-emblems streaming from thy ship,
As thence she holds her way to Palestine.
My Song, a fearless homager, would attend
Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves the press
Of war, but duty summons her away
To tell—how, finding in the rash distress
Of those Enthusiasts a subservient friend,
To giddier heights hath clomb the Papal sway.

XXXVI.

AN INTERDICT.

Realms quake by turns: proud Arbitress of
grace,
The Church, by mandate shadowing forth the
power
She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,
Closes the gates of every sacred place.
Straight from the sun and tainted air's embrace

All sacred things are covered: cheerful morn
Grows sad as night—no seemly garb is worn,
Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
With natural smiles of greeting. Bells a
dumb;
Ditches are graves—funereal rites denied;
And in the church-yard he must take his bri
Who dares be wedded! Fancies thickly come
Into the pensive heart ill fortified,
And comfortless despairs the soul benumb.

XXXVII.

PAPAL ABUSES.

As with the Stream our voyage we pursue,
The gross materials of this world present
A marvellous study of wild accident;
Uncouth proximities of old and new;
And bold transfigurations, more untrue
(As might be deemed) to disciplined intent
Than aught the sky's fantastic element,
When most fantastic, offers to the view.
Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's Shrine
Lo! John self-stripped of his insignia:-
crown,
Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring laid dow
At a proud Legate's feet! The spears that li
Baronial halls the opprobrious insult feel;
And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.

XXXVIII.

SCENE IN VENICE.

Black Demons hovering o'er his mitred hea
To Cæsar's Successor the Pontiff spake;
"Ere I absolve thee, stoop! that on thy nec

Levelled with earth this foot of mine may tread."
Then he, who to the altar had been led,
He, whose strong arm the Orient could not check,
He, who had held the Soldan at his beck,
Stooped, of all glory disinherited,
And even the common dignity of man!—
Amazement strikes the crowd: while many turn
Their eyes away in sorrow, others burn
With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban
From outraged Nature; but the sense of most
In abject sympathy with power is lost.

XXXIX.

PAPAL DOMINION.

Unless to Peter's Chair the viewless wind
Must come and ask permission when to blow,
What further empire would it have? for now
A ghostly Domination, unconfined
As that by dreaming Bards to Love assigned,
Sits there in sober truth—to raise the low,
Perplex the wise, the strong to overthrow;
Through earth and heaven to bind and to unbind!—
Resist—the thunder quails thee!—crouch—rebuff
Shall be thy recompense! from land to land
The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff
For occupation of a magic wand,
And 'tis the Pope that wields it:—whether rough
Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand!

PART II.

TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

I.

How soon—alas! did Man, created pure—
By Angels guarded, deviate from the line
Prescribed to duty :—woeful forfeiture
He made by wilful breach of law divine.
With like perverseness did the Church abjure
Obedience to her Lord, and haste to twine,
'Mid Heaven-born flowers that shall for aye endure,
Weeds on whose front the world had fixed her sign.
O Man,—if with thy trials thus it fares,
If good can smooth the way to evil choice,
From all rash censure be the mind kept free;
He only judges right who weighs, compares,
And, in the sternest sentence which his voice
Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.

II.

From false assumption rose, and fondly hailed
By superstition, spread the Papal power;
Yet do not deem the Autocracy prevailed
Thus only, even in error's darkest hour.
She daunts, forth-thundering from her spiritual tower
Brute rapine, or with gentle lure she tames.
Justice and Peace through Her uphold their claims;

And Chastity finds many a sheltering bower.
Realm there is none that if controlled or sway'd
By her commands partakes not, in degree,
Of good, o'er manners arts and arms, diffused:
Yes, to thy domination, Roman See,
Tho' miserably, oft monstrously, abused
By blind ambition, be this tribute paid.

III.

CISTERTIAN MONASTERY.

"*Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,*
More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,
More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
A brighter crown."[1]—On yon Cistertian wall
That confident assurance may be read;
And, to like shelter, from the world have fled
Increasing multitudes. The potent call
Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's desires;
Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant knee
Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,
A gentler life spreads round the holy spires;
Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste retires,
And aëry harvests crown the fertile lea.

IV.

Deplorable his lot who tills the ground,
His whole life long tills it, with heartless toil
Of villain-service, passing with the soil
To each new Master, like a steer or hound,
Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-bound;

[1] See Note.

But mark how gladly, through their own domains,
The Monks relax or break these iron chains;
While Mercy, uttering, through their voice, a sound
Echoed in Heaven, cries out, "Ye Chiefs, abate
These legalizèd oppressions! Man—whose name
And nature God disdained not; Man—whose soul
Christ died for—cannot forfeit his high claim
To live and move exempt from all control
Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!"

V.

MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

Record we too, with just and faithful pen,
That many hooded Cenobites there are,
Who in their private cells have yet a care
Of public quiet; unambitious Men,
Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken;
Whose fervent exhortations from afar
Move Princes to their duty, peace or war;
And oft-times in the most forbidding den
Of solitude, with love of science strong,
How patiently the yoke of thought they bear!
How subtly glide its finest threads along!
Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere
With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer
With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.

VI.

OTHER BENEFITS.

And, not in vain embodied to the sight,
Religion finds even in the stern retreat
Of feudal sway her own appropriate seat;

From the collegiate pomps on Windsor's height
Down to the humbler altar, which the Knight
And his Retainers of the embattled hall
Seek in domestic oratory small,
For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite;
Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted round,
Who teach the intrepid guardians of the place—
Hourly exposed to death, with famine worn,
And suffering under many a perilous wound—
How sad would be their durance, if forlorn
Of offices dispensing heavenly grace!

VII.

CONTINUED.

And what melodious sounds at times prevail!
And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam
Pours on the surface of the turbid Stream!
What heartfelt fragrance mingles with the gale
That swells the bosom of our passing sail!
For where, but on *this* River's margin, blow
Those flowers of chivalry, to bind the brow
Of hardihood with wreaths that shall not fail?—
Fair Court of Edward! wonder of the world!
I see a matchless blazonry unfurled
Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love;
And meekness tempering honourable pride;
The lamb is couching by the lion's side,
And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the dove.

VIII.

CRUSADERS.

Furl we the sails, and pass with tardy oars
Through these bright regions, casting many a glance

Upon the dream-like issues—the romance
Of many-coloured life that Fortune pours
Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
Their labours end; or they return to lie,
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors
Am I deceived? Or is their requiem chante
By voices never mute when Heaven unties
Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies;
Requiem which Earth takes up with vo
undaunted,
When she would tell how Brave, and Good, a
Wise,
For their high guerdon not in vain ha
panted!

IX.

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest
While from the Papal Unity there came,
What feebler means had failed to give, o
aim
Diffused thro' all the regions of the West;
So does her Unity its power attest
By works of Art, that shed, on the outwa
frame
Of worship, glory and grace, which who sh
blame
That ever looked to heaven for final rest?
Hail countless Temples! that so well befit
Your ministry; that, as ye rise and take
Form spirit and character from holy writ,
Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,
Pinions of high and higher sweep, and make
The unconverted soul with awe submit.

X.

Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root
In the blest soil of gospel truth, the Tree,
(Blighted or scathed tho' many branches be,
Put forth to wither, many a hopeful shoot)
Can never cease to bear celestial fruit.
Witness the Church that oft-times, with effect
Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to eject
Her bane, her vital energies recruit.
Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine
When such good work is doomed to be undone,
The conquests lost that were so hardly won :—
All promises vouchsafed by Heaven will shine
In light confirmed while years their course shall run,
Confirmed alike in progress and decline.

XI.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

Enough ! for see, with dim association
The tapers burn ; the odorous incense feeds
A greedy flame ; the pompous mass proceeds ;
The Priest bestows the appointed consecration ;
And, while the Host is raised, its elevation
An awe and supernatural horror breeds ;
And all the people bow their heads, like reeds
To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.
This Valdo brooks not. On the banks of Rhone
He taught, till persecution chased him thence,
To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.
Nor are his Followers loth to seek defence,

'Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy throne,
From rites that trample upon soul and sense.

XII.

THE VAUDOIS.

But whence came they who for the Saviour Lord
Have long borne witness as the Scriptures teach?—
Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach
In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,
Their fugitive Progenitors explored
Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats
Where that pure Church survives, though summer heats
Open a passage to the Romish sword,
Far as it dares to follow. Herbs self-sown,
And fruitage gathered from the chestnut wood,
Nourish the sufferers then; and mists, that brood
O'er chásms with new-fallen obstacles bestrown,
Protect them; and the eternal snow that daunts
Aliens is God's good winter for their haunts.

XIII.

Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain springs
Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy banners here!"
To harassed Piety, "Dismiss thy fear,
And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled wings!"
Nor be unthanked their final lingerings—
Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's ear—

'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes drear,
Their own creation. Such glad welcomings
As Po was heard to give where Venice rose
Hailed from aloft those Heirs of truth divine
Who near his fountains sought obscure repose,
Yet came prepared as glorious lights to shine,
Should that be needed for their sacred Charge;
Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits were at large!

XIV.

WALDENSES.

Those had given earliest notice, as the lark
Springs from the ground the morn to gratulate;
Or rather rose the day to antedate,
By striking out a solitary spark,
When all the world with midnight gloom was dark.—
Then followed the Waldensian bands, whom Hate
In vain endeavours to exterminate,
Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark:[1]
But they desist not;—and the sacred fire,
Rekindled thus, from dens and savage woods
Moves, handed on with never-ceasing care,
Through courts, through camps, o'er limitary floods;
Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely share
Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire.

XV.

ARCHBISHOP CHICHELY TO HENRY V.

"What beast in wilderness or cultured field
The lively beauty of the leopard shows?

[1] See Note.

What flower in meadow-ground or garden grows
That to the towering lily doth not yield?
Let both meet only on thy royal shield!
Go forth, great King! claim what thy birth bestows;
Conquer the Gallic lily which thy foes
Dare to usurp;—thou hast a sword to wield,
And Heaven will crown the right."—The mitred Sire
Thus spake—and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul addrest,
Ploughs her bold course across the wondering seas;
For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast
Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,
But one that leaps to meet the fanning breeze.

XVI.

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

Thus is the storm abated by the craft
Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect
The Church, whose power hath recently been checked,
Whose monstrous riches threatened. So the shaft
Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed
In fields that rival Cressy and Poictiers—
Pride to be washed away by bitter tears!
For deep as hell itself the avenging draught
Of civil slaughter. Yet, while temporal power
Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual truth
Maintains the else endangered gift of life;
Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth;
And, under cover of this woeful strife,
Gathers unblighted strength from hour to hour.

XVII.

WICLIFFE.

Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear,
And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed:
Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed
And flung into the brook that travels near;
Forthwith that ancient Voice which Streams can hear
Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon the wind,
Though seldom heard by busy human kind)—
"As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main Ocean they, this deed accurst
An emblem yields to friends and enemies
How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed."

XVIII.

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

"Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease
And cumbrous wealth—the shame of your estate;
You, on whose progress dazzling trains await
Of pompous horses; whom vain titles please;
Who will be served by others on their knees,
Yet will yourselves to God no service pay;
Pastors who neither take nor point the way
To Heaven; for, either lost in vanities
Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know

And speak the word ——" Alas! of fearful things
'Tis the most fearful when the people's eye
Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings;
And taught the general voice to prophesy
Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low.

XIX.

ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

And what is Penance with her knotted thong;
Mortification with the shirt of hair,
Wan cheek, and knees indúrated with prayer,
Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long;
If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong
The pious, humble, useful Secular,
And rob the people of his daily care,
Scorning that world whose blindness makes her strong?
Inversion strange! that, unto One who lives
For self, and struggles with himself alone,
The amplest share of heavenly favour gives;
That to a Monk allots, both in the esteem
Of God and man, place higher than to him
Who on the good of others builds his own!

XX.

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

Yet more,—round many a Convent's blazing fire
Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;
There Venus sits disguisèd like a Nun,—
While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,
Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher

Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run
Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won
An instant kiss of masterful desire—
To stay the precious waste. Through every brain
The domination of the sprightly juice
Spreads high conceits to madding Fancy dear,
Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse
Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain
Whose votive burthen is—"OUR KINGDOM'S HERE!"

XXI.

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

THREATS come which no submission may assuage,
No sacrifice avert, no power dispute;
The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,
And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,
The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage;
The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit;
And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.
The owl of evening and the woodland fox
For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose:
Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse
To stoop her head before these desperate shocks—
She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,
Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

XXII.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek
Through saintly habit than from effort due

To unrelenting mandates that pursue
With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)
Goes forth—unveiling timidly a cheek
Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,
While through the Convent's gate to open view
Softly she glides, another home to seek.
Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
An Apparition more divinely bright!
Not more attractive to the dazzled sight
Those watery glories, on the stormy brine
Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,
And the green vales lie hushed in sober light!

XXIII.

CONTINUED.

Yet many a Novice of the cloistral shade,
And many chained by vows, with eager glee
The warrant hail, exulting to be free;
Like ships before whose keels, full long embayed
In polar ice, propitious winds have made
Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,
Their liquid world, for bold discovery,
In all her quarters temptingly displayed!
Hope guides the young; but when the old must pass
The threshold, whither shall they turn to find
The hospitality—the alms (alas! 11
Alms may be needed) which that House bestowed?
Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind
To keep this new and questionable road?

XXIV.

SAINTS.

Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand,
Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourned!
Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,
Let not your radiant Shapes desert the Land:
Her adoration was not your demand,
The fond heart proffered it—the servile heart;
And therefore are ye summoned to depart,
Michael, and thou, St. George, whose flaming brand
The Dragon quelled; and valiant Margaret
Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew:
And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted Queen
Of harmony; and weeping Magdalene,
Who in the penitential desert met
Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew!

XXV.

THE VIRGIN.

Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

XXVI.

APOLOGY.

NOT utterly unworthy to endure
Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;
Age after age to the arch of Christendom
Aërial keystone haughtily secure;
Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,
As many hold; and, therefore, to the tomb
Pass, some through fire—and by the scaffold
some—
Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More,
"Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit
Upon his throne;" unsoftened, undismayed
By aught that mingled with the tragic scene
Of pity or fear; and More's gay genius played
With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.

XXVII.

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

DEEP is the lamentation! Not alone
From Sages justly honoured by mankind;
But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,
Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous groan
Issues for that dominion overthrown:
Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges, blind
As his own worshippers: and Nile, reclined
Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan
Renews. Through every forest, cave, and den,
Where frauds were hatched of old, hath sorrow
past—
Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native Waste,
Where once his airy helpers schemed and
planned

id spectral lakes bemocking thirsty men,
.d stalking pillars built of fiery sand.

XXVIII.

REFLECTIONS.

:ANT that by this unsparing hurricane
een leaves with yellow mixed are torn away,
ıd goodly fruitage with the mother spray;
vere madness—wished we, therefore, to detain,
ith hands stretched forth in mollified disdain,
e "trumpery" that ascends in bare display—
.lls, pardons, relics, cowls black, white, and grey—
ıwhirled, and flying o'er the ethereal plain
st bound for Limbo Lake. And yet not choice
ıt habit rules the unreflecting herd,
ıd airy bonds are hardest to disown;
ınce, with the spiritual sovereignty transferred
ıto itself, the Crown assumes a voice
reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

XXIX.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

ɪT, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,
dusty sequestration wrapt too long,
sumes the accents of our native tongue;
ıd he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,
ith understanding spirit now may look
ıon her records, listen to her song,
ıd sift her laws—much wondering that the wrong,

Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could calmly
brook.
Transcendent Boon! noblest that earthly King
Ever bestowed to equalize and bless
Under the weight of mortal wretchedness!
But passions spread like plagues, and thousands
wild
With bigotry shall tread the Offering
Beneath their feet, detested and defiled.

XXX.

THE POINT AT ISSUE.

For what contend the wise?—for nothing less
Than that the Soul, freed from the bonds of
Sense,
And to her God restored by evidence
Of things not seen, drawn forth from their
recess,
Root there, and not in forms, her holiness;—
For Faith, which to the Patriarchs did dispense
Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
Was needful round men thirsting to transgress;—
For Faith, more perfect still, with which the
Lord
Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth
Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill
The temples of their hearts who, with his word
Informed, were resolute to do his will,
And worship him in spirit and in truth.

XXXI.

EDWARD VI.

"Sweet is the holiness of Youth"—so felt
Time-honoured Chaucer speaking through that
Lay

By which the Prioress beguiled the way,
And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.
Hadst thou, loved Bard! whose spirit often dwelt
In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
King, child, and seraph, blended in the mien
Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt
In meek and simple infancy, what joy
For universal Christendom had thrilled
Thy heart! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled,
(O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)
The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
Piercing the Papal darkness from afar!

XXXII.

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR THE EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT.

The tears of man in various measure gush
From various sources; gently overflow
From blissful transport some—from clefts of woe
Some with ungovernable impulse rush;
And some, coëval with the earliest blush
Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
Their pearly lustre—coming but to go;
And some break forth when others' sorrows crush
The sympathising heart. Nor these, nor yet
The noblest drops to admiration known,
To gratitude, to injuries forgiven—
Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet
The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs driven
To pen the mandates nature doth disown.

XXXIII.

REVIVAL OF POPERY.

THE saintly Youth has ceased to rule, discrowned
By unrelenting Death. O People keen
For change, to whom the new looks always green!
Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground
Their Gods of wood and stone; and, at the sound
Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,
(Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen!)
Lifting them up, the worship to confound
Of the Most High. Again do they invoke
The Creature, to the Creature glory give;
Again with frankincense the altars smoke
Like those the Heathen served; and mass is sung;
And prayer, man's rational prerogative,
Runs through blind channels of an unknown tongue.

XXXIV.

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled!
See Latimer and Ridley in the might
Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight!
One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)
Transfigured,[1] from this kindling hath foretold
A torch of inextinguishable light;
The Other gains a confidence as bold;
And thus they foil their enemy's despite.
The penal instruments, the shows of crime,

[1] See Note.

Are glorified while this once-mitred pair
Of saintly Friends the "murtherer's chain partake,
Corded, and burning at the social stake:"
Earth never witnessed object more sublime
In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

XXXV.

CRANMER.

Outstretching flame-ward his upbraided hand
(O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat
Of judgment such presumptuous doom repeat!)
Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer stand;
Firm as the stake to which with iron band
His frame is tied; firm from the naked feet
To the bare head. The victory is complete;
The shrouded Body to the Soul's command
Answers with more than Indian fortitude,
Through all her nerves with finer sense endued,
Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:
Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
Behold the unalterable heart entire,
Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation! [1]

XXXVI.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF THE REFORMATION.

Aid, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light,
Our mortal ken! Inspire a perfect trust

[1] For the belief in this fact, see the contemporary Historians.

(While we look round) that Heaven's decrees are just:
Which few can hold committed to a fight
That shows, ev'n on its better side, the might
Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,
'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,
Which showers of blood seem rather to incite
Than to allay. Anathemas are hurled
From both sides; veteran thunders (the brute test
Of truth) are met by fulminations new—
Tartarean flags are caught at, and unfurled—
Friends strike at friends—the flying shall pursue—
And Victory sickens, ignorant where to rest!

XXXVII.

ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE.

Scattering, like birds escaped the fowler's net,
Some seek with timely flight a foreign strand;
Most happy, re-assembled in a land
By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget
Their Country's woes. But scarcely have they met,
Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,
Free to pour forth their common thankfulness,
Ere hope declines:—their union is beset
With speculative notions rashly sown,
Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous weeds;
Their forms are broken staves; their passions, steeds
That master them. How enviably blest

Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone
The peace of God within his single breast!

XXXVIII.

ELIZABETH.

Hail, Virgin Queen! o'er many an envious bar
Triumphant, snatched from many a treacherous wile!
All hail, sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle
Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war
Stilled by thy voice! But quickly from afar
Defiance breathes with more malignant aim;
And alien storms with home-bred ferments claim
Portentous fellowship. Her silver car,
By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly on
Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint
Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright:
Ah! wherefore yields it to a foul constraint
Black as the clouds its beams dispersed, while shone,
By men and angels blest, the glorious light?

XXXIX.

EMINENT REFORMERS.

Methinks that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,
Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave,
Were mine the trusty staff that Jewel gave
To youthful Hooker, in familiar style
The gift exalting, and with playful smile:[1]
For thus equipped, and bearing on his head
The Donor's farewell blessing, can he dread
Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil?—

[1] See Note.

More sweet than odours caught by him who sails
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein they rest.

XL.

THE SAME.

Holy and heavenly Spirits as they are,
Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,
With what entire affection do they prize
Their Church reformed! labouring with earnest care
To baffle all that may her strength impair;
That Church, the unperverted Gospel's seat;
In their afflictions a divine retreat;
Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest prayer!—
The truth exploring with an equal mind,
In doctrine and communion they have sought
Firmly between the two extremes to steer;
But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot,
To trace right courses for the stubborn blind,
And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

XLI.

DISTRACTIONS.

Men who have ceased to reverence soon defy
Their forefathers; lo! sects are formed, and split

With morbid restlessness;—the ecstatic fit
Spreads wide; though special mysteries multiply,
The Saints must govern is their common cry;
And so they labour, deeming Holy Writ
Disgraced by aught that seems content to sit
Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.
The Romanist exults; fresh hope he draws
From the confusion, craftily incites
The overweening, personates the mad—
To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause:
Totters the Throne; the new-born Church is sad,
For every wave against her peace unites.

XLII.

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

Fear hath a hundred eyes that all agree
To plague her beating heart; and there is one
(Nor idlest that!) which holds communion
With things that were not, yet were *meant* to be.
Aghast within its gloomy cavity
That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done
Crimes that might stop the motion of the sun)
Beholds the horrible catastrophe
Of an assembled Senate unredeemed
From subterraneous Treason's darkling power:
Merciless act of sorrow infinite!
Worse than the product of that dismal night,
When gushing, copious as a thunder-shower,
The blood of Huguenots through Paris streamed.

XLIII.

ILLUSTRATION.

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

The Virgin-Mountain,[1] wearing like a Queen
A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
Sheds ruin from her sides; and men below
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
Can link with desolation. Smooth and green,
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine; but on they go
Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen
Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood,
Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils breath
Blasts of tempestuous smoke—wherewith h
tries
To hide himself, but only magnifies;
And doth in more conspicuous torment writh
Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

XLIV.

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Even such the contrast that, where'er we mov
To the mind's eye Religion doth present;
Now with her own deep quietness content;
Then, like the mountain, thundering fro
above
Against the ancient pine-trees of the grove
And the Land's humblest comforts. Now he
mood
Recalls the transformation of the flood,
Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,

[1] The Jung-frau.

Earth cannot check. O terrible excess
Of headstrong will! Can this be Piety?
No—some fierce Maniac hath usurped her name;
And scourges England struggling to be free:
Her peace destroyed! her hopes a wilderness!
Her blessings cursed—her glory turned to shame!

XLV.

LAUD.[1]

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to spare,
An old weak Man for vengeance thrown aside,
Laud, "in the painful art of dying" tried,
(Like a poor bird entangled in a snare
Whose heart still flutters, though his wings forbear
To stir in useless struggle) hath relied
On hope that conscious innocence supplied,
And in his prison breathes celestial air.
Why tarries then thy chariot? Wherefore stay,
O Death! the ensanguined yet triumphant wheels,
Which thou prepar'st, full often, to convey
(What time a State with madding faction reels)
The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals
All wounds, all perturbations doth allay?

XLVI.

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

HARP! could'st thou venture, on thy boldest string,
The faintest note to echo which the blast

[1] See Note.

Caught from the hand of Moses as it passed
O'er Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd-king,
Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing
Of dread Jehovah; then should wood and waste
Hear also of that name, and mercy cast
Off to the mountains, like a covering
Of which the Lord was weary. Weep, oh! weep,
Weep with the good, beholding King and Priest
Despised by that stern God to whom they raise
Their suppliant hands; but holy is the feast
He keepeth; like the firmament his ways:
His statutes like the chambers of the deep.

PART III.

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

I.

I SAW the figure of a lovely Maid
Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,
Whose fondly-overhanging canopy
Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.
No Spirit was she; *that* my heart betrayed,
For she was one I loved exceedingly;
But while I gazed in tender reverie
(Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played?)
The bright corporeal presence—form and face—
Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare,
Like sunny mist;—at length the golden hair,
Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace
Each with the other in a lingering race
Of dissolution, melted into air.

II.

PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES.

Last night, without a voice, that Vision spake
Fear to my Soul, and sadness which might seem
Wholly dissevered from our present theme;
Yet, my belovèd Country! I partake
Of kindred agitations for thy sake;
Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight dream;
Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam
Of light, which tells that Morning is awake.
If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,
Or but forbode destruction, I deplore
With filial love the sad vicissitude;
If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven restore
The prostrate, then my spring-time is renewed,
And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.

III.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

Who comes—with rapture greeted, and caressed
With frantic love—his kingdom to regain?
Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain
Received, and fostered in her iron breast:
For all she taught of hardiest and of best,
Or would have taught, by discipline of pain
And long privation, now dissolves amain,
Or is remembered only to give zest
To wantonness.—Away, Circean revels!
But for what gain? if England soon must sink
Into a gulf which all distinction levels—
That bigotry may swallow the good name,

And, with that draught, the life-blood: misery, shame,
By Poets loathed; from which Historians shrink!

IV.

LATITUDINARIANISM.

Yet Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind
Charged with rich words poured out in thought's defence;
Whether the Church inspire that eloquence,
Or a Platonic Piety confined
To the sole temple of the inward mind;
And One there is who builds immortal lays,
Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,
Darkness before and danger's voice behind;
Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel
Sad thoughts; for from above the starry sphere
Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear;
And the pure spirit of celestial light
Shines through his soul—"that he may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

V.

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

There are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen:

O could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright;
Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night;
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray; or seen—like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

VI.

CLERICAL INTEGRITY.

Nor shall the eternal roll of praise reject
Those Unconforming; whom one rigorous day
Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey
To poverty, and grief, and disrespect,
And some to want—as if by tempests wrecked
On a wild coast; how destitute! did They
Feel not that Conscience never can betray,
That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect.
Their altars they forego, their homes they quit,
Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod,
And cast the future upon Providence;
As men the dictate of whose inward sense
Outweighs the world; whom self-deceiving wit
Lures not from what they deem the cause of God.

VII.

PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

When Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry,
The majesty of England interposed
And the sword stopped; the bleeding wounds were closed;

And Faith preserved her ancient purity.
How little boots that precedent of good,
Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,
For England's shame, O Sister Realm! from wood,
Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie
The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
Slain by Compatriot-protestants that draw
From councils senseless as intolerant
Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law;
But who would force the Soul tilts with a straw
Against a Champion cased in adamant.

VIII.

ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS.

A VOICE, from long-expecting thousands sent,
Shatters the air, and troubles tower and spire;
For Justice hath absolved the innocent,
And Tyranny is balked of her desire:
Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as fire
Coursing a train of gunpowder—it went,
And transport finds in every street a vent,
Till the whole City rings like one vast quire.
The Fathers urge the People to be still,
With outstretched hands and earnest speech—in vain!
Yea, many, haply wont to entertain
Small reverence for the mitre's offices,
And to Religion's self no friendly will,
A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees.

IX.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

Calm as an under-current, strong to draw
Millions of waves into itself, and run,
From sea to sea, impervious to the sun
And ploughing storm, the spirit of Nassau
(Swerves not, how blest if by religious awe
Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend
With the wide world's commotions) from its end
Swerves not—diverted by a casual law.
Had mortal action e'er a nobler scope?
The Hero comes to liberate, not defy;
And while he marches on with stedfast hope,
Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!
The vacillating Bondman of the Pope
Shrinks from the verdict of his stedfast eye.

X.

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Ungrateful Country, if thou e'er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!
How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,
And Russell's milder blood the scaffold wet;
But these had fallen for profitless regret
Had not thy holy Church her champions bred,
And claims from other worlds inspirited
The star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
(Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual things
Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,
However hardly won or justly dear:

What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,
And, if dissevered thence, its course is short.

XI.

SACHEVEREL.

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the swell
Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained
In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or feigned,
Spread through all ranks; and lo! the Sentinel
Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell,
Stands at the Bar, absolved by female eyes
Mingling their glances with grave flatteries
Lavished on *Him*—that England may rebel
Against her ancient virtue. HIGH and LOW,
Watch-words of Party, on all tongues are rife;
As if a Church, though sprung from heaven, must owe
To opposites and fierce extremes her life,—
Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.

XII.

DOWN a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design
Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart
Than his who sees, borne forward by the Rhine,
The living landscapes greet him, and depart;
Sees spires fast sinking—up again to start!
And strives the towers to number, that recline
O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line
Striding with shattered crests his eye athwart.
So have we hurried on with troubled pleasure:
Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream
That slackens, and spreads wide a watery gleam,

We, nothing loth a lingering course to measure,
May gather up our thoughts, and mark at leisure
How widely spread the interests of our theme.

XIII.

ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA.

I.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Well worthy to be magnified are they
Who, with sad hearts, of friends and country took
A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,
And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay;
Then to the new-found World explored their way,
That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to brook
Ritual restraints, within some sheltering nook
Her Lord might worship and his word obey
In freedom. Men they were who could not bend;
Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for guide
A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified;
Blest while their Spirits from the woods ascend
Along a Galaxy that knows no end,
But in His glory who for Sinners died.

XIV.

II. CONTINUED.

From Rite and Ordinance abused they fled
To Wilds where both were utterly unknown;
But not to them had Providence foreshown
What benefits are missed, what evils bred,
In worship neither raised nor limited

Save by Self-will. Lo! from that distant shore,
For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is led
Back to the Land those Pilgrims left of yore,
Led by her own free choice. So Truth and Love
By Conscience governed do their steps retrace.—
Fathers! your Virtues, such the power of grace,
Their spirit, in your Children, thus approve.
Transcendent over time, unbound by place,
Concord and Charity in circles move.

XV.

III. CONCLUDED.—AMERICAN EPISCOPACY.

Patriots informed with Apostolic light
Were they who, when their Country had been freed,
Bowing with reverence to the ancient creed,
Fixed on the frame of England's Church their sight,
And strove in filial love to reunite
What force had severed. Thence they fetched the seed
Of Christian unity, and won a meed
Of praise from Heaven. To Thee, O saintly White,
Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,
Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn,
Whether they would restore or build—to Thee,
As one who rightly taught how zeal should burn,
As one who drew from out Faith's holiest urn
The purest stream of patient Energy.

XVI.

Bishops and Priests, blessèd are ye, if deep
(As yours above all offices is high)

Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie;
Charged as ye are by Christ to feed and keep
From wolves your portion of His chosen sheep:
Labouring as ever in your Master's sight,
Making your hardest task your best delight,
What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall reap!—
But in the solemn Office which ye sought
And undertook premonished, if unsound
Your practice prove, faithless though but in thought,
Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf profound
Awaits you then, if they were rightly taught
Who framed the Ordinance by your lives disowned!

XVII.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

As star that shines dependent upon star
Is to the sky while we look up in love;
As to the deep fair ships which though they move
Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from afar;
As to the sandy desert fountains are,
With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,
Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native falls
Of roving tired or desultory war—
Such to this British Isle her christian Fanes,
Each linked to each for kindred services;
Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glittering vanes
Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among trees,
Where a few villagers on bended knees
Find solace which a busy world disdains.

XVIII.

PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion, where, his flock among,
The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful Lord.
Though meek and patient as a sheathèd sword;
Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong
To human kind; though peace be on his tongue,
Gentleness in his heart—can earth afford
Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
For re-subjecting to divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?

XIX.

THE LITURGY.

YES, if the intensities of hope and fear
Attract us still, and passionate exercise
Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies
Distinct with signs, through which in set career,
As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year
Of England's Church; stupendous mysteries!
Which whoso travels in her bosom eyes,
As he approaches them, with solemn cheer.
Upon that circle traced from sacred story
We only dare to cast a transient glance,
Trusting in hope that Others may advance
With mind intent upon the King of Glory,
From his mild advent till his countenance
Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary.

XX.

BAPTISM.

Dear be the Church that, watching o'er the needs
Of Infancy, provides a timely shower
Whose virtue changes to a christian Flower
A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds!—
Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministration; while parental Love
Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above
As the high service pledges now, now pleads.
There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings and fly
To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
The tombs—which hear and answer that brief cry,
The Infant's notice of his second birth—
Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy
With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from Earth.

XXI.

SPONSORS.

Father! to God himself we cannot give
A holier name! then lightly do not bear
Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care
Be duly mindful: still more sensitive
Do Thou, in truth a second Mother, strive
Against disheartening custom, that by Thee
Watched, and with love and pious industry
Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive
For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure
This Ordinance, whether loss it would supply,
Prevent omission, help deficiency,

Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
Shame if the consecrated Vow be found
An idle form, the Word an empty sound!

XXII.

CATECHISING.

From Little down to Least, in due degree,
Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest,
Each with a vernal posy at his breast,
We stood, a trembling, earnest Company!
With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,
Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed;
And some a bold unerring answer made:
How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,
Belovèd Mother! Thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie:
Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible command
Her countenance, phantom-like, doth re-appear:
O lost too early for the frequent tear,
And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh!

XXIII.

CONFIRMATION.

The Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale,
With holiday delight on every brow:
'Tis past away; far other thoughts prevail;
For they are taking the baptismal Vow
Upon their conscious selves; their own lips speak
The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail,
And many a blooming, many a lovely, cheek
Under the holy fear of God turns pale;
While on each head his lawn-robed servant lays

An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
The Covenant. The Omnipotent will raise
Their feeble Souls; and bear with *his* regrets,
Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels
That ere the Sun goes down their childhood sets.

XXIV.

CONFIRMATION CONTINUED.

I saw a Mother's eye intensely bent
Upon a Maiden trembling as she knelt;
In and for whom the pious Mother felt
Things that we judge of by a light too faint:
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse, or Saint!
Tell what rushed in, from what she was relieved—
Then, when her Child the hallowing touch received,
And such vibration through the Mother went
That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams appear?
Opened a vision of that blissful place
Where dwells a Sister-child? And was power given
Part of her lost One's glory back to trace
Even to this Rite? For thus *She* knelt, and, ere
The summer-leaf had faded, passed to Heaven.

XXV.

SACRAMENT.

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied
One duty more, last stage of this ascent,
Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacrament!
The Offspring, haply at the Parent's side;

But not till They, with all that do abide
In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to laud
And magnify the glorious name of God,
Fountain of Grace, whose Son for sinners died.
Ye, who have duly weighed the summons, pause
No longer: ye, whom to the saving rite
The Altar calls; come early under laws
That can secure for you a path of light
Through gloomiest shade; put on (nor dread its weight)
Armour divine, and conquer in your cause!

XXVI.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

The Vested Priest before the Altar stands;
Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in sight
Of God and chosen friends, your troth to plight
With the symbolic ring, and willing hands
Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the bands
O Father!—to the Espoused thy blessing give,
That mutually assisted they may live
Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands.
So prays the Church, to consecrate a Vow
"The which would endless matrimony make;"
Union that shadows forth and doth partake
A mystery potent human love to endow
With heavenly, each more prized for the other's sake;
Weep not, meek Bride! uplift thy timid brow.

XXVII.

THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

Woman! the Power who left his throne on high,
And deigned to wear the robe of flesh we wear,

The Power that thro' the straits of Infancy
Did pass dependant on maternal care,
His own humanity with Thee will share,
Pleased with the thanks that in His People's eye
Thou offerest up for safe Delivery
From Childbirth's perilous throes. And should the Heir
Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk inclined
To courses fit to make a mother rue
That ever he was born, a glance of mind
Cast upon this observance may renew
A better will; and, in the imagined view
Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may find.

XXVIII.

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

The Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal;
Glad music! yet there be that, worn with pain
And sickness, listen where they long have lain,
In sadness listen. With maternal zeal
Inspired, the Church sends ministers to kneel
Beside the afflicted; to sustain with prayer,
And soothe the heart confession hath laid bare—
That pardon, from God's throne, may set its seal
On a true Penitent. When breath departs
From one disburthened so, so comforted,
His Spirit Angels greet; and ours be hope
That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-bed,
Hence he will gain a firmer mind, to cope
With a bad world, and foil the Tempter's arts.

XXIX.

THE COMMINATION SERVICE.

SHUN not this rite, neglected, yea abhorred,
By some of unreflecting mind, as calling
Man to curse man, (thought monstrous and appalling.)
Go thou and hear the threatenings of the *Lord;*
Listening within his Temple see his sword
Unsheathed in wrath to strike the offender's head,
Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead,
Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored.
Two aspects bears Truth needful for salvation;
Who knows not *that?*—yet would this delicate age
Look only on the Gospel's brighter page:
Let light and dark duly our thoughts employ;
So shall the fearful words of Commination
Yield timely fruit of peace and love and joy.

XXX.

FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA.

To kneeling Worshippers no earthly floor
Gives holier invitation than the deck
Of a storm-shattered Vessel saved from Wreck
(When all that Man could do availed no more)
By Him who raised the Tempest and restrains:
Happy the crew who this have felt, and pour
Forth for His mercy, as the Church ordains,
Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will *they* implore
In vain who, for a rightful cause, give breath
To words the Church prescribes aiding the lip
For the heart's sake, ere ship with hostile ship

Encounters, armed for work of pain and death.
Suppliants! the God to whom your cause ye trust
Will listen, and ye know that He is just,

XXXI.

FUNERAL SERVICE.

From the Baptismal hour, thro' weal and woe,
The Church extends her care to thought and deed;
Nor quits the Body when the Soul is freed,
The mortal weight cast off to be laid low.
Blest Rite for him who hears in faith, "I know
That my Redeemer liveth,"—hears each word
That follows—striking on some kindred chord
Deep in the thankful heart;—yet tears will flow.
Man is as grass that springeth up at morn,
Grows green, and is cut down and withereth
Ere nightfall—truth that well may claim a sigh,
Its natural echo; but hope comes reborn
At Jesu's bidding. We rejoice, "O Death,
Where is thy Sting?—O Grave, where is thy Victory?"

XXXII.

RURAL CEREMONY.[1]

Closing the sacred Book which long has fed
Our meditations, give we to a day
Of annual joy one tributary lay;
This day, when, forth by rustic music led,
The village Children, while the sky is red
With evening lights, advance in long array

[1] See Note.

Through the still church-yard, each with garland gay,
That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
Of the proud Bearer. To the wide church-door,
Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore
For decoration in the Papal time,
The innocent Procession softly moves :—
The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure clime,
And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves !

XXXIII.

REGRETS.

Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave
Less scanty measure of those graceful rites
And usages, whose due return invites
A stir of mind too natural to deceive ;
Giving to Memory help when she would weave
A crown for Hope !—I dread the boasted lights
That all too often are but fiery blights,
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.
Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,
The counter Spirit found in some gay church
Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch
In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,
Merry and loud and safe from prying search,
Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

XXXIV.

MUTABILITY.

From low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale

Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

XXXV.

OLD ABBEYS.

MONASTIC Domes! following my downward way,
Untouched by due regret I marked your fall!
Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay
On our past selves in life's declining day:
For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
We learn to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others—gently as he may,
So with our own the mild Instructor deals,
Teaching us to forget them or forgive.
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
Why should we break Time's charitable seals?
Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;
Your spirit freely let me drink, and live

XXXVI.

EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY.

EVEN while I speak, the sacred roofs of France
Are shattered into dust; and self-exiled

From altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,
Wander the Ministers of God, as chance
Opens a way for life, or consonance
Of faith invites. More welcome to no land
The fugitives than to the British strand,
Where priest and layman with the vigilance
Of true compassion greet them. Creed and test
Vanish before the unreserved embrace
Of catholic humanity:—distrest
They came,—and, while the moral tempest roars
Throughout the Country they have left, our shores
Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place.

XXXVII.

CONGRATULATION.

Thus all things lead to Charity, secured
By them who blessed the soft and happy gale
That landward urged the great Deliverer's sail,
Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored!
Propitious hour! had we, like them, endured
Sore stress of apprehension,[1] with a mind
Sickened by injuries, dreading worse designed,
From month to month trembling and unassured,
How had we then rejoiced! But we have felt,
As a loved substance, their futurity:
Good, which they dared not hope for, we have seen;
A State whose generous will through earth is dealt;
A State—which, balancing herself between
Licence and slavish order, dares be free.

[1] See Note.

XXXVIII.

NEW CHURCHES.

But liberty, and triumphs on the Main,
And laurelled armies, not to be withstood—
What serve they? if, on transitory good
Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
The State (ah, surely not preserved in vain!)
Forbear to shape due channels which the Flood
Of sacred truth may enter—till it brood
O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian plain
The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the time
Is conscious of her want; through England's bounds,
In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise!
I hear their sabbath bells' harmonious chime
Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of all sounds
That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies!

XXXIX.

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.

Be this the chosen site; the virgin sod,
Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,
Shall disappear, and grateful earth receive
The corner-stone from hands that build to God.
Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the rod
Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully;
Those forest oaks of Druid memory,
Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode
Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid this band
Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and wove
May-garlands, there let the holy altar stand

For kneeling adoration;—while—above,
Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove,
That shall protect from blasphemy the Land.

XL.

CONTINUED.

Mine ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued,
Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,
When each pale brow to dread hosannas bowed
While clouds of incense mounting veiled the rood,
That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed
Through Alpine vapours. Such appalling rite
Our Church prepares not, trusting to the might
Of simple truth with grace divine imbued;
Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,
Like men ashamed: the Sun with his first smile
Shall greet that symbol crowning the low Pile:
And the fresh air of incense-breathing morn
Shall wooingly embrace it; and green moss
Creep round its arms through centuries unborn.

XLI.

NEW CHURCH-YARD.

The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,
Is now by solemn consecration given
To social interests, and to favouring Heaven,
And where the rugged colts their gambols played,
And wild deer bounded through the forest glade,
Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven,
Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even;

And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade
Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture small,
But infinite its grasp of weal and woe!
Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow;—
The spousal trembling, and the "dust to dust,"
The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust
That to the Almighty Father looks through all.

XLII.

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles!
Types of the spiritual Church which God hath
reared;
Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward
And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles
To kneel, or thrid your intricate defiles,
Or down the nave to pace in motion slow;
Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow
And mount, at every step, with living wiles
Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will
By a bright ladder to the world above.
Open your gates, ye Monuments of love
Divine! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill!
Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose splendours
cheer
Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!

XLIII.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who
planned—
Albeit labouring for a scanty band

Of whitė robed Scholars only—this immense
And glorious Work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

XLIV.

THE SAME.

What awful pérspective! while from our sight
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
Their Portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,
Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,
Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night!—
But, from the arms of silence—list! O list!
The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

XLV.

CONTINUED.

They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path
Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome
Hath typified by reach of daring art
Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,
The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
As now, when She hath also seen her breast
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

XLVI.

EJACULATION.

Glory to God! and to the Power who came
In filial duty, clothed with love divine,
That made his human tabernacle shine
Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame;
Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
From roseate hues, far kenned at morn and even,
In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven
Along the nether region's rugged frame!
Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us seek the light,
Studious of that pure intercourse begun

When first our infant brows their lustre won;
So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright
From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
At the approach of all-involving night.

XLVII.

CONCLUSION.

Why sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,
Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the Word
Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith explored,
Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold
His drowsy rings. Look forth!—that Stream behold,
That Stream upon whose bosom we have passed
Floating at ease while nations have effaced
Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold
Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth, my Soul!
(Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust)
The living Waters, less and less by guilt
Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,
Till they have reached the eternal City—built
For the perfécted Spirits of the just!

EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

I.

Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose
Day's grateful warmth, tho' moist with falling dews.
Look for the stars, you'll say that there are none;
Look up a second time, and, one by one,
You mark them twinkling out with silvery light,
And wonder how they could elude the sight!
The birds, of late so noisy in their bowers,
Warbled a while with faint and fainter powers,
But now are silent as the dim-seen flowers:
Nor does the village Church-clock's iron tone
The time's and season's influence disown;
Nine beats distinctly to each other bound
In drowsy sequence—how unlike the sound
That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear
On fireside listeners, doubting what they hear!
The shepherd, bent on rising with the sun,
Had closed his door before the day was done,
And now with thankful heart to bed doth creep,
And joins his little children in their sleep.
The bat, lured forth where trees the lane o'ershade,
Flits and reflits along the close arcade;
The busy dor-hawk chases the white moth

With burring note, which Industry and Sloth
Might both be pleased with, for it suits them both.
A stream is heard—I see it not, but know
By its soft music whence the waters flow:
Wheels and the tread of hoofs are heard no more;
One boat there was, but it will touch the shore
With the next dipping of its slackened oar;
Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the gay,
Might give to serious thought a moment's sway,
As a last token of man's toilsome day!

1832.

II.

ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

Easter Sunday, April 7.

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTH-DAY.

THE Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,
Flung back from distant climes a streaming fire,
Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams,
Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams.
Look round;—of all the clouds not one is moving;
'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving.
Silent, and stedfast as the vaulted sky,
The boundless plain of waters seems to lie:—
Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er
The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore?
No; 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be!

Thou Power supreme! who, arming to rebuke
Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,
And clothe thyself with terrors like the flood
Of Ocean roused into his fiercest mood,
Whatever discipline thy Will ordain
For the brief course that must for me remain;
Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice
In admonitions of thy softest voice!
Whate'er the path these mortal feet may trace,
Breathe through my soul the blessing of thy grace,
Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere
Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear,
Glad to expand; and, for a season, free
From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee!

1833.

III.

(BY THE SEA-SIDE.)

The sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest,
And the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest;
Air slumbers—wave with wave no longer strives,
Only a heaving of the deep survives,
A tell-tale motion! soon will it be laid,
And by the tide alone the water swayed.
Stealthy withdrawings, interminglings mild
Of light with shade in beauty reconciled—
Such is the prospect far as sight can range,
The soothing recompense, the welcome change.
Where now the ships that drove before the blast,
Threatened by angry breakers as they passed;
And by a train of flying clouds bemocked;
Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor rocked

As on a bed of death? Some lodge in peace,
Saved by His care who bade the tempest cease;
And some, too heedless of past danger, court
Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off port;
But near, or hanging sea and sky between,
Not one of all those wingèd powers is seen,
Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet heard;
Yet oh! how gladly would the air be stirred
By some acknowledgment of thanks and praise,
Soft in its temper as those vesper lays
Sung to the Virgin while accordant oars
Urge the slow bark along Calabrian shores;
A sea-born service through the mountains felt
Till into one loved vision all things melt:
Or like those hymns that soothe with graver sound
The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound;
And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise
With punctual care, Lutherian harmonies.
Hush, not a voice is here! but why repine,
Now when the star of eve comes forth to shine
On British waters with that look benign?
Ye mariners, that plough your onward way,
Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,
May silent thanks at least to God be given
With a full heart; "our thoughts are ***heard*** in heaven!"

1833.

IV.

Not in the lucid intervals of life
That come but as a curse to party-strife;
Not in some hour when Pleasure with a sigh
Of languor puts his rosy garland by;
Not in the breathing-times of that poor slave
Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's cave—

Is Nature felt, or can be; nor do words,
Which practised talent readily affords,
Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords;
Nor has her gentle beauty power to move
With genuine rapture and with fervent love
The soul of Genius, if he dare to take
Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake;
Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent
Of all the truly great and all the innocent.

But who *is* innocent? By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine,
Through good and evil thine, in just degree
Of rational and manly sympathy.
To all that Earth from pensive hearts is stealing,
And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes revealing,
Add every charm the Universe can show
Through every change its aspects undergo—
Care may be respited, but not repealed;
No perfect cure grows on that bounded field.
Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,
If He, through whom alone our conflicts cease,
Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,
Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance;
To the distempered Intellect refuse
His gracious help, or give what we abuse.

1834.

V.

(BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE.)

THE linnet's warble, sinking towards a close,
Hints to the thrush 'tis time for their repose;
The shrill-voiced thrush is heedless, and again

The monitor revives his own sweet strain;
But both will soon be mastered, and the copse
Be left as silent as the mountain-tops,
Ere some commanding star dismiss to rest
The throng of rooks, that now, from twig or nest,
(After a steady flight on home-bound wings,
And a last game of mazy hoverings
Around their ancient grove) with cawing noise
Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.

O Nightingale! Who ever heard thy song
Might here be moved, till Fancy grows so strong
That listening sense is pardonably cheated
Where wood or stream by thee was never greeted.
Surely, from fairest spots of favoured lands,
Were not some gifts withheld by jealous hands,
This hour of deepening darkness here would be
As a fresh morning for new harmony;
And lays as prompt would hail the dawn of Night:
A *dawn* she has both beautiful and bright,
When the East kindles with the full moon's light;
Not like the rising sun's impatient glow
Dazzling the mountains, but an overflow
Of solemn splendour, in mutation slow.

Wanderer by spring with gradual progress led,
For sway profoundly felt as widely spread;
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,
And to the soldier's trumpet-wearied ear;
How welcome wouldst thou be to this green Vale

Fairer than Tempe! Yet, sweet Nightingale!
From the warm breeze that bears thee on, alight
At will, and stay thy migratory flight;
Build, at thy choice, or sing, by pool or fount,
Who shall complain, or call thee to account?
The wisest, happiest, of our kind are they
That ever walk content with Nature's way,
God's goodness—measuring bounty as it may;
For whom the gravest thought of what they miss,
Chastening the fulness of a present bliss,
Is with that wholesome office satisfied,
While unrepining sadness is allied
In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.

1834.

VI.

Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the Mere
Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear,
And motionless; and, to the gazer's eye,
Deeper than ocean, in the immensity
Of its vague mountains and unreal sky!
But, from the process in that still retreat,
Turn to minuter changes at our feet;
Observe how dewy Twilight has withdrawn
The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,
And has restored to view its tender green,
That, while the sun rode high, was lost beneath their dazzling sheen.
—An emblem this of what the sober Hour
Can do for minds disposed to feel its power!
Thus oft, when we in vain have wished away
The petty pleasures of the garish day,
Meek eve shuts up the whole usurping host

(Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his post)
And leaves the disencumbered spirit free
To reassume a staid simplicity.

'Tis well—but what are helps of time and place,
When wisdom stands in need of nature's grace;
Why do good thoughts, invoked or not, descend,
Like Angels from their bowers, our virtues to befriend;
If yet To-morrow, unbelied, may say,
"I come to open out, for fresh display,
The elastic vanities of yesterday?"

1834.

VII.

The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,
And sky that danced among those leaves, are still;
Rest smooths the way for sleep; in field and bower
Soft shades and dews have shed their blended power
On drooping eyelid and the closing flower;
Sound is there none at which the faintest heart
Might leap, the weakest nerve of superstition start;
Save when the Owlet's unexpected scream
Pierces the ethereal vault; and ('mid the gleam
Of unsubstantial imagery, the dream,
From the hushed vale's realities, transferred
To the still lake) the imaginative Bird
Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not unheard.

Grave Creature!—whether, while the moon shines bright
On thy wings opened wide for smoothest flight,

Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,
Rising from what may once have been a lady's bower;
Or spied where thou sitt'st moping in thy mew
At the dim centre of a churchyard yew;
Or from a rifted crag or ivy tod
Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,
Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by shriek or shout,
A puzzling notice of thy whereabout—
May the night never come, nor day be seen,
When I shall scorn thy voice or mock thy mien!

In classic ages men perceived a soul
Of sapience in thy aspect, headless Owl!
Thee Athens reverenced in the studious grove;
And near the golden sceptre grasped by Jove,
His Eagle's favourite perch, while round him sate
The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,
Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's side:
Hark to that second larum!—far and wide
The elements have heard, and rock and cave replied.

1834.

VIII.

This *Impromptu* appeared, many years ago, among the Author's poems, from which, in subsequent editions, it was excluded. It is reprinted at the request of the Friend in whose presence the lines were thrown off.

THE sun has long been set,
The stars are out by twos and threes,
The little birds are piping yet
Among the bushes and trees;

There's a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes,
And a far-off wind that rushes,
And a sound of water that gushes,
And the cuckoo's sovereign cry
Fills all the hollow of the sky.
  Who would go "parading"
In London, "and masquerading,"
On such a night of June
With that beautiful soft half-moon,
And all these innocent blisses?
On such a night as this is!

June 8, 1802.

IX.

COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOUR AND BEAUTY.

I.

HAD this effulgence disappeared
With flying haste, I might have sent,
Among the speechless clouds, a look
Of blank astonishment;
But 'tis endued with power to stay,
And sanctify one closing day,
That frail Mortality may see—
What is?—ah no, but what *can* be!
Time was when field and watery cove
With modulated echoes rang,
While choirs of fervent Angels sang
Their vespers in the grove;
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,
Strains suitable to both.—Such holy rite,

Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimer transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam—
The shadow—and the peace supreme!

II.

No sound is uttered,—but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
Far-distant images draw nigh,
Called forth by wondrous potency
Of beamy radiance that imbues
Whate'er it strikes with gem-like hues!
In vision exquisitely clear,
Herds range along the mountain side;
And glistening antlers are descried;
And gilded flocks appear.
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve!
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine!
—From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread!

III.

And if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
Yon hazy ridges to their eyes
Present a glorious scale,
Climbing suffused with sunny air,
To stop—no record hath told where!
And tempting Fancy to ascend,
And with immortal Spirits blend!

—Wings at my shoulders seem to play;
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze
On those bright steps that heaven-ward raise
Their practicable way.
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,
And see to what fair countries ye are bound!
And if some traveller, weary of his road,
Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,
Ye Genii! to his covert speed;
And wake him with such gentle heed
As may attune his soul to meet the dower
Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

IV.

Such hues from their celestial Urn
Were wont to stream before mine eye,
Where'er it wandered in the morn
Of blissful infancy.
This glimpse of glory, why renewed?
Nay, rather speak with gratitude;
For if a vestige of those gleams
Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.
Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve
No less than Nature's threatening voice,
If aught unworthy be my choice,
From THEE if I would swerve;
Oh, let Thy grace remind me of the light
Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;
Which, at this moment, on my waking sight
Appears to shine, by miracle restored;
My soul, though yet confined to earth,
Rejoices in a second birth!
—'Tis past, the visionary splendour fades;
And night approaches with her shades.

1818.

Note.—The multiplication of mountain-ridges, described at the commencement of the third Stanza of

X.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SHORE.

What mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret,
How fancy sickens by vague hopes beset;
How baffled projects on the spirit prey,
And fruitless wishes eat the heart away,
The Sailor knows; he best, whose lot is cast
On the relentless sea that holds him fast
On chance dependent, and the fickle star
Of power, through long and melancholy war.
O sad it is, in sight of foreign shores,
Daily to think on old familiar doors,
Hearths loved in childhood, and ancestral floors;
Or, tossed about along a waste of foam,
To ruminate on that delightful home
Which with the dear Betrothèd *was* to come
Or came and was and is, yet meets the eye
Never but in the world of memory;
Or in a dream recalled, whose smoothest range
Is crossed by knowledge, or by dread, of change,
And if not so, whose perfect joy makes sleep
A thing too bright for breathing man to keep.
Hail to the virtues which that perilous life
Extracts from Nature's elemental strife;
And welcome glory won in battles fought
As bravely as the foe was keenly sought.
But to each gallant Captain and his crew

this Ode as a kind of Jacob's Ladder, leading to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapours, or sunny haze;—in the present instance by the latter cause. Allusions to the Ode entitled "Intimations of Immortality" pervade the last Stanza of the foregoing Poem.

A less imperious sympathy is due,
Such as my verse now yields, while moonbeams play
On the mute sea in this unruffled bay;
Such as will promptly flow from every breast,
Where good men, disappointed in the quest
Of wealth and power and honours, long for rest;
Or, having known the splendours of success,
Sigh for the obscurities of happiness.

1834.

XI.

The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,
  Glories of evening, as ye there are seen
  With but a span of sky between—
  Speak one of you, my doubts remove,
Which is the attendant Page and which the Queen?

1842 (?).

XII.

TO THE MOON.

COMPOSED BY THE SEASIDE,—ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

Wanderer! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near
To human life's unsettled atmosphere;
Who lov'st with Night and Silence to partake
So might it seem, the cares of them that wake
And, through the cottage-lattice softly peeping
Dost shield from harm the humblest of the sleeping;
What pleasure once encompassed those sweet names
Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,

An idolizing dreamer as of yore!—
I slight them all; and, on this sea-beat shore
Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend
That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S FRIEND;
So call thee for heaven's grace through thee made known
By confidence supplied and mercy shown,
When not a twinkling star or beacon's light
Abates the perils of a stormy night;
And for less obvious benefits, that find
Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind;
Both for the adventurer starting in life's prime;
And veteran ranging round from clime to clime,
Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,
And wounds and weakness oft his labour's sole remains.

The aspiring Mountains and the winding Streams,
Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy beams;
A look of thine the wilderness pervades,
And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;
Thou, chequering peaceably the minster's gloom,
Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's tomb;
Canst reach the Prisoner—to his grated cell
Welcome, though silent and intangible!—
And lives there one, of all that come and go
On the great waters toiling to and fro,
One, who has watched thee at some quiet hour
Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,
Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds that move
Catching the lustre they in part reprove—

Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway
To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,
And make the serious happier than the gay?

Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly bright
Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,
To fiercer mood the phrenzy-stricken brain,
Let me a compensating faith maintain;
That there's a sensitive, a tender, part
Which thou canst touch in every human heart,
For healing and composure.—But as least
And mightiest billows ever have confessed
Thy domination; as the whole vast Sea
Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty;
So shines that countenance with especial grace
On them who urge the keel her *plains* to trace
Furrowing its way right onward. The most rude,
Cut off from home and country, may have stood—
Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his eye,
Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh—
Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,
With some internal lights to memory dear,
Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast
Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest,—
Gentle awakenings, visitations meek;
A kindly influence whereof few will speak,
Though it can wet with tears the hardiest cheek.

And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave
Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave;
Then, while the Sailor, 'mid an open sea

Swept by a favouring wind that leaves thought free,
Paces the deck—no star perhaps in sight,
And nothing save the moving ship's own light
To cheer the long dark hours of vacant night—
Oft with his musings does thy image blend,
In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend,
And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR'S FRIEND!

1835.

XIII.

TO THE MOON.

(RYDAL.)

QUEEN of the stars!—so gentle, so benign,
That ancient Fable did to thee assign,
When darkness creeping o'er thy silver brow
Warned thee these upper regions to forego,
Alternate empire in the shades below—
A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread sea
Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee
With grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail
From the close confines of a shadowy vale.
Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,
Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen
Through cloudy umbrage, well might that fair face,
And all those attributes of modest grace,
In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,
Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!

O still beloved (for thine, meek Power, are charms

That fascinate the very Babe in arms,
While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,
Spreading his little palms in his glad Mother's sight)
O still beloved, once worshipped! Time, that frowns
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,
Spares thy mild splendour; still those far-shot beams
Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams
With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise
Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays;
And through dark trials still dost thou explore
Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,
When teeming Matrons—yielding to rude faith
In mysteries of birth and life and death
And painful struggle and deliverance—prayed
Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.
What though the rites be swept away, the fanes
Extinct that echoed to the votive strains;
Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease
Love to promote and purity and peace;
And Fancy, unreproved, even yet may trace
Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face.

Then, silent Monitress! let us—not blind
To worlds unthought of till the searching mind
Of Science laid them open to mankind—
Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare
God's glory; and acknowledging thy share
In that blest charge; let us—without offence
To aught of highest, holiest, influence—
Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to dispense.
May sage and simple, catching with one eye

The moral intimations of the sky,
Learn from thy course, where'er their own be taken,
"To look on tempests, and be never shaken;"
To keep with faithful step the appointed way
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,
And from example of thy monthly range
Gently to brook decline and fatal change;
Meek, patient, stedfast, and with loftier scope,
Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope!

1835.

XIV.

TO LUCCA GIORDANO.

Giordano, verily thy Pencil's skill
Hath here portrayed with Nature's happiest grace
The fair Endymion couched on Latmos-hill;
And Dian gazing on the Shepherd's face
In rapture,—yet suspending her embrace,
As not unconscious with what power the thrill
Of her most timid touch his sleep would chase,
And, with his sleep, that beauty calm and still.
O may this work have found its last retreat
Here in a Mountain-bard's secure abode,
One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cynthia showed
A face of love which he in love would greet,
Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky seat;
Or lured along where green-wood paths he trod.

Rydal Mount, 1846.

XV.

Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high
Travelling where she from time to time enshrouds
Her head, and nothing loth her Majesty

Renounces, till among the scattered clouds
One with its kindling edge declares that soon
Will reappear before the uplifted eye
A Form as bright, as beautiful a moon,
To glide in open prospect through clear sky.
Pity that such a promise e'er should prove
False in the issue, that yon seeming space
Of sky should be in truth the stedfast face
Of a cloud flat and dense, through which must move
(By transit not unlike man's frequent doom)
The Wanderer lost in more determined gloom.

1846.

XVI.

WHERE lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed,
A pitiable doom; for respite brief
A care more anxious, or a heavier grief?
Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed
God's bounty, soon forgotten; or indeed,
Must Man, with labour born, awake to sorrow
When Flowers rejoice and Larks with rival speed
Spring from their nests to bid the Sun good morrow?
They mount for rapture as their songs proclaim
Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky;
But o'er the contrast wherefore heave a sigh?
Like those aspirants let us soar—our aim,
Through life's worst trials, whether shocks or snares,
A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than theirs.

1846.

POEMS,

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.

Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following series of poems is a Memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Frith of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Goil-head, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfries-shire, to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.

I.

Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown
And spread as if ye knew that days might come
When ye would shelter in a happy home,
On this fair Mount, a Poet of your own,
One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown
To sue the God; but, haunting your green shade
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid
Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self sown.
Farewell! no Minstrels now with harp new-strung

For summer wandering quit their household bowers;
Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue
To cheer the Itinerant on whom she pours
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
Or musing sits forsaken halls among.

II.

Why should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle,
Repine as if his hour were come too late?
Not unprotected in her mouldering state,
Antiquity salutes him with a smile,
'Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund toil,
And pleasure-grounds where Taste, refined Co-mate
Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,
Far as she may, primeval Nature's style.
Fair Land! by Time's parental love made free,
By Social Order's watchful arms embraced;
With unexampled union meet in thee,
For eye and mind, the present and the past;
With golden prospect for futurity,
If that be reverenced which ought to last.

III.

They called Thee Merry England, in old time;
A happy people won for thee that name
With envy heard in many a distant clime;
And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same
Endearing title, a responsive chime

othe heart's fond belief; though some there are
Those sterner judgments deem that word a snare
or inattentive Fancy, like the lime
Thich foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask,
his face of rural beauty be a mask
or discontent, and poverty, and crime;
hese spreading towns a cloak for lawless will?
orbid it, Heaven!—and MERRY ENGLAND still
hall be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme!

IV.

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK.

RETA, what fearful listening! when huge stones
umble along thy bed, block after block:
, whirling with reiterated shock,
mbat, while darkness aggravates the groans:
t if thou (like Cocytus from the moans
ard on his rueful margin) thence wert named
e Mourner, thy true nature was defamed,
d the habitual murmur that atones
r thy worst rage, forgotten. Oft as Spring
cks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand thrones,
ts of glad instinct and love's carolling,
e concert, for the happy, then may vie
th liveliest peals of birth-day harmony:
a grieved heart the notes are benisons.

V.

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

ONG the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream!
ou near the eagle's nest—within brief sail,

I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,
Where thy deep voice could lull me! Faint the beam
Of human life when first allowed to gleam
On mortal notice.—Glory of the vale,
Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail,
Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam
Of thy soft breath!—Less vivid wreath entwined
Nemæan victor's brow; less bright was worn,
Meed of some Roman chief—in triumph borne
With captives chained; and shedding from his car
The sunset splendours of a finished war
Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

1819. (?)

VI.

IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH.

(Where the Author was born, and his Father's remains are laid.)

A POINT of life between my Parents' dust,
And yours, my buried Little-ones! am I;
And to those graves looking habitually
In kindred quiet I repose my trust.
Death to the innocent is more than just,
And, to the sinner, mercifully bent;
So may I hope, if truly I repent
And meekly bear the ills which bear I must:
And You, my Offspring! that do still remain,
Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,
If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain
We breathed together for a moment's space,
The wrong, by love provoked, let love arraign,
And only love keep in your hearts a place.

VII.

ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKERMOUTH CASTLE.

"Thou look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,
Poet! that, stricken as both are by years,
We, differing once so much, are now Compeers,
Prepared, when each has stood his time, to sink
Into the dust. Erewhile a sterner link
United us; when thou, in boyish play,
Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey
To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink
Of light was there;—and thus did I, thy Tutor,
Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the
grave;
While thou wert chasing the winged butterfly
Through my green courts; or climbing, a bold
suitor,
Up to the flowers whose golden progeny
Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave."

VIII.

NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

The cattle crowding round this beverage clear
To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have
trod
The encircling turf into a barren clod;
Through which the waters creep, then disappear,
Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near;
Yet o'er the brink, and round the lime-stone cell
Of the pure spring (they call it the "Nun's
Well,"
Name that first struck by chance my startled ear)
A tender Spirit broods—the pensive Shade
Of ritual honours to this Fountain paid

By hooded Votaresses with saintly cheer;
Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild
Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled
Into the shedding of "too soft a tear."

IX.

TO A FRIEND.

On the banks of the Derwent.

Pastor and Patriot!—at whose bidding rise
These modest walls, amid a flock that need,
For one who comes to watch them and to feed,
A fixed Abode—keep down presageful sighs.
Threats, which the unthinking only can despise,
Perplex the Church; but be thou firm,—be true
To thy first hope, and this good work pursue,
Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice
Dost Thou prepare, whose sign will be the smoke
Of thy new hearth; and sooner shall its wreaths,
Mounting while earth her morning incense breathes,
From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke,
And straightway cease to aspire, than God disdain
This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.

X.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Landing at the mouth of the Derwent, Workington.

Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,
The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore;
And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed!
And like a Star (that, from a heavy cloud
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,

When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
She smiled; but Time, the old Saturnian seer,
Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,
With step prelusive to a long array
Of woes and degradations hand in hand—
Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear
Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay!

XI.

STANZAS

SUGGESTED IN A STEAM-BOAT OFF SAINT BEES' HEADS, ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

If Life were slumber on a bed of down,
Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,
Sad were our lot: no hunter of the hare
Exults like him whose javelin from the lair
Has roused the lion; no one plucks the rose,
Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter blows
'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,
With joy like his who climbs, on hands and knees,
For some rare plant, yon Headland of St. Bees.

This independence upon oar and sail,
This new indifference to breeze or gale,
This straight-lined progress, furrowing a flat lea,
And regular as if locked in certainty—
Depress the hours. Up, Spirit of the storm!
That Courage may find something to perform;
That Fortitude, whose blood disdains to freeze
At Danger's bidding, may confront the seas,
Firm as the towering Headlands of St. Bees.
Dread cliff of Baruth! *that* wild wish may sleep,

Bold as if men and creatures of the Deep
Breathed the same element; too many wrecks
Have struck thy sides, too many ghastly decks
Hast thou looked down upon, that such a thought
Should here be welcome, and in verse enwrought:
With thy stern aspect better far agrees
Utterance of thanks that we have past with ease,
As millions thus shall do, the Headlands of St. Bees.

Yet, while each useful Art augments her store,
What boots the gain if Nature should lose more?
And Wisdom, as she holds a Christian place
In man's intelligence sublimed by grace?
When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian coast,
Tempestuous winds her holy errand crossed:
She knelt in prayer—the waves their wrath appease;
And, from her vow well weighed in Heaven's decrees,
Rose, where she touched the strand, the Chantry of St. Bees.

"Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand,"
Who in these Wilds then struggled for command;
The strong were merciless, without hope the weak;
Till this bright Stranger came, fair as day-break,
And as a cresset true that darts its length
Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength;
Guiding the mariner through troubled seas,
And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,
Like the fixed Light that crowns yon Headland of St. Bees.

aid the Votaress, miracles believed
rought in men's minds, like miracles achieved;
piety took root; and Song might tell
iat humanizing virtues near her cell
ang up, and spread their fragrance wide around;
w savage bosoms melted at the sound
gospel-truth enchained in harmonies
fted o'er waves, or creeping through close trees,
m her religious Mansion of St. Bees.

en her sweet Voice, that instrument of love,
s glorified, and took its place, above
silent stars, among the angelic quire,
chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire,
l perished utterly; but her good deeds
l sown the spot, that witnessed them, with seeds
ich lay in earth expectant, till a breeze
h quickening impulse answered their mute pleas,
l lo! a *statelier* pile, the Abbey of St. Bees.

re are the naked clothed, the hungry fed;
l Charity extendeth to the dead
intercessions made for the soul's rest
ardy penitents; or for the best
ong the good (when love might else have slept,
ened, or died) in pious memory kept:
nks to the austere and simple Devotees,
o, to that service bound by venial fees,
p watch before the altars of St. Bees.

not, in sooth, their Requiem's sacred ties
ven out of passion's sharpest agonies,

Subdued, composed, and formalized by art,
To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart?
The prayer for them whose hour is past away
Says to the Living, profit while ye may!
A little part, and that the worst, he sees
Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the keys
That best unlock the secrets of St. Bees.

Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,
Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,
Cheers these Recluses with a steady ray
In many an hour when judgment goes astray.
Ah! scorn not hastily their rule who try
Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify;
Consume with zeal, in wingèd ecstasies
Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,
Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees.

Yet none so prompt to succour and protect
The forlorn traveller, or sailor wrecked
On the bare coast; nor do they grudge the boon
Which staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon
Claim for the pilgrim: and, though chidings sharp
May sometimes greet the strolling minstrel's harp,
It is not then when, swept with sportive ease,
Its charms a feast-day throng of all degrees,
Brightening the archway of revered St. Bees.

How did the cliffs and echoing hills rejoice
What time the Benedictine Brethren's voice,
Imploring, or commanding with meet pride,
Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feuds aside,
And under one blest ensign serve the Lord
In Palestine. Advance, indignant Sword!

Flaming till thou from Paynim hands release
That Tomb, dread centre of all sanctities
Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St. Bees.

But look we now to them whose minds from far
Follow the fortunes which they may not share.
While in Judea Fancy loves to roam,
She helps to make a Holy-land at home:
The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere invites
To sound the crystal depth of maiden rights;
And wedded Life, through scriptural mysteries,
Heavenward ascends with all her charities,
Taught by the hooded Celibates of St. Bees.

Nor be it e'er forgotten how by skill
Of cloistered Architects, free their souls to fill
With love of God, throughout the Land were raised
Churches, on whose symbolic beauty gazed
Peasant and mail-clad Chief with pious awe;
As at this day men seeing what they saw,
Or the bare wreck of faith's solemnities,
Aspire to more than earthly destinies;
Witness yon Pile that greets us from St. Bees.

Yet more; around those Churches, gathered Towns
Safe from the feudal Castle's haughty frowns;
Peaceful abodes, where Justice might uphold
Her scales with even hand, and culture mould
The heart to pity, train the mind in care
For rules of life, sound as the Time could bear.
Nor dost thou fail, thro' abject love of ease,
Or hindrance raised by sordid purposes,
To bear thy part in this good work, St. Bees.

Who with the ploughshare clove the
moors.
And to green meadows changed the s
shores?
Thinned the rank woods; and for the c
grange
Made room where wolf and boar were
range?
Who taught, and showed by deeds, that
chains
Should bind the vassal to his lord's don
The thoughtful Monks, intent their
please,
For Christ's dear sake, by human symp
Poured from the bosom of thy Church, S

But all availed not; by a mandate give
Through lawless will the Brotherhoo
driven
Forth from their cells; their ancient Ho
low
In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.
But now once more the local Heart revi
The inextinguishable Spirit strives.
Oh may that Power who hushed the
seas,
And cleared a way for the first Votaries
Prosper the new-born College of St. Be

Alas! the Genius of our age, from Scho
Less humble, draws her lessons, aim
rules.
To Prowess guided by her insight keen
Matter and Spirit are as one Machine;
Boastful Idolatress of formal skill
She in her own would merge the eternal
Better, if Reason's triumphs match with

Her flight before the bold credulities
That furthered the first teaching of St. Bees.[1]

1833.

XII.

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF MAN.

Ranging the heights of Scawfell or Black-comb,
In his lone course the Shepherd oft will pause,
And strive to fathom the mysterious laws
By which the clouds, arrayed in light or gloom,
On Mona settle, and the shapes assume
Of all her peaks and ridges. What he draws
From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the cause,
He will take with him to the silent tomb.
Or by his fire, a child upon his knee,
Haply the untaught Philosopher may speak
Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory
That satisfies the simple and the meek,
Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak
To cope with Sages undevoutly free.

XIII.

AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN.

Bold words affirmed, in days when faith was strong
And doubts and scruples seldom teazed the brain,
That no adventurer's bark had power to gain
These shores if he approached them bent on wrong;
For, suddenly up-conjured from the Main,

1 See "Excursion," seventh part; and "Ecclesiastical Sketches," second part, near the beginning.

Mists rose to hide the Land—that search, though long
And eager, might be still pursued in vain.
O Fancy, what an age was *that* for song!
That age, when not by *laws* inanimate,
As men believed, the waters were impelled,
The air controlled, the stars their courses held;
But element and orb on *acts* did wait
Of *Powers* endued with visible form, instinct
With will, and to their work by passion linked.

XIV.

Desire we past illusions to recall?
To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide
Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside?
No,—let this Age, high as she may, instal
In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,
The universe is infinitely wide;
And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall
Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,
In progress toward the fount of Love,—the throne
Of Power whose ministers the records keep
Of periods fixed, and laws established, less
Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness.

XV.

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN.

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori."

The feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,
Even when they rose to check or to repel

Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well
Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn
Just limits; but yon Tower, whose smiles adorn
This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence;
Blest work it is of love and innocence,
A Tower of refuge built for the else forlorn.
Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,
Struggling for life, into its saving arms!
Spare, too, the human helpers! Do they stir
'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to die?
No; their dread service nerves the heart it warms,
And they are led by noble HILLARY.[1]

XVI.

BY THE SEA-SHORE, ISLE OF MAN.

WHY stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine,
With wonder smit by its transparency,
And all-enraptured with its purity?—
Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline,
Have ever in them something of benign;
Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,
A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye
Of a young maiden, only not divine.
Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm
For beverage drawn as from a mountain-well.
Temptation centres in the liquid Calm;
Our daily raiment seems no obstacle
To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea!
And revelling in long embrace with thee.[2]

[1] See Note.

[2] The sea-water on the coast of the Isle of Man is singularly pure and beautiful.

XVII.

ISLE OF MAN.

A YOUTH too certain of his power to wade
On the smooth bottom of this clear bright sea,
To sight so shallow, with a bather's glee,
Leapt from this rock, and but for timely aid
He, by the alluring element betrayed,
Had perished. Then might Sea-nymphs (and with sighs
Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies
Bewailing his sad fate, when he was laid
In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he was frank,
Utterly in himself devoid of guile;
Knew not the double-dealing of a smile;
Nor aught that makes men's promises a blank,
Or deadly snare: and He survives to bless
The Power that saved him in his strange distress.

XVIII.

ISLE OF MAN.

DID pangs of grief for lenient time too keen,
Grief that devouring waves had caused—or guilt
Which they had witnessed, sway the man who built
This Homestead, placed where nothing could be seen,
Nought heard, of ocean troubled or serene?
A tired Ship-soldier on paternal land,
That o'er the channel holds august command,
The dwelling raised,—a veteran Marine.
He, in disgust, turned from the neighbouring sea

To shun the memory of a listless life
That hung between two callings. May no strife
More hurtful here beset him, doomed though free,
Self-doomed, to worse inaction, till his eye
Shrink from the daily sight of earth and sky!

XIX.

BY A RETIRED MARINER.

A Friend of the Author.

From early youth I ploughed the restless Main,
My mind as restless and as apt to change;
Through every clime and ocean did I range,
In hope at length a competence to gain;
For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.
Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,
And hardships manifold did I endure,
For Fortune on me never deigned to smile;
Yet I at last a resting-place have found,
With just enough life's comforts to procure,
In a snug Cove on this our favoured Isle,
A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts abound;
Then sure I have no reason to complain,
Though poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.

XX.

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN.

Supposed to be written by a Friend.

Broken in fortune, but in mind entire
And sound in principle, I seek repose

Where ancient trees this convent-pile enclose,[1]
In ruin beautiful. When vain desire
Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire
To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,
A grey-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee;
A shade—but with some sparks of heavenly fire
Once to these cells vouchsafed. And when I note
The old Tower's brow yellowed as with the beams
Of sunset ever there, albeit streams
Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,
I thank the silent Monitor, and say
"Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day!"

XXI.

TYNWALD HILL.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal mound
(Still marked with green turf circles narrowing
Stage above stage) would sit this Island's King,
The laws to promulgate, enrobed and crowned;
While, compassing the little mound around,
Degrees and Orders stood, each under each:
Now, like to things within fate's easiest reach,
The power is merged, the pomp a grave has found.
Off with yon cloud, old Snafell! that thine eye
Over three Realms may take its widest range;
And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange
Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,
If the whole State must suffer mortal change,
Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

[1] Rushen Abbey.

XXII.

DESPOND who will—*I* heard a voice exclaim,
"Though fierce the assault, and shattered the defence,
It cannot be that Britain's social frame,
The glorious work of time and providence,
Before a flying season's rash pretence,
Should fall; that She, whose virtue put to shame,
When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror's aim,
Should perish, self-subverted. Black and dense
The cloud is; but brings *that* a day of doom
To Liberty? Her sun is up the while,
That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone:
Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye Streams, sweep on,
Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle
Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume."

XXIII.

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.

During an Eclipse of the Sun, July 17.

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to defy,
Appeared the Crag of Ailsa, ne'er did morn
With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn
His sides, or wreathe with mist his forehead high:
Now, faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse,
Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,
Towering above the sea and little ships;
For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,
Each for her haven; with her freight of Care,

Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom looks
Into the secret of to-morrow's fare; 11
Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of
books,
Or aught that watchful Love to Nature owes
For her mute Powers, fixed Forms, or transient
Shows.

XXIV.

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.

In a Steam-boat.

ARRAN! a single-crested Teneriffe,
A St. Helena next—in shape and hue,
Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue;
Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff
Built for the air, or wingèd Hippogriff?
That he might fly, where no one could pursue,
From this dull Monster and her sooty crew;
And, as a God, light on thy topmost cliff.
Impotent wish! which reason would despise
If the mind knew no union of extremes,
No natural bond between the boldest schemes
Ambition frames and heart-humilities.
Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale lies,
And lofty springs give birth to lowly streams.

XXV.

ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE.

See former series, vol. iii., p. 311.

THE captive Bird was gone;—to cliff or moor
Perchance had flown, delivered by the storm;
Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the worm:
Him found we not: but, climbing a tall tower,
There saw, impaved with rude fidelity
Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,

An Eagle with stretched wings, but beamless eye—
An Eagle that could neither wail nor soar.
Effigy of the Vanished—(shall I dare
To call thee so?) or symbol of fierce deeds
And of the towering courage which past times
Rejoiced in—take, whate'er thou be, a share,
Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes
That animate my way where'er it leads!

XXVI.

THE DUNOLLY EAGLE.

Not to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew;
But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,
Came and delivered him, alone he sped
Into the castle-dungeon's darkest mew.
Now near his master's house in open view
He dwells, and hears indignant tempests howl,
Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domestic fowl,
Beware of him! Thou, saucy cockatoo,
Look to thy plumage and thy life!—The roe,
Fleet as the west wind, is for *him* no quarry;
Balanced in ether he will never tarry,
Eyeing the sea's blue depths. Poor Bird! even so
Doth man of brother man a creature make
That clings to slavery for its own sad sake.

XXVII.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.

Oft have I caught, upon a fitful breeze,
Fragments of far-off melodies,

With ear not coveting the whole,
A part so charmed the pensive soul:
While a dark storm before my sight
Was yielding, on a mountain height
Loose vapours have I watched, that won
Prismatic colours from the sun;
Nor felt a wish that heaven would show
The image of its perfect bow.
What need, then, of these finished Strains?
Away with counterfeit Remains!
An abbey in its lone recess,
A temple of the wilderness,
Wrecks though they be, announce with feeling
The majesty of honest dealing.
Spirit of Ossian! if imbound
In language thou may'st yet be found,
If aught (intrusted to the pen
Or floating on the tongues of men,
Albeit shattered and impaired)
Subsist thy dignity to guard,
In concert with memorial claim
Of old grey stone, and high-born name
That cleaves to rock or pillared cave
Where moans the blast, or beats the wave,
Let Truth, stern arbitress of all,
Interpret that Original,
And for presumptuous wrongs atone;—
Authentic words be given, or none!

Time is not blind;—yet He, who spares
Pyramid pointing to the stars,
Hath preyed with ruthless appetite
On all that marked the primal flight
Of the poetic ecstasy
Into the land of mystery.
No tongue is able to rehearse
One measure, Orpheus! of thy verse;

Musæus, stationed with his lyre
Supreme among the Elysian quire,
Is, for the dwellers upon earth,
Mute as a lark ere morning's birth.
Why grieve for these, though past away
The music, and extinct the lay?
When thousands, by severer doom,
Full early to the silent tomb
Have sunk, at Nature's call; or strayed
From hope and promise, self-betrayed;
The garland withering on their brows;
Stung with remorse for broken vows;
Frantic—else how might they rejoice?
And friendless, by their own sad choice!

Hail, Bards of mightier grasp! on you
I chiefly call, the chosen Few,
Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,
Who faltered not, nor turned aside;
Whose lofty genius could survive
Privation, under sorrow thrive;
In whom the fiery Muse revered
The symbol of a snow-white beard,
Bedewed with meditative tears
Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.

Brothers in soul! though distant times
Produced you nursed in various climes,
Ye, when the orb of life had waned,
A plenitude of love retained:
Hence, while in you each sad regret
By corresponding hope was met,
Ye lingered among human kind,
Sweet voices for the passing wind;
Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,
Though smiling on the last hill top!
Such to the tender-hearted maid

Even ere her joys begin to fade;
Such, haply, to the rugged chief
By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief;
Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,
Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,
The Son of Fingal; such was blind
Mæonides of ampler mind;
Such Milton, to the fountain head
Of glory by Urania led!

1824.

XXVIII.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

We saw, but surely, in the motley crowd,
Not One of us has felt the far-famed sight;
How *could* we feel it? each the other's blight,
Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud.
O for those motions only that invite
The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful Cave
By the breeze entered, and wave after wave
Softly embosoming the timid light!
And by *one* Votary who at will might stand
Gazing and take into his mind and heart,
With undistracted reverence, the effect
Of those proportions where the almighty hand
That made the worlds, the sovereign Architect,
Has deigned to work as if with human Art!

XXIX.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

After the Crowd had departed.

Thanks for the lessons of this Spot—fit school
For the presumptuous thoughts that would assign

Mechanic laws to agency divine;
And, measuring heaven by earth, would over-rule
Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule,
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,
Might seem designed to humble man, when proud
Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight
Of tide and tempest on the Structure's base,
And flashing to that Structure's topmost height,
Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace
In calms is conscious, finding for his freight
Of softest music some responsive place.

XXX.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

Ye shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims
In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,
Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the spot,
Our fathers glimpses caught of your thin Frames,
And, by your mien and bearing, knew your names;
And they could hear *his* ghostly song who trod
Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,
While he struck his desolate harp without hopes or aims.
Vanished ye are, but subject to recall;
Why keep *we* else the instincts whose dread law
Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they saw,
Not by black arts but magic natural!
If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,
Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that shade a Chief.

XXXI.

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

HOPE smiled when your nativity was cast,
Children of Summer! Ye fresh Flowers that brave
What Summer here escapes not, the fierce wave,
And whole artillery of the western blast,
Battering the Temple's front, its long-drawn nave
Smiting, as if each moment were their last.
But ye, bright Flowers, on frieze and architrave
Survive, and once again the Pile stands fast:
Calm as the Universe, from specular towers
Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure
With mute astonishment, it stands sustained
Through every part in symmetry, to endure,
Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his hours,
As the supreme Artificer ordained.

XXXII.

IONA.

ON to Iona!—What can she afford
To *us* save matter for a thoughtful sigh,
Heaved over ruin with stability
In urgent contrast? To diffuse the WORD
(Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and Time's Lord)
Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom; but why,
Even for a moment, has our verse deplored
Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their destiny?
And when, subjected to a common doom
Of mutability, those far-famed Piles
Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,

Iona's Saints, forgetting not past days,
Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,
While heaven's vast sea of voices chants their praise.

XXXIII.

IONA.

Upon Landing.

How sad a welcome! To each voyager
Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.
Yet is yon neat trim church a grateful speck
Of novelty amid the sacred wreck
Strewn far and wide. Think, proud Philosopher!
Fallen though she be, this Glory of the west,
Still on her sons, the beams of mercy shine;
And "hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright than thine,
A grace by thee unsought and unpossest,
A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest."

XXXIV.

THE BLACK STONES OF IONA.

See Martin's Voyage among the Western Isles.

Here on their knees men swore: the stones were black,
Black in the people's minds and words, yet they
Were at that time, as now, in colour grey.
But what is colour, if upon the rack
Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that lack

Concord with oaths? What differ night and day
Then, when before the Perjured on his way
Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance crack
Above his head uplifted in vain prayer
To Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead whom
He had insulted—Peasant, King, or Thane?
Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a doom;
And, from invisible worlds at need laid bare,
Come links for social order's awful chain.

XXXV.

HOMEWARD we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell,
Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark
(Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark
Of time) shone like the morning-star, farewell!—
And fare thee well, to Fancy visible,
Remote St. Kilda, lone and loved sea-mark
For many a voyage made in her swift bark,
When with more hues than in the rainbow dwell
Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold,
Extracting from clear skies and air serene,
And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,
That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold with fold,
Makes known, when thou no longer canst be seen,
Thy whereabout, to warn the approaching sail.

XXXVI.

GREENOCK.

Per me si va nella Città dolente.

WE have not passed into a doleful City,
We who were led to-day down a grim dell,

By some too boldly named "the Jaws of Hell:"
Where be the wretched ones, the sights for pity?
These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty:—
As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,
Sorrow seems here excluded; and that knell,
It neither damps the gay, nor checks the witty.
Alas! too busy Rival of old Tyre,
Whose merchants Princes were, whose decks were thrones;
Soon may the punctual sea in vain respire
To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde
Whose nursling current brawls o'er mossy stones,
The poor, the lonely, herdsman's joy and pride.

XXXVII.

"There!" said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride
Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,
"Is Mosgiel Farm; and that's the very field
Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy." Far and wide
A plain below stretched seaward, while, descried
Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran rose;
And, by that simple notice, the repose
Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.
Beneath "the random *bield* of clod or stone"
Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away; less happy than the One
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.

XXXVIII.

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND.

EDEN! till now thy beauty had I viewed
By glimpses only, and confess with shame
That verse of mine, whate'er its varying mood,
Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet name:
Yet fetched from Paradise that honour came,
Rightfully borne; for Nature gives thee flowers
That have no rivals among British bowers;
And thy bold rocks are worthy of their fame.
Measuring thy course, fair Stream! at length I pay
To my life's neighbour dues of neighbourhood;
But I have traced thee on thy winding way
With pleasure sometimes by this thought restrained—
For things far off we toil, while many a good
Not sought, because too near, is never gained.

XXXIX.

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD,

(by Nollekens,)

In Wetheral Church, near Corby, on the banks of the Eden.

STRETCHED on the dying Mother's lap, lies dead
Her new-born Babe; dire ending of bright hope!
But Sculpture here, with the divinest scope
Of luminous faith, heavenward hath raised that head
So patiently; and through one hand has spread
A touch so tender for the insensate Child—
(Earth's lingering love to parting reconciled,
Brief parting, for the spirit is all but fled)—

That we, who contemplate the turns of life
Through this still medium, are consoled and cheered;
Feel with the Mother, think the severed Wife
Is less to be lamented than revered;
And own that Art, triumphant over strife
And pain, hath powers to Eternity endeared.

XL.

SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING.

TRANQUILLITY! the sovereign aim wert thou
In heathen schools of philosophic lore;
Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore
The Tragic Muse thee served with thoughtful vow;
And what of hope Elysium could allow
Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore
Peace to the Mourner. But when He who wore
The crown of thorns around his bleeding brow
Warmed our sad being with celestial light,
Then Arts which still had drawn a softening grace
From shadowy fountains of the Infinite
Communed with that Idea face to face:
And move around it now as planets run,
Each in its orbit round the central Sun.

XLI.

NUNNERY.

THE floods are roused, and will not soon be weary;
Down from the Pennine Alps[1] how fiercely sweeps

[1] The chain of Crossfell.

Croglin, the stately Eden's tributary!
He raves, or through some moody passage creeps
Plotting new mischief—out again he leaps
Into broad light, and sends, through regions airy,
That voice which soothed the Nuns while on the steeps
They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful Mary.
That union ceased: then, cleaving easy walks
Through crags, and smoothing paths beset with danger,
Came studious Taste; and many a pensive stranger
Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks.
What change shall happen next to Nunnery Dell?
Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell!

XLII.

STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS.

Motions and Means, on land and sea at war
With old poetic feeling, not for this,
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss!
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future change, that point of vision, whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in Man's art; and Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.

XLIII.

THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN.

A WEIGHT of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my Spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that family forlorn.
Speak Thou, whose massy strength and stature scorn
The power of years—pre-eminent, and placed
Apart, to overlook the circle vast—
Speak, Giant-mother! tell it to the Morn
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of Night;
Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud;
At whose behest uprose on British ground
That Sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite
The inviolable God, that tames the proud![1]

1821. (?)

XLIV.

LOWTHER.

LOWTHER! in thy majestic Pile are seen
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
With the baronial castle's sterner mien;
Union significant of God adored,
And charters won and guarded by the sword
Of ancient honour; whence that goodly state
Of polity which wise men venerate,
And will maintain, if God his help afford.
Hourly the democratic torrent swells;
For airy promises and hopes suborned

[1] See Note.

The strength of backward-looking thoughts is scorned.
Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,
With what ye symbolise; authentic Story
Will say, Ye disappeared with England's Glory!

XLV.

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

"Magistratus indicat virum."

LONSDALE! it were unworthy of a Guest,
Whose heart with gratitude to thee inclines,
If he should speak, by fancy touched, of signs
On thy Abode harmoniously imprest,
Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest
How in thy mind and moral frame agree
Fortitude, and that Christian Charity
Which, filling, consecrates the human breast.
And if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon teach
With truth, "THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS THE MAN;"
That searching test thy public course has stood;
As will be owned alike by bad and good,
Soon as the measuring of life's little span
Shall place thy virtues out of Envy's reach.[1]

XLVI.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

LIST, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower[2]
At eve; how softly then
Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,

[1] See Note.
[2] A pleasure-house built by the late Duke of Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. FORCE is the word used in the Lake District for Water-fall.

Speak from the woody glen!
Fit music for a solemn vale!
And holier seems the ground
To him who catches on the gale
The spirit of a mournful tale,
Embodied in the sound.

Not far from that fair site whereon
The Pleasure-house is reared,
As story says, in antique days
A stern-browed house appeared;
Foil to a Jewel rich in light
There set, and guarded well;
Cage for a Bird of plumage bright,
Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight
Beyond her native dell.

To win this bright Bird from her cage,
To make this Gem their own,
Came Barons bold, with store of gold,
And Knights of high renown;
But one She prized, and only one;
Sir Eglamore was he;
Full happy season, when was known,
Ye Dales and Hills! to you alone
Their mutual loyalty—

Known chiefly, Aira! to thy glen,
Thy brook, and bowers of holly;
Where Passion caught what Nature taught,
That all but love is folly;
Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play;
Doubt came not, nor regret—
To trouble hours that winged their way,
As if through an immortal day
Whose sun could never set.

But in old times Love dwelt not long
  Sequestered with repose;
Best throve the fire of chaste desire,
  Fanned by the breath of foes.
" A conquering lance is beauty's test,
  And proves the Lover true;"
So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed
The drooping Emma to his breast,
  And looked a blind adieu.

They parted.—Well with him it fared
  Through wide-spread regions errant;
A knight of proof in love's behoof,
  The thirst of fame his warrant:
And She her happiness can build
  On woman's quiet hours;
Though faint, compared with spear and shield,
The solace beads and masses yield,
  And needlework and flowers.

Yet blest was Emma when she heard
  Her Champion's praise recounted;
Though brain would swim, and eyes grow dim,
  And high her blushes mounted;
Or when a bold heroic lay
  She warbled from full heart;
Delightful blossoms for the *May*
Of absence! but they will not stay,
  Born only to depart.

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills
  Whatever path he chooses;
As if his orb, that owns no curb,
  Received the light hers loses.
He comes not back; an ampler space
  Requires for nobler deeds;
He ranges on from place to place,

Till of his doings is no trace,
  But what her fancy breeds.

His fame may spread, but in the past
  Her spirit finds its centre;
Clear sight She has of what he was,
  And that would now content her.
"Still is he my devoted Knight?"
  The tear in answer flows;
Month falls on month with heavier weight;
Day sickens round her, and the night
  Is empty of repose.

In sleep She sometimes walked abroad,
  Deep sighs with quick words blending,
Like that pale Queen whose hands are seen
  With fancied spots contending;
But *she* is innocent of blood,—
  The moon is not more pure
That shines aloft, while through the wood
She thrids her way, the sounding Flood
  Her melancholy lure!

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,
  And owls alone are waking,
In white arrayed, glides on the Maid
  The downward pathway taking,
That leads her to the torrent's side
  And to a holly bower;
By whom on this still night descried?
By whom in that lone place espied?
  By thee, Sir Eglamore!

A wandering Ghost, so thinks the Knight,
  His coming step has thwarted,
Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,
  Within whose shade they parted.

Hush, hush, the busy Sleeper see!
  Perplexed her fingers seem,
As if they from the holly tree
Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly
  Flung from her to the stream.

What means the Spectre? Why intent
  To violate the Tree,
Thought Eglamore, by which I swore
  Unfading constancy?
Here am I, and to-morrow's sun,
  To her I left, shall prove
That bliss is ne'er so surely won
As when a circuit has been run
  Of valour, truth, and love.

So from the spot whereon he stood,
  He moved with stealthy pace;
And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,
  He recognised the face;
And whispers caught, and speeches small,
  Some to the green-leaved tree,
Some muttered to the torrent-fall;—
"Roar on, and bring him with thy call;
  I heard, and so may He!"

Soul-shattered was the Knight, nor knew
  If Emma's Ghost it were,
Or boding Shade, or if the Maid
  Her very self stood there.
He touched; what followed who shall tell?
  The soft touch snapped the thread
Of slumber—shrieking back she fell,
And the Stream whirled her down the dell
  Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the Knight!—when on firm ground
  The rescued Maiden lay,

Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,
  Confusion passed away;
She heard, ere to the throne of grace
  Her faithful Spirit flew,
His voice—beheld his speaking face;
And, dying, from his own embrace,
  She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life:
  Brief words may speak the rest;
Within the dell he built a cell,
  And there was Sorrow's guest;
In hermits' weeds repose he found,
  From vain temptations free;
Beside the torrent dwelling—bound
By one deep heart-controlling sound,
  And awed to piety.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
  Nor fear memorial lays,
Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,
  Are edged with golden rays!
Dear art thou to the light of heaven,
  Though minister of sorrow;
Sweet is thy voice at pensive even;
And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,
  Shalt take thy place with Yarrow!

1833.

XLVII.

TO CORDELIA M——.

Hallsteads, Ullswater.

Not in the mines beyond the western main,
You say, Cordelia, was the metal sought,
Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has wrought

Into this flexible yet faithful Chain;
Nor is it silver of romantic Spain
But from our loved Helvellyn's depths was brought,
Our own domestic mountain. Thing and thought
Mix strangely; trifles light, and partly vain,
Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler being:
Yes, Lady, while about your neck is wound
(Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright cord,
What witchery, for pure gifts of inward seeing,
Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's Lord,
For precious tremblings in your bosom found!

XLVIII.

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forbears again to look upon;
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse:
With Thought and Love companions of our way,
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

I.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

"Why, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?

"Where are your books?—that light bequeathed
To Beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

"You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply.

"The eye—it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;

Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

"—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away."

1798.

II.

THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your Teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

1798.

III.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;

And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

1798.

IV.

A CHARACTER.

I MARVEL how Nature could ever find space
For so many strange contrasts in one human
face:
There's thought and no thought, and there's
paleness and bloom
And bustle and sluggishness, pleasure and
gloom.

There's weakness, and strength both redundant
and vain;
Such strength as, if ever affliction and pain

Could pierce through a temper that's soft to disease,
Would be rational peace—a philosopher's ease.

There's indifference, alike when he fails or succeeds,
And attention full ten times as much as there needs;
Pride where there's no envy, there's so much of joy;
And mildness, and spirit both forward and coy.

There's freedom, and sometimes a diffident stare
Of shame scarcely seeming to know that she's there,
There's virtue, the title it surely may claim,
Yet wants heaven knows what to be worthy the name.

This picture from nature may seem to depart,
Yet the Man would at once run away with your heart;
And I for five centuries right gladly would be
Such an odd such a kind happy creature as he.

1800.

V.

TO MY SISTER.

It is the first mild day of March:
Each minute sweeter than before,
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield

To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

My sister! ('tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign;
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you;—and, pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar:
We from to-day, my Friend, will date
The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth:
—It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey:
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls:
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

1798

VI.

SIMON LEE,

THE OLD HUNTSMAN;

With an incident in which he was concerned.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
An old Man dwells, a little man,—
'Tis said he once was tall.
Full five-and-thirty years he lived
A running huntsman merry;
And still the centre of his cheek
Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
And hill and valley rang with glee
When Echo bandied, round and round,
The halloo of Simon Lee.
In those proud days, he little cared
For husbandry or tillage;
To blither tasks did Simon rouse
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind;
And often, ere the chase was done,
He reeled, and was stone-blind.
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices;

For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices!

But, oh the heavy change!—bereft
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred, see!
Old Simon to the world is left
In liveried poverty.
His Master's dead,—and no one now
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick;
His body, dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick;
His legs are thin and dry.
One prop he has, and only one,
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village Common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger;
But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer?

Oft, working by her Husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do;
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.
And, though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
'Tis little, very little—all
That they can do between them.

nonths of life has he in store
to you will tell,
till, the more he works, the more
weak ankles swell.
entle Reader, I perceive
patiently you've waited,
now I fear that you expect
tale will be related.

ader! had you in your mind
stores as silent thought can bring,
ntle Reader! you would find
e in every thing.
; more I have to say is short,
you must kindly take it:
no tale; but, should you think,
ps a tale you'll make it.

ummer-day I chanced to see
old Man doing all he could
earth the root of an old tree,
imp of rotten wood.
nattock tottered in his hand;
in was his endeavour,
at the root of the old tree
night have worked for ever.

n're overtasked, good Simon Lee,
me your tool," to him I said;
at the word right gladly he
ived my proffered aid.
ck, and with a single blow
tangled root I severed,
hich the poor old Man so long
vainly had endeavoured.

tears into his eyes were brought,
thanks and praises seemed to run

So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.
—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

1798.

VII.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY.

The Reader must be apprised that the Stoves in North Germany generally have the impression of a galloping horse upon them, this being part of the Brunswick Arms.

A PLAGUE on your languages, German and Norse!
Let me have the song of the kettle;
And the tongs and the poker, instead of that horse
That gallops away with such fury and force
On this dreary dull plate of black metal.

See that Fly,—a disconsolate creature! perhaps
A child of the field or the grove;
And, sorrow for him! the dull treacherous heat
Has seduced the poor fool from his winter retreat,
And he creeps to the edge of my stove.

Alas! how he fumbles about the domains
Which this comfortless oven environ!
He cannot find out in what track he must crawl,
Now back to the tiles, then in search of the wall,
And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands like a traveller bemazed:

The best of his skill he has tried;
His feelers, methinks, I can see him put forth
To the east and the west, to the south and the north,
But he finds neither guide-post nor guide.

His spindles sink under him, foot, leg, and thigh!
His eyesight and hearing are lost;
Between life and death his blood freezes and thaws;
And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky gauze
Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No brother, no mate has he near him—while I
Can draw warmth from the cheek of my Love;
As blest and as glad, in this desolate gloom,
As if green summer grass were the floor of my room,
And woodbines were hanging above.

Yet, God is my witness, thou small helpless Thing!
Thy life I would gladly sustain
Till summer come up from the south, and with crowds
Of thy brethren a march thou should'st sound through the clouds,
And back to the forests again!

1799.

VIII.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Art thou a Statist in the van
Of public conflicts trained and bred?
—First learn to love one living man;
Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh!
Go, carry to some fitter place
The keenness of that practised eye,
The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?
A rosy Man, right plump to see?
Approach; yet, Doctor, not too near,
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,
A Soldier and no man of chaff?
Welcome!—but lay thy sword aside,
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou?—one, all eyes,
Philosopher!—a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside,—and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
Thy ever-dwindling soul, away!

A Moralist perchance appears;
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor s
And he has neither eyes nor ears;
Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cl
Nor form, nor feeling, great or small;
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All-in-all!

Shut close the door; press down the lat
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
Near this unprofitable dust.

who is He, with modest looks,
l clad in homely russet brown?
murmurs near the running brooks
ıusic sweeter than their own.

is retired as noontide dew,
:ountain in a noon-day grove;
l you must love him, ere to you
will seem worthy of your love.

outward shows of sky and earth,
ıill and valley, he has viewed;
l impulses of deeper birth
re come to him in solitude.

:ommon things that round us lie
ıe random truths he can impart,—
harvest of a quiet eye
t broods and sleeps on his own heart.

he is weak; both Man and Boy,
h been an idler in the land;
tented if he might enjoy
things which others understand.

ome hither in thy hour of strength;
ıe, weak as is a breaking wave!
e stretch thy body at full length;
ɔuild thy house upon this grave.

1799.

IX.

TO THE DAISY.

ɪт Flower! whose home is everywhere,
.n maternal Nature's care,
ll the long year through the heir
'f joy and sorrow.

Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!

Is it that Man is soon deprest?
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason,
And Thou would'st teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,
With friends to greet thee, or without,
Yet pleased and willing;
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all,
Thy function apostolical
In peace fulfilling.

1802.

X.

MATTHEW.

In the School of —— is a tablet, on which are inscribed, in gilt letters, the Names of the several persons who have been School-masters there since the foundation of the School, with the time at which they entered upon and quitted their office. Opposite to one of those Names the Author wrote the following lines.

If Nature, for a favourite child,
In thee hath tempered so her clay,
That every hour thy heart runs wild,
Yet never once doth go astray,

Read o'er these lines; and then review
This tablet, that thus humbly rears
In such diversity of hue
Its history of two hundred years.

—When through this little wreck of fame,
Cipher and syllable! thine eye
Has travelled down to Matthew's name,
Pause with no common sympathy.

And if a sleeping tear should wake,
Then be it neither checked nor stayed:
For Matthew a request I make
Which for himself he had not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,
Is silent as a standing pool;
Far from the chimney's merry roar,
And murmur of the village school.

The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness;
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up—
He felt with spirit so profound.

—Thou soul of God's best earthly mould!
Thou happy Soul! and can it be
That these two words of glittering gold
Are all that must remain of thee?

1799.

XI.

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

We walked along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun;
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,
"The will of God be done!"

A village schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering grey;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,
And by the steaming rills,
We travelled merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun,
Then from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh has brought?"

A second time did Matthew stop;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply:

"Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

'And just above yon slope of corn
Such colours, and no other,
Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

"With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And, to the church-yard come, stopped short
Beside my daughter's grave.

"Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale;
And then she sang;—she would have been
A very nightingale.

"Six feet in earth my Emma lay;
And yet I loved her more,
For so it seemed, than till that day
I e'er had loved before.

"And, turning from her grave, I met,
Beside the churchyard yew,
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

"A basket on her head she bare;
Her brow was smooth and white:
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight!

"No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

"There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine;
I looked at her, and looked again:
And did not wish her mine!"

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks, I see him stand,
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand.

1799.

XII.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A CONVERSATION.

We talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew!" said I, "let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch
That suits a summer's noon;

"Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made!"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old Man replied,
The grey-haired man of glee:

"No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears;
How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think

How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

"With Nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free:

"But we are pressed by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own;
It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me; but by none
Am I enough beloved."

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains;

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee!"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

1799.

XIII.

PERSONAL TALK.

I.

I AM not One who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk,—
Of friends, who live within an easy walk,
Or neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight:
And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies bright,
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,
These all wear out of me, like Forms with chalk
Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-night.
Better than such discourse doth silence long,

Long, barren silence, square with my desire;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

II.

"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have seen and see,
And with a living pleasure we describe;
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
The languid mind into activity.
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee
Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."
Even be it so: yet still among your tribe,
Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank not me!
Children are blest, and powerful; their world lies
More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
And part far from them:—sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet;
Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a Slave; the meanest we can meet!

III.

Wings have we,—and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,

Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
The gentle Lady married to the Moor;
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

IV.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine; for thus I live remote
From evil-speaking; rancour, never sought,
Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie.
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought:
And thus from day to day my little boat
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

1806. (?)

XIV.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Discourse was deemed Man's noblest attribute,
And written words the glory of his hand;
Then followed Printing with enlarged command
For thought—dominion vast and absolute
For spreading truth, and making love expand.
Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute

Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can suit
The taste of this once-intellectual Land.
A backward movement surely have we here,
From manhood—back to childhood; for the age—
Back towards caverned life's first rude career.
Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page!
Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear
Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower stage!

1846.

XV.

TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND

(AN AGRICULTURIST).

Composed while we were labouring together in his pleasure-ground.

SPADE! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands,
And shaped these pleasant walks by Emont's side,
Thou art a tool of honour in my hands;
I press thee, through the yielding soil, with pride.

Rare master has it been thy lot to know;
Long hast Thou served a man to reason true;
Whose life combines the best of high and low,
The labouring many and the resting few;

Health, meekness, ardour, quietness secure,
And industry of body and of mind;
And elegant enjoyments, that are pure
As nature is;—too pure to be refined.

Here often hast Thou heard the Poet sing
In concord with his river murmuring by;

Or in some silent field, while timid spring
Is yet uncheered by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit Thee when death has laid
Low in the darksome cell thine own dear lord?
That man will have a trophy, humble Spade!
A trophy nobler than a conqueror's sword.

If he be one that feels, with skill to part
False praise from true, or, greater from the less,
Thee will he welcome to his hand and heart,
Thou monument of peaceful happiness!

He will not dread with Thee a toilsome day—
Thee his loved servant, his inspiring mate!
And, when Thou art past service, worn away,
No dull oblivious nook shall hide thy fate.

His thrift thy uselessness will never scorn;
An *heir-loom* in his cottage wilt Thou be:—
High will he hang thee up, well pleased to adorn
His rustic chimney with the last of Thee!

1806. (?)

XVI.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Lo! where the Moon along the sky
Sails with her happy destiny;
Oft is she hid from mortal eye
Or dimly seen,
But when the clouds asunder fly
How bright her mien!

Far different we—a froward race,
Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace

With cherished sullenness of pace
Their way pursue,
Ingrates who wear a smileless face
The whole year through.

If kindred humours e'er would make
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
From Fancy following in thy wake,
Bright ship of heaven!
A counter impulse let me take
And be forgiven.

1837. (?)

XVII.

INCIDENT.

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

On his morning rounds the Master
Goes to learn how all things fare;
Searches pasture after pasture,
Sheep and cattle eyes with care;
And, for silence or for talk,
He hath comrades in his walk;
Four dogs, each pair of different breed,
Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.

See a hare before him started!
—Off they fly in earnest chase;
Every dog is eager-hearted,
All the four are in the race:
And the hare whom they pursue,
Knows from instinct what to do;
Her hope is near: no turn she makes;
But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the river was, and crusted
Thinly by a one night's frost;
But the nimble Hare hath trusted

To the ice, and safely crost;
She hath crost, and without heed
All are following at full speed,
When, lo! the ice, so thinly spread,
Breaks—and the greyhound, Dart, is over-head!

Better fate have Prince and Swallow—
See them cleaving to the sport!
Music has no heart to follow,
Little Music, she stops short.
She hath neither wish nor heart,
Hers is now another part:
A loving creature she, and brave!
And fondly strives her struggling friend to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,
Very hands as you would say!
And afflicting moans she fetches,
As he breaks the ice away.
For herself she hath no fears,—
Him alone she sees and hears,—
Makes efforts with complainings; nor gives o'er
Until her fellow sinks to re-appear no more.

1805.

XVIII.

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG.

Lie here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath a covering of the common earth!
It is not from unwillingness to praise,
Or want of love, that here no Stone we raise;
More thou deserv'st; but *this* man gives to man,
Brother to brother, *this* is all we can.

Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear
Shall find thee through all changes of the year:
This Oak points out thy grave; the silent tree
Will gladly stand a monument of thee.

We grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past;
And willingly have laid thee here at last:
For thou hadst lived till every thing that cheers
In thee had yielded to the weight of years;
Extreme old age had wasted thee away,
And left thee but a glimmering of the day;
Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy knees,—
I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,
Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,
And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.
It came, and we were glad; yet tears were shed;
Both man and woman wept when thou wert dead;
Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,
Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy share;
But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee,
Found scarcely any where in like degree!
For love, that comes wherever life and sense
Are given by God, in thee was most intense;
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind:
Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw
A soul of love, love's intellectual law:—
Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame;
Our tears from passion and from reason came,
And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured name!

1805.

XIX.

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts—and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks:
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
With something, as the Shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry:
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height;
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear;
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn[1] below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land;
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere;

[1] Tarn is a *small* Mere or Lake, mostly high up in the mountains.

Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
And mists that spread the flying shroud;
And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The Shepherd stood; then makes his way
O'er rocks and stones, following the Dog
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground;
The appalled Discoverer with a sigh
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The Man had fallen, that place of fear!
At length upon the Shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear:
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the Traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This Dog, had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day
When this ill-fated Traveller died,
The Dog had watched about the spot,

Or by his master's side:
How nourished here through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate!

1805.

XX.

ODE TO DUTY.

"Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eò perductus, ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim."

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.

And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their
need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I
may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee,
are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend

Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

1805.

XXI.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise

So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;

Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

1806.

XXII.

THE FORCE OF PRAYER;[1]

OR,

THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

A TRADITION.

"What is good for a bootless bene?"
With these dark words begins my Tale;
And their meaning is, whence can comfort
spring
When Prayer is of no avail?

"What is good for a bootless bene?"
The Falconer to the Lady said;
And she made answer "ENDLESS SORROW!"
For she knew that her Son was dead.

She knew it by the Falconer's words,
And from the look of the Falconer's eye;
And from the love which was in her soul
For her youthful Romilly.

—Young Romilly through Barden woods
Is ranging high and low;
And holds a greyhound in a leash,
To let slip upon buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,
How tempting to bestride!
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

The striding-place is called THE STRID,
A name which it took of yore:

[1] See "The White Doe of Rylstone."

A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across The Strid?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he
That the river was strong, and the rocks were
steep?—
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And checked him in his leap.

The Boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force;
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
And long, unspeaking, sorrow:
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts
A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a Lover the Lady wept,
A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of death:—
Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day
Which was to be to-morrow:
Her hope was a further-looking hope,
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave;
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately Priory!"

The stately Priory was reared;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at even-song.

And the Lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief!
But slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our friend!

1807.

XXIII.

A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION;

OR,

CANUTE AND ALFRED, ON THE SEA-SHORE.

The Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair,
Mustering a face of haughty sovereignty,
To aid a covert purpose, cried—"O ye
Approaching Waters of the deep, that share
With this green isle my fortunes, come not where
Your Master's throne is set."—Deaf was the Sea;
Her waves rolled on, respecting his decree

Less than they heed a breath of wanton air.
—Then Canute, rising from the invaded throne,
Said to his servile Courtiers,—" Poor the reach,
The undisguised extent, of mortal sway!
He only is a King, and he alone
Deserves the name (this truth the billows preach)
Whose everlasting laws, sea, earth, and heaven obey."

This just reproof the prosperous Dane
Drew from the influx of the main,
For some whose rugged northern mouths would strain
At oriental flattery;
And Canute (fact more worthy to be known)
From that time forth did for his brows disown
The ostentatious symbol of a crown;
Esteeming earthly royalty
Contemptible as vain.

Now hear what one of elder days,
Rich theme of England's fondest praise,
Her darling Alfred, *might* have spoken;
To cheer the remnant of his host
When he was driven from coast to coast,
Distressed and harassed, but with mind unbroken:

" My faithful followers, lo! the tide is spent
That rose, and steadily advanced to fill
The shores and channels, working Nature's will
Among the mazy streams that backward went,
And in the sluggish pools where ships are pent:
And now, his task performed, the flood stands still,
At the green base of many an inland hill,
In placid beauty and sublime content!

Such the repose that sage and hero find;
Such measured rest the sedulous and good
Of humbler name; whose souls do, like the flood
Of Ocean, press right on; or gently wind,
Neither to be diverted nor withstood,
Until they reach the bounds by Heaven assigned."

1816.

XXIV.

" A LITTLE *onward lend thy guiding hand*
To these dark steps, a little further on!"
—What trick of memory to *my* voice hath brought
This mournful iteration? For though Time,
The Conqueror, crowns the Conquered, on this brow
Planting his favourite silver diadem,
Nor he, nor minister of his—intent
To run before him, hath enrolled me yet,
Though not unmenaced, among those who lean
Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight.
—O my own Dora, my belovèd child!
Should that day come—but hark! the birds salute
The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the east;
For me, thy natural leader, once again
Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst
A tottering infant, with compliant stoop
From flower to flower supported; but to curb
Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding o'er the lawn,
Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge
Of foaming torrents.—From thy orisons
Come forth; and, while the morning air is yet
Transparent as the soul of innocent youth,

Let me, thy happy guide, now point thy way,
And now precede thee, winding to and fro,
Till we by perseverance gain the top
Of some smooth ridge, whose brink precipitous
Kindles intense desire for powers withheld
From this corporeal frame; whereon who stands
Is seized with strong incitement to push forth
His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge—dread
thought,
For pastime plunge—into the "abrupt abyss,"
Where ravens spread their plumy vans, at ease!

And yet more gladly thee would I conduct
Through woods and spacious forests,—to behold
There how the Original of human art,
Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and erects
Her temples, fearless for the stately work,
Though waves, to every breeze, its high-arched
roof,
And storms the pillars rock. But we such schools
Of reverential awe will chiefly seek
In the still summer noon, while beams of light,
Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond
Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall
To mind the living presences of nuns;
A gentle, pensive, white-robed sisterhood,
Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom
Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,
To Christ, the Sun of righteousness, espoused.

Now also shall the page of classic lore,
To these glad eyes from bondage freed, again
Lie open; and the book of Holy Writ,
Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield
To heights more glorious still, and into shades
More awful, where, advancing hand in hand,
We may be taught, O Darling of my care!

To calm the affections, elevate the soul,
And consecrate our lives to truth and love.

1816.

XXV.

ODE TO LYCORIS.

MAY, 1817.

I.

An age hath been when Earth was proud
Of lustre too intense
To be sustained; and Mortals bowed
The front in self-defence.
Who *then*, if Dian's crescent gleamed,
Or Cupid's sparkling arrow streamed
While on the wing the Urchin played,
Could fearlessly approach the shade?
—Enough for one soft vernal day,
If I, a bard of ebbing time,
And nurtured in a fickle clime,
May haunt this hornèd bay;
Whose amorous water multiplies
The flitting halcyon's vivid dyes;
And smooths her liquid breast—to show
These swan-like specks of mountain snow,
White as the pair that slid along the plains
Of heaven, when Venus held the reins!

II.

In youth we love the darksome lawn
Brushed by the owlet's wing;
Then Twilight is preferred to Dawn,
And Autumn to the Spring.
Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness.

Lycoris (if such name befit
Thee, thee my life's celestial sign!)
When Nature marks the year's decline,
Be ours to welcome it;
Pleased with the harvest hope that runs
Before the path of milder suns;
Pleased while the sylvan world displays
Its ripeness to the feeding gaze;
Pleased when the sullen winds resound the knell
Of the resplendent miracle.

III.

But something whispers to my heart
That, as we downward tend,
Lycoris! life requires an *art*
To which our souls must bend;
A skill—to balance and supply;
And, ere the flowing fount be dry,
As soon it must, a sense to sip,
Or drink, with no fastidious lip.
Then welcome, above all, the Guest
Whose smiles, diffused o'er land and sea,
Seem to recall the Deity
Of youth into the breast:
May pensive Autumn ne'er present
A claim to her disparagement!
While blossoms and the budding spray
Inspire us in our own decay;
Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark goal,
Be hopeful Spring the favourite of the Soul!

1817.

XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Enough of climbing toil!—Ambition treads
Here, as 'mid busier scenes, ground steep and rough,

Or slippery even to peril! and each step,
As we for most uncertain recompense
Mount toward the empire of the fickle clouds,
Each weary step, dwarfing the world below,
Induces, for its old familiar sights,
Unacceptable feelings of contempt,
With wonder mixed—that Man could e'er be tied,
In anxious bondage, to such nice array
And formal fellowship of petty things!
—Oh! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life,
Making a truth and beauty of her own;
And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing shades,
And gurgling rills, assist her in the work
More efficaciously than realms outspread,
As in a map, before the adventurer's gaze—
Ocean and Earth contending for regard.

The umbrageous woods are left—how far beneath!
But lo! where darkness seems to guard the mouth
Of yon wild cave, whose jaggèd brows are fringed
With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still
And sultry air, depending motionless.
Yet cool the space within, and not uncheered
(As whoso enters shall ere long perceive)
By stealthy influx of the timid day
Mingling with night, such twilight to compose
As Numa loved; when, in the Egerian grot,
From the sage Nymph appearing at his wish
He gained whate'er a regal mind might ask,
Or need, of counsel breathed through lips divine.

Long as the heat shall rage, let that dim cave
Protect us, there deciphering as we may
Diluvian records; or the sighs of Earth
Interpreting; or counting for old Time

His minutes, by reiterated drops,
Audible tears, from some invisible source
That deepens upon fancy—more and more
Drawn toward the centre whence those sighs creep forth
To awe the lightness of humanity.
Or, shutting up thyself within thyself,
There let me see thee sink into a mood
Of gentler thought, protracted till thine eye
Be calm as water when the winds are gone,
And no one can tell whither. Dearest Friend!
We too have known such happy hours together
That, were power granted to replace them (fetched
From out the pensive shadows where they lie)
In the first warmth of their original sunshine,
Loth should I be to use it: passing sweet
Are the domains of tender memory!

1817.

XXVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun!
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on.

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,
Albeit uninspired by love,
By love untaught to ring,
May well afford to mortal ear
An impulse more profoundly dear
Than music of the Spring.

For *that* from turbulence and heat
Proceeds, from some uneasy seat
In nature's struggling frame,
Some region of impatient life:
And jealousy, and quivering strife,
Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy;—while I hear
These vespers of another year,
This hymn of thanks and praise,
My spirit seems to mount above
The anxieties of human love,
And earth's precarious days.

But list!—though winter storms be nigh,
Unchecked is that soft harmony:
There lives Who can provide
For all His creatures; and in Him,
Even like the radiant Seraphim,
These choristers confide.

XXVIII.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

Departing summer hath assumed
An aspect tenderly illumed,
The gentlest look of spring;
That calls from yonder leafy shade
Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
A timely carolling.

No faint and hesitating trill,
Such tribute as to winter chill
The lonely redbreast pays!
Clear, loud, and lively is the din,

From social warblers gathering in
Their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer
Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,
And yellow on the bough:—
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head!
Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
Around a younger brow!

Yet will I temperately rejoice;
Wide is the range, and free the choice
Of undiscordant themes;
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize
Not less than vernal ecstasies,
And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,
And they like Demi-gods are strong
On whom the Muses smile;
But some their function have disclaimed,
Best pleased with what is aptliest framed
To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains
Committed to the silent plains
In Britain's earliest dawn,
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,
While all-too-daringly the veil
Of nature was withdrawn!

Nor such the spirit-stirring note
When the live chords Alcæus smote,
Inflamed by sense of wrong;
Woe! woe to Tyrants! from the lyre
Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire
Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page
By wingèd Love inscribed, to assuage
The pangs of vain pursuit;
Love listening while the Lesbian Maid
With finest touch of passion swayed
Her own Æolian lute.

O ye, who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculanean lore,
What rapture! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted, scroll
Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth
Of poesy; a bursting forth
Of genius from the dust:
What Horace gloried to behold,
What Maro loved, shall we enfold?
Can haughty Time be just!

1819.

XXIX

MEMORY.

A PEN—to register; a key—
That winds through secret wards;
Are well assigned to Memory
By allegoric Bards.

As aptly, also, might be given
A Pencil to her hand;
That, softening objects, sometimes even
Outstrips the heart's demand;

That smoothes foregone distress, the lines
Of lingering care subdues,

Long-vanished happiness refines,
And clothes in brighter hues;

Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works
Those Spectres to dilate
That startle Conscience, as she lurks
Within her lonely seat.

O! that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such,
That not an image of the past
Should fear that pencil's touch!

Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steal to his allotted nook
Contented and serene;

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glistening;
Or mountain rivers, where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening.

1823.

XXX.

This Lawn, a carpet all alive
With shadows flung from leaves—to strive
  In dance, amid a press
Of sunshine, an apt emblem yields
Of Worldlings revelling in the fields
  Of strenuous idleness;

Less quick the stir when tide and breeze
Encounter, and to narrow seas
  Forbid a moment's rest;

The medley less when boreal Lights
Glance to and fro, like aery Sprites
To feats of arms addrest!

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,
This ceaseless play, the genuine life
That serves the steadfast hours,
Is in the grass beneath, that grows
Unheeded, and the mute repose
Of sweetly-breathing flowers.

1829.

XXXI.

HUMANITY.

The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.

What though the Accused, upon his own appeal
To righteous Gods when man has ceased to feel,
Or at a doubting Judge's stern command,
Before the Stone of Power no longer stand—
To take his sentence from the balanced Block,
As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock;
Though, in the depths of sunless groves, no more
The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak adore;
Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whispering trees
Do still perform mysterious offices!
And functions dwell in beast and bird that sway
The reasoning mind, or with the fancy play,
Inviting, at all seasons, ears and eyes
To watch for undelusive auguries:—

Not uninspired appear their simplest ways;
Their voices mount symbolical of praise—
To mix with hymns that Spirits make and hear;
And to fallen man their innocence is dear.
Enraptured Art draws from those sacred springs
Streams that reflect the poetry of things!
Where Christian Martyrs stand in hues portrayed,
That, might a wish avail, would never fade,
Borne in their hands the lily and the palm
Shed round the altar a celestial calm;
There, too, behold the lamb and guileless dove
Prest in the tenderness of virgin love
To saintly bosoms!—Glorious is the blending
Of right affections climbing or descending
Along a scale of light and life, with cares
Alternate; carrying holy thoughts and prayers
Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High;
Descending to the worm in charity;
Like those good Angels whom a dream of night
Gave, in the field of Luz, to Jacob's sight
All, while *he* slept, treading the pendent stairs
Earthward or heavenward, radiant messengers,
That, with a perfect will in one accord
Of strict obedience, serve the Almighty Lord;
And with untired humility forbore
To speed their errand by the wings they wore.

What a fair world were ours for verse to paint,
If Power could live at ease with self-restraint!
Opinion bow before the naked sense
Of the great Vision,—faith in Providence;
Merciful over all his creatures, just
To the least particle of sentient dust;
But fixing by immutable decrees
Seedtime and harvest for his purposes!

Then would be closed the restless oblique eye
That looks for evil like a treacherous spy;
Disputes would then relax, like stormy winds
That into breezes sink; impetuous minds
By discipline endeavour to grow meek
As Truth herself, whom they profess to seek.
Then Genius, shunning fellowship with Pride,
Would braid his golden locks at Wisdom's side;
Love ebb and flow untroubled by caprice;
And not alone *harsh* tyranny would cease,
But unoffending creatures find release
From qualified oppression, whose defence
Rests on a hollow plea of recompense;
Thought-tempered wrongs, for each humane respect
Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in effect.
Witness those glances of indignant scorn
From some high-minded Slave, impelled to spurn
The kindness that would make him less forlorn;
Or, if the soul to bondage be subdued,
His look of pitiable gratitude!

Alas for thee, bright Galaxy of Isles,
Whose day departs in pomp, returns with smiles—
To greet the flowers and fruitage of a land,
As the sun mounts, by sea-born breezes fanned;
A land whose azure mountain-tops are seats
For Gods in council, whose green vales, retreats
Fit for the shades of heroes, mingling there
To breathe Elysian peace in upper air.

Though cold as winter, gloomy as the grave,
Stone-walls a prisoner make, but not a slave.
Shall man assume a property in man?
Lay on the moral will a withering ban?

Shame that our laws at distance still protect
Enormities, which they at home reject!
"Slaves cannot breathe in England"—yet that boast
Is but a mockery! when from coast to coast,
Though *fettered* slave be none, her floors and soil
Groan underneath a weight of slavish toil,
For the poor Many, measured out by rules
Fetched with cupidity from heartless schools,
That to an Idol, falsely called "the Wealth
Of Nations," sacrifice a People's health,
Body and mind and soul; a thirst so keen
Is ever urging on the vast machine
Of sleepless Labour, 'mid whose dizzy wheels
The Power least prized is that which thinks and feels.

Then, for the pastimes of this delicate age,
And all the heavy or light vassalage
Which for their sakes we fasten, as may suit
Our varying moods, on human kind or brute,
'Twere well in little, as in great, to pause,
Lest Fancy trifle with eternal laws.
Not from his fellows only man may learn
Rights to compare and duties to discern!
All creatures and all objects, in degree,
Are friends and patrons of humanity.
There are to whom the garden, grove, and field,
Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield;
Who would not lightly violate the grace
The lowliest flower possesses in its place;
Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,
Which nothing less than Infinite Power could give.

1829.

XXXII.

The unremitting voice of nightly streams
That wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful
powers,
If neither soothing to the worm that gleams
Through dewy grass, nor small birds hushed in
bowers,
Nor unto silent leaves and drowsy flowers,—
That voice of unpretending harmony
(For who what is shall measure by what seems
To be, or not to be,
Or tax high Heaven with prodigality?)
Wants not a healing influence that can creep
Into the human breast, and mix with sleep
To regulate the motion of our dreams
For kindly issues—as through every clime
Was felt near murmuring brooks in earliest
time;
As at this day the rudest swains who dwell
Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling knell
Of water-breaks, with grateful heart could tell.

1846.

XXXIII.

THOUGHTS ON THE SEASONS.

Flattered with promise of escape
From every hurtful blast,
Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy shape,
Her loveliest and her last.

Less fair is summer riding high
In fierce solstitial power,
Less fair than when a lenient sky
Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves
  The labours of the plough,
And ripening fruits and forest leaves
  All brighten on the bough;

What pensive beauty autumn shows,
  Before she hears the sound
Of winter rushing in, to close
  The emblematic round!

Such be our Spring, our Summer such;
  So may our Autumn blend
With hoary Winter, and Life touch,
  Through heaven-born hope, her end!

1829.

XXXIV.

TO ——.

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD, MARCH, 1833.

"Tum porro puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis
Navita, nudus humi jacet," &c.—LUCRETIUS.

LIKE a shipwrecked Sailor tost
By rough waves on a perilous coast,
Lies the Babe, in helplessness
And in tenderest nakedness,
Flung by labouring nature forth
Upon the mercies of the earth.
Can its eyes beseech?—no more
Than the hands are free to implore:
Voice but serves for one brief cry;
Plaint was it? or prophecy
Of sorrow that will surely come?
Omen of man's grievous doom!

But, O Mother! by the close
Duly granted to thy throes;
By the silent thanks, now tending
Incense-like to Heaven, descending
Now to mingle and to move
With the gush of earthly love,
As a debt to that frail Creature,
Instrument of struggling Nature
For the blissful calm, the peace
Known but to this *one* release—
Can the pitying spirit doubt
That for human-kind springs out
From the penalty a sense
Of more than mortal recompense?

As a floating summer cloud,
Though of gorgeous drapery proud,
To the sun-burnt traveller,
Or the stooping labourer,
Oft-times makes its bounty known
By its shadow round him thrown;
So, by chequerings of sad cheer,
Heavenly Guardians, brooding near,
Of their presence tell—too bright
Haply for corporeal sight!
Ministers of grace divine
Feelingly their brows incline
O'er this seeming Castaway
Breathing, in the light of day,
Something like the faintest breath
That has power to baffle death—
Beautiful, while very weakness
Captivates like passive meekness.

And, sweet Mother! under warrant
Of the universal Parent,
Who repays in season due

Them who have, like thee, been true
To the filial chain let down
From his everlasting throne,
Angels hovering round thy couch,
With their softest whispers vouch,
That—whatever griefs may fret,
Cares entangle, sins beset,
This thy First-born, and with tears
Stain her cheek in future years—
Heavenly succour, not denied
To the babe, whate'er betide,
Will to the woman be supplied!

Mother! blest be thy calm ease;
Blest the starry promises,—
And the firmament benign
Hallowed be it, where they shine!
Yes, for them whose souls have scope
Ample for a wingèd hope,
And can earthward bend an ear
For needful listening, pledge is here,
That, if thy new-born Charge shall tread
In thy footsteps, and be led
By that other Guide, whose light
Of manly virtues, mildly bright,
Gave him first the wished-for part
In thy gentle virgin heart;
Then, amid the storms of life
Presignified by that dread strife
Whence ye have escaped together,
She may look for serene weather;
In all trials sure to find
Comfort for a faithful mind;
Kindlier issues, holier rest,
Than even now await her prest,
Conscious Nursling, to thy breast!

1833.

XXXV.

THE WARNING.

A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

List, the winds of March are blowing;
Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of showing
Their meek heads to the nipping air,
Which ye feel not, happy pair!
Sunk into a kindly sleep.
We, meanwhile, our hope will keep;
And if Time leagued with adverse Change
(Too busy fear!) shall cross its range,
Whatsoever check they bring,
Anxious duty hindering,
To like hope our prayers will cling.

Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds
Upon the events of home as life proceeds,
Affections pure and holy in their source
Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course;
Hopes that within the Father's heart prevail,
Are in the experienced Grandsire's slow to fail;
And if the harp pleased his gay youth, it rings
To his grave touch with no unready strings,
While thoughts press on, and feelings overflow,
And quick words round him fall like flakes of snow.

Thanks to the Powers that yet maintain their sway,
And have renewed the tributary Lay.
Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,
And Fancy greets them with a fond embrace;
Swift as the rising sun his beams extends
She shoots the tidings forth to distant friends;

Their gifts she hails (deemed precious, as they prove
For the unconscious Babe so prompt a love!)—
But from this peaceful centre of delight
Vague sympathies have urged her to take flight:
Rapt into upper regions, like the bee
That sucks from mountain heath her honey fee,
Or, like the warbling lark intent to shroud
His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,
She soars—and here and there her pinions rest
On proud towers, like this humble cottage, blest
With a new visitant, an infant guest—
Towers where red streamers flout the breezy sky
In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,
When feasts shall crowd the hall, and steeple bells
Glad proclamation make, and heights and dells
Catch the blithe music as it sinks and swells,
And harboured ships, whose pride is on the sea,
Shall hoist their topmost flags in sign of glee,
Honouring the hope of noble ancestry.

But who (though neither reckoning ills assigned
By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind
The track that was, and is, and must be, worn
With weary feet by all of woman born)—
Shall *now* by such a gift with joy be moved,
Nor feel the fulness of that joy reproved?
Not He, whose last faint memory will command
The truth that Britain was his native land;
Whose infant soul was tutored to confide
In the cleansed faith for which her martyrs died;
Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown
With rapture thrilled; whose Youth revered the crown

Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore,
Alfred, dear Babe, thy great Progenitor!
—Not He, who from her mellowed practice drew
His social sense of just, and fair, and true;
And saw, thereafter, on the soil of France
Rash Polity begin her maniac dance,
Foundations broken up, the deeps run wild,
Nor grieved to see (himself not unbeguiled)—
Woke from the dream, the dreamer to upbraid,
And learn how sanguine expectations fade
When novel trusts by folly are betrayed,—
To see Presumption, turning pale, refrain
From further havoc, but repent in vain,—
Good aims lie down, and perish in the road
Where guilt had urged them on with ceaseless goad,
Proofs thickening round her that on public ends
Domestic virtue vitally depends,
That civic strife can turn the happiest hearth
Into a grievous sore of self-tormenting earth.

Can such a One, dear Babe! though glad and proud
To welcome thee, repel the fears that crowd
Into his English breast, and spare to quake
Less for his own than for thy innocent sake?
Too late—or, should the providence of God
Lead, through dark ways by sin and sorrow trod,
Justice and peace to a secure abode,
Too soon—thou com'st into this breathing world;
Ensigns of mimic outrage are unfurled.
Who shall preserve or prop the tottering Realm?
What hand suffice to govern the state-helm?
If in the aims of men the surest test

Of good or bad (whate'er be sought for or profest)
Lie in the means required, or ways ordained,
For compassing the end, else never gained;
Yet governors and governed both are blind
To this plain truth, or fling it to the wind;
If to expedience principle must bow;
Past, future, shrinking up beneath the incumbent Now;
If cowardly concession still must feed
The thirst for power in men who ne'er concede;
Nor turn aside, unless to shape a way
For domination at some riper day;
If generous Loyalty must stand in awe
Of subtle Treason, in his mask of law,
Or with bravado insolent and hard,
Provoking punishment, to win reward;
If office help the factious to conspire,
And they who *should* extinguish, fan the fire—
Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the crown
Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down;
To be blown off at will, by Power that spares it
In cunning patience, from the head that wears it.

Lost people, trained to theoretic feud!
Lost above all, ye labouring multitude!
Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous tongues
Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs;
And over fancied usurpations brood,
Oft snapping at revenge in sullen mood;
Or, from long stress of real injuries fly
To desperation for a remedy;
In bursts of outrage spread your judgments wide,
And to your wrath cry out, "Be thou our guide;"

Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread earth's floor
In marshalled thousands, darkening street and moor
With the worst shape mock-patience ever wore;
Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem
By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream
Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage behest
Justice shall rule, disorder be supprest,
And every man sit down as Plenty's Guest!
—O for a bridle bitted with remorse
To stop your Leaders in their headstrong course!
Oh may the Almighty scatter with His grace
These mists, and lead you to a safer place,
By paths no human wisdom can foretrace!
May He pour round you, from worlds far above
Man's feverish passions, His pure light of love,
That quietly restores the natural mien
To hope, and makes truth willing to be seen!
Else shall your blood-stained hands in frenzy reap
Fields gaily sown when promises were cheap.—
Why is the Past belied with wicked art,
The Future made to play so false a part,
Among a people famed for strength of mind,
Foremost in freedom, noblest of mankind?
We act as if we joyed in the sad tune
Storms make in rising, valued in the moon
Nought but her changes. Thus, ungrateful Nation!
If thou persist, and, scorning moderation,
Spread for thyself the snares of tribulation,
Whom, then, shall meekness guard? What saving skill
Lie in forbearance, strength in standing still?
—Soon shall the widow (for the speed of Time

Nought equals when the hours are winged with
crime)
Widow, or wife, implore on tremulous knee,
From him who judged her lord, a like decree;
The skies will weep o'er old men desolate:
Ye little-ones! Earth shudders at your fate,
Outcasts and homeless orphans——

But turn, my Soul, and from the sleeping pair
Learn thou the beauty of omniscient care!
Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts lie still;
Seek for the good and cherish it—the ill
Oppose, or bear with a submissive will.

1833.

XXXVI.

If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear!

1833.

XXXVII.

THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide.
Then here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light
We need not toil from morn to night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful Creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Each field is then a hallowed spot,
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to Heaven! the industrious Sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the East,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course:

Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

1834.

XXXVIII.

ODE,

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING.

While from the purpling east departs
The star that led the dawn,
Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,
For May is on the lawn.
A quickening hope, a freshening glee,
Foreran the expected Power,
Whose first-drawn breath from bush and tree
Shakes off that pearly shower.

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway
Tempers the year's extremes;
Who scattereth lustres o'er noon-day,
Like morning's dewy gleams;
While mellow warble, sprightly trill,
The tremulous heart excite;
And hums the balmy air to still
The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power! when youths and maids
At peep of dawn would rise,
And wander forth, in forest glades
Thy birth to solemnize.
Though mute the song—to grace the rite
Untouched the hawthorn bough,
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight;
Man changes, but not Thou!

Thy feathered Lieges bill and wings
In love's disport employ;
Warmed by thy influence, creeping things
Awake to silent joy:

Queen art thou still for each gay plant
  Where the slim wild deer roves;
And served in depths where fishes haunt
  Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing peak, and trackless heath,
  Instinctive homage pay;
Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath
  To honour thee, sweet May!
Where cities fanned by thy brisk airs
  Behold a smokeless sky,
Their puniest flower-pot-nursling dares
  To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,
  The pole, from which thy name
Hath not departed, stands forlorn
  Of song and dance and game;
Still from the village-green a vow
  Aspires to thee addrest,
Wherever peace is on the brow,
  Or love within the breast.

Yes! where Love nestles thou canst teach
  The soul to love the more;
Hearts also shall thy lessons reach
  That never loved before.
Stript is the haughty one of pride,
  The bashful freed from fear,
While rising, like the ocean-tide,
  In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre! weak words refuse
  The service to prolong!
To yon exulting thrush the Muse
  Entrusts the imperfect song;

His voice shall chant, in accents clear,
  Throughout the live-long day,
Till the first silver star appear,
  The sovereignty of May.

1826.

XXXIX.

TO MAY.

Though many suns have risen and set
  Since thou, blithe May, wert born,
And Bards, who hailed thee, may forget
  Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;
There are who to a birthday strain
  Confine not harp and voice,
But evermore throughout thy reign
  Are grateful and rejoice!

Delicious odours! music sweet,
  Too sweet to pass away!
Oh for a deathless song to meet
  The soul's desire—a lay
That, when a thousand years are told,
  Should praise thee, genial Power!
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,
  And winter's dreariest hour.

Earth, sea, thy presence feel—nor less,
  If yon ethereal blue
With its soft smile the truth express,
  The heavens have felt it too.
The inmost heart of man if glad
  Partakes a livelier cheer;
And eyes that cannot but be sad
  Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and weeks
Of hope that grew by stealth,
How many wan and faded cheeks
Have kindled into health!
The Old, by thee revived, have said,
"Another year is ours;"
And wayworn Wanderers, poorly fed,
Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lisps a merry song
Amid his playful peers?
The tender Infant who was long
A prisoner of fond fears;
But now, when every sharp-edged blast
Is quiet in its sheath,
His Mother leaves him free to taste
Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the weed that creeps
Along the humblest ground;
No cliff so bare but on its steeps
Thy favours may be found;
But most on some peculiar nook
That our own hands have drest,
Thou and thy train are proud to look,
And seem to love it best.

And yet how pleased we wander forth
When May is whispering, "Come!
Choose from the bowers of virgin earth
The happiest for your home;
Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread
From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,
Drops on the mouldering turret's head,
And on your turf-clad graves!"

Such greeting heard, away with sighs
For lilies that must fade,
Or "the rathe primrose as it dies
Forsaken" in the shade!
Vernal fruitions and desires
Are linked in endless chase;
While, as one kindly growth retires,
Another takes its place.

And what if thou, sweet May, hast known
Mishap by worm and blight;
If expectations newly blown
Have perished in thy sight;
If loves and joys, while up they sprung,
Were caught as in a snare;
Such is the lot of all the young,
However bright and fair.

Lo! Streams that April could not check
Are patient of thy rule;
Gurgling in foamy water-break,
Loitering in glassy pool:
By thee, thee only, could be sent
Such gentle mists as glide,
Curling with unconfirmed intent,
On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil
Through which yon house of God
Gleams 'mid the peace of this deep dale
By few but shepherds trod!
And lowly huts, near beaten ways,
No sooner stand attired
In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise
Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,
  Permit not for one hour,
A blossom from thy crown to drop,
  Nor add to it a flower!
Keep, lovely May, as if by touch
  Of self-restraining art,
This modest charm of not too much,
  Part seen, imagined part!

1826-1834.

XL.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE PENCIL OF F. STONE.

Beguiled into forgetfulness of care
Due to the day's unfinished task; of pen
Or book regardless, and of that fair scene
In Nature's prodigality displayed
Before my window, oftentimes and long
I gaze upon a Portrait whose mild gleam
Of beauty never ceases to enrich
The common light; whose stillness charms the air,
Or seems to charm it, into like repose;
Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear,
Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits
With emblematic purity attired
In a white vest, white as her marble neck
Is, and the pillar of the throat would be
But for the shadow by the drooping chin
Cast into that recess—the tender shade
The shade and light, both there and every where,
And through the very atmosphere she breathes,
Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with skill

That might from nature have been learnt in the hour
When the lone shepherd sees the morning spread
Upon the mountains. Look at her, whoe'er
Thou be that, kindling with a poet's soul,
Hast loved the painter's true Promethean craft
Intensely—from Imagination take
The treasure,—what mine eyes behold see thou,
Even though the Atlantic ocean roll between.

A silver line, that runs from brow to crown
And in the middle parts the braided hair,
Just serves to show how delicate a soil
The golden harvest grows in; and those eyes,
Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky
Whose azure depth their colour emulates,
Must needs be conversant with upward looks,
Prayer's voiceless service; but now, seeking nought
And shunning nought, their own peculiar life
Of motion they renounce, and with the head
Partake its inclination towards earth
In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness
Caught at the point where it stops short of sadness.

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make me
Thy confidant! say, whence derived that air
Of calm abstraction? Can the ruling thought
Be with some lover far away, or one
Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith?
Inapt conjecture! Childhood here, a moon
Crescent in simple loveliness serene,
Has but approached the gates of womanhood,
Not entered them; her heart is yet unpierced
By the blind Archer-god; her fancy free:

The fount of feeling, if unsought elsewhere,
Will not be found.
                                        Her right hand, as it lies
Across the slender wrist of the left arm
Upon her lap reposing, holds—but mark
How slackly, for the absent mind permits
No firmer grasp—a little wild-flower, joined
As in a posy, with a few pale ears
Of yellowing corn, the same that overtopped
And in their common birthplace sheltered it
'Till they were plucked together; a blue flower
Called by the thrifty husbandman a weed;
But Ceres, in her garland, might have worn
That ornament, unblamed. The floweret, held
In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she knows,
(Her Father told her so) in youth's gay dawn
Her Mother's favourite; and the orphan Girl,
In her own dawn—a dawn less gay and bright,
Loves it, while there in solitary peace
She sits, for that departed Mother's sake.
—Not from a source less sacred is derived
(Surely I do not err) that pensive air
Of calm abstraction through the face diffused
And the whole person.
                                        Words have something told
More than the pencil can, and verily
More than is needed, but the precious Art
Forgives their interference—Art divine,
That both creates and fixes, in despite
Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world of ours!
That posture, and the look of filial love
Thinking of past and gone, with what is left
Dearly united, might be swept away

From this fair Portrait's fleshy Archetype,
Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak
Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored
To their lost place, or meet in harmony
So exquisite; but *here* do they abide,
Enshrined for ages. Is not then the Art
Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,
In visible quest of immortality,
Stretched forth with trembling hope?—In every realm,
From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,
Thousands, in each variety of tongue
That Europe knows, would echo this appeal;
One above all, a Monk who waits on God
In the magnific Convent built of yore
To sanctify the Escurial palace. He—
Guiding, from cell to cell and room to room,
A British Painter (eminent for truth
In character, and depth of feeling, shown
By labours that have touched the hearts of kings,
And are endeared to simple cottagers)—
Came, in that service, to a glorious work,
Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as when first
The appropriate Picture, fresh from Titian's hand,
Graced the Refectory: and there, while both
Stood with eyes fixed upon that masterpiece,
The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear
Breathed out these words:—"Here daily do we sit,
Thanks given to God for daily bread, and here
Pondering the mischiefs of these restless times,
And thinking of my Brethren, dead, dispersed,
Or changed and changing, I not seldom gaze
Upon this solemn Company unmoved
By shock of circumstance, or lapse of years,

Until I cannot but believe that they—
They are in truth the Substance, we the
Shadows."

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs
Melting away within him like a dream
Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to speak:
And I, grown old, but in a happier land,
Domestic Portrait! have to verse consigned
In thy calm presence those heart-moving words:
Words that can soothe, more than they agitate;
Whose spirit, like the angel that went down
Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue
Informs the fountain in the human breast
Which by the visitation was disturbed.
——But why this stealing tear? Companion
mute,
On thee I look, not sorrowing; fare thee well,
My Song's Inspirer, once again farewell![1]

1834.

XLI.

THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED.

Among a grave fraternity of Monks,
For One, but surely not for One alone,
Triumphs, in that great work, the Painter's
skill,
Humbling the body, to exalt the soul;
Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong

[1] The pile of buildings composing the palace and convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common usage, lost its proper name in that of the *Escurial*, a village at the foot of the hill upon which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second, stands. It need scarcely be added that Wilkie is the painter alluded to.

And dissolution and decay, the warm
And breathing life of flesh, as if already
Clothed with impassive majesty, and graced
With no mean earnest of a heritage
Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou, too,
With thy memorial flower, meek Portraiture!
From whose serene companionship I passed
Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still; thou also—
Though but a simple object, into light
Called forth by those affections that endear
The private hearth; though keeping thy sole seat
In singleness, and little tried by time,
Creation, as it were, of yesterday—
With a congenial function art endued
For each and all of us, together joined
In course of nature under a low roof
By charities and duties that proceed
Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.
To a like salutary sense of awe
Or sacred wonder, growing with the power
Of meditation that attempts to weigh,
In faithful scales, things and their opposites,
Can thy enduring quiet gently raise
A household small and sensitive,—whose love,
Dependent as in part its blessings are
Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved
On earth, will be revived, we trust, in heaven."[1]

1834.

[1] In the class entitled "Musings," in Mr. Southey's Minor Poems, is one upon his own miniature Picture, taken in childhood, and another upon a landscape painted by Gaspar Poussin. It is possible that every word of the above verses, though similar in subject, might have been written had the author been unacquainted with those beautiful effusions of poetic sentiment. But, for his own satisfaction, he must be

XLII.

so sweet, withal so sensitive,
hat the little Flowers were born to live,
s of half the pleasure which they give;

his mountain-daisy's self were known
ty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown
mooth surface of this naked stone!

t if hence a bold desire should mount
the Sun, that he could take account
at issues from his glorious fount!

he ken how by his sovereign aid
licate companionships are made;
he rules the pomp of light and shade;

e the Sister-power that shines by night
eged, what a countenance of delight
through the clouds break forth on
uman sight!

cies! wheresoe'er shall turn thine eye
, air, ocean, or the starry sky,
with Nature in pure sympathy;

desires, all lawless wishes quelled,
to love and praise alike impelled,
r boon is granted or withheld.

1844.

hus publicly to acknowledge the pleasure Poems of his Friend have given him, and ful influence they have upon his mind as e reads them, or thinks of them.

XLIII.

UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAWING OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM.

Who rashly strove thy Image to portray?
Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air;
How could he think of the live creature—gay
With a divinity of colours, drest
In all her brightness, from the dancing crest
Far as the last gleam of the filmy train
Extended and extending to sustain
The motions that it graces—and forbear
To drop his pencil! Flowers of every clime
Depicted on these pages smile at time;
And gorgeous insects copied with nice care
Are here, and likenesses of many a shell
Tossed ashore by restless waves,
Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves
Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell:
But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,
'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows,
To circumscribe this Shape in fixed repose;
Could imitate for indolent survey,
Perhaps for touch profane,
Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a stain;
And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest, share
The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray!

Resplendent Wanderer! followed with glad eyes
Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!
To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,

Eastern Islanders have given
A holy name—the Bird of Heaven!
And even a title higher still,
The Bird of God! whose blessed will
She seems performing as she flies
Over the earth and through the skies
In never-wearied search of Paradise—
Region that crowns her beauty with the name
She bears for *us*—for us how blest,
How happy at all seasons, could like aim
Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight
On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,
No tempest from his breath, their promised rest
Seeking with indefatigable quest
Above a world that deems itself most wise
When most enslaved by gross realities!

1835.

SONNETS

DEDICATED TO LIBERTY AND ORDER.

I.

COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY.

"PEOPLE! your chains are severing link by link;
Soon shall the Rich be levelled down—the Poor
Meet them half way." Vain boast! for These, the more
They thus would rise, must low and lower sink
Till, by repentance stung, they fear to think;
While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few
Bent in quick turns each other to undo,
And mix the poison, they themselves must drink.
Mistrust thyself, vain Country! cease to cry,
"Knowledge will save me from the threatened woe."
For if than other rash ones more thou know,
Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,
Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

1831.

II.

UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST.

MARCH, 1832.

Reluctant call it was; the rite delayed;
And in the Senate some there were who doffed
The last of their humanity, and scoffed
At providential judgments, undismayed
By their own daring. But the People prayed
As with one voice; their flinty heart grew soft
With penitential sorrow, and aloft
Their spirit mounted, crying, "God us aid!"
Oh that with aspirations more intense,
Chastised by self-abasement more profound,
This People, once so happy, so renowned
For liberty, would seek from God defence
Against far heavier ill, the pestilence
Of revolution, impiously unbound!

III.

Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,
Falsehood and Treachery, in close council met,
Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,
"The frost of England's pride will soon be thawed;
Hooded the open brow that overawed
Our schemes; the faith and honour, never yet
By us with hope encountered, be upset;—
For once I burst my bands, and cry, applaud!"
Then whispered she, "The Bill is carrying out!"
They heard, and, starting up, the Brood of Night
Clapped hands, and shook with glee their matted locks;

All Powers and Places that abhor the light
Joined in the transport, echoed back their shout,
Hurrah for ——, hugging his Ballot-box!

1838.

IV.

Blest Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will
Leaves him at ease among grand thoughts: whose eye
Sees that, apart from magnanimity,
Wisdom exists not; nor the humbler skill
Of Prudence, disentangling good and ill
With patient care. What tho' assaults run high,
They daunt not him who holds his ministry,
Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil
Its duties;—prompt to move, but firm to wait,—
Knowing things rashly sought are rarely found;
That, for the functions of an ancient State—
Strong by her charters, free because imbound,
Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate—
Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound.

1838.

V.

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES AND NOTICES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Portentous change when History can appear
As the cool Advocate of foul device;
Reckless audacity extol, and jeer
At consciences perplexed with scruples nice!
They who bewail not must abhor the sneer

Born of Conceit, Power's blind Idolater;
Or haply sprung from vaunting Cowardice
Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.
Hath it not long been said the wrath of Man
Works not the righteousness of God? Oh bend,
Bend, ye Perverse! to judgments from on High,
Laws that lay under Heaven's perpetual ban
All principles of action that transcend
The sacred limits of humanity.

1842. (?)

VI.

CONTINUED.

Who ponders National events shall find
An awful balancing of loss and gain,
Joy based on sorrow, good with ill combined,
And proud deliverance issuing out of pain
And direful throes; as if the All-ruling Mind,
With whose perfection it consists to ordain
Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurricane,
Dealt in like sort with feeble human kind
By laws immutable. But woe for him
Who thus deceived shall lend an eager hand
To social havoc. Is not Conscience ours,
And Truth, whose eye guilt only can make dim;
And Will, whose office, by divine command,
Is to control and check disordered Powers?

1842. (?)

VII.

CONCLUDED.

Long-favoured England! be not thou misled
By monstrous theories of alien growth,

Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing wroth,
Self-smitten till thy garments reek dyed red
With thy own blood, which tears in torrents shed
Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy troth
Be plighted, not to ease but sullen sloth,
Or wan despair—the ghost of false hope fled
Into a shameful grave. Among thy youth,
My Country! if such warning be held dear,
Then shall a Veteran's heart be thrilled with joy,
One who would gather from eternal truth,
For time and season, rules that work to cheer—
Not scourge, to save the People—not destroy.

1842. (?)

VIII.

Men of the Western World! in Fate's dark book
Whence these opprobrious leaves of dire portent?
Think ye your British Ancestors forsook
Their native Land, for outrage provident;
From unsubmissive necks the bridle shook
To give, in their Descendants, freer vent
And wider range to passions turbulent,
To mutual tyranny a deadlier look?
Nay, said a voice, soft as the south wind's breath,
Dive through the stormy surface of the flood
To the great current flowing underneath;
Explore the countless springs of silent good;
So shall the truth be better understood,
And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong in faith.

1839.

IX.

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS.

Days undefiled by luxury or sloth,
Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,
Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness obeyed,
Words that require no sanction from an oath,
And simple honesty a common growth—
This high repute, with bounteous Nature's aid,
Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed
At will, your power the measure of your troth !—
All who revere the memory of Penn
Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his name
Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,
Renounced, abandoned by degenerate Men
For state-dishonour black as ever came
To upper air from Mammon's loathsome den.

1845.

X.

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE INSURRECTIONS, 1837.

I.

Ah why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit
Of sudden passion roused shall men attain
True freedom where for ages they have lain
Bound in a dark abominable pit,
With life's best sinews more and more unknit.
Here, there, a banded few who loathe the chain
May rise to break it: effort worse than vain
For thee, O great Italian nation, split
Into those jarring fractions.—Let thy scope
Be one fixed mind for all; thy rights approve
To thy own conscience gradually renewed;

Learn to make Time the father of wise Hope;
Then trust thy cause to the arm of Fortitude,
The light of Knowledge, and the warmth of Love.

XI.

CONTINUED.

II.

HARD task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean
On Patience coupled with such slow endeavour,
That long-lived servitude must last for ever.
Perish the grovelling few, who, prest between
Wrongs and the terror of redress, would wean
Millions from glorious aims. Our chains to sever
Let us break forth in tempest now or never!—
What, is there then no space for golden mean
And gradual progress?—Twilight leads to day,
And, even within the burning zones of earth,
The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate ray;
The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives birth:
Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes,
She scans the future with the eye of gods.

1837.

XII.

CONCLUDED.

III.

As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow
And wither, every human generation
Is to the Being of a mighty nation,
Locked in our world's embrace through weal and woe;
Thought that should teach the zealot to forego
Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agitation,
And seek through noiseless pains and moderation

The unblemished good they only can bestow.
Alas! with most, who weigh futurity
Against time present, passion holds the scales:
Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,
And nations sink; or, struggling to be free,
Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded whales
Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.

1837.

XIII.

YOUNG ENGLAND—what is then become of Old
Of dear Old England? Think they she is dead,
Dead to the very name? Presumption fed
On empty air! That name will keep its hold
In the true filial bosom's inmost fold
For ever.—The Spirit of Alfred, at the head
Of all who for her rights watched, toiled and bled,
Knows that this prophecy is not too bold.
What—how! shall she submit in will and deed
To Beardless Boys—an imitative race,
The *servum pecus* of a Gallic breed?
Dear Mother! if thou *must* thy steps retrace,
Go where at least meek Innocency dwells;
Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles.

1845.

XIV.

FEEL for the wrongs to universal ken
Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;
And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,
Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes

In silence and the awful modesties
Of sorrow;—feel for all, as brother Men!
Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
By casual boons and formal charities;
Learn to be just, just through impartial law;
Far as ye may, erect and equalise;
And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!

1842. (?)

NOTES.

The White Doe of Rylstone (*page* 3).

The Poem of the White Doe of Rylstone is founded on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's Collection, entitled, "The Rising of the North." The tradition is as follows:—"About this time," not long after the Dissolution, "a White Doe," say the aged people of the neighbourhood, "long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Church-yard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation."—DR. WHITAKER'S *History of the Deanery of Craven.*—Rylstone was the property and residence of the Nortons, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection; which led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstances of their fate, as recorded in the Ballad.

"Bolton Priory," says Dr. Whitaker in his excellent book, "The History and Antiquities of the Deanery of Craven," "stands upon a beautiful curvature of the Wharf, on a level sufficiently elevated to protect it from inundations, and low enough for every purpose of picturesque effect.

"Opposite to the East window of the Priory Church, the river washes the foot of a rock nearly perpendicular, and of the richest purple, where several of the mineral beds, which break out, instead of maintaining their usual inclination to the horizon, are twisted by some inconceivable process into undulating and spiral lines. To the South all is soft and delicious; the eye reposes upon a few rich pastures, a moderate reach of the river, sufficiently tranquil to form a mirror to the sun, and the bounding hills beyond, neither too near nor too lofty to exclude, even in winter, any portion of his rays.

"But, after all, the glories of Bolton are on the North.

Whatever the most fastidious taste could require to constitute a perfect landscape, is not only found here, but in its proper place. In front, and immediately under the eye, is a smooth expanse of park-like enclosure, spotted with native elm, ash, etc., of the finest growth: on the right a skirting oak wood, with jutting points of grey rock; on the left a rising copse. Still forward are seen the aged groves of Bolton Park, the growth of centuries; and farther yet, the barren and rocky distances of Simonseat and Barden Fell contrasted with the warmth, fertility, and luxuriant foliage of the valley below.

"About half a mile above Bolton the valley closes, and either side of the Wharf is overhung by solemn woods, from which huge perpendicular masses of grey rock jut out at intervals.

"This sequestered scene was almost inaccessible till of late, that ridings have been cut on both sides of the river, and the most interesting points laid open by judicious thinnings in the woods. Here a tributary stream rushes from a waterfall, and bursts through a woody glen to mingle its waters with the Wharf: there the Wharf itself is nearly lost in a deep cleft in the rock, and next becomes a horned flood enclosing a woody island—sometimes it reposes for a moment, and then resumes its native character, lively, irregular, and impetuous.

"The cleft mentioned above is the tremendous STRID. This chasm, being incapable of receiving the winter floods, has formed on either side a broad strand of naked gritstone full of rock-basins, or 'pots of the Linn,' which bear witness to the restless impetuosity of so many Northern torrents. But, if here Wharf is lost to the eye, it amply repays another sense by its deep and solemn roar, like 'the Voice of the angry Spirit of the Waters,' heard far above and beneath, amidst the silence of the surrounding woods

"The terminating object of the landscape is the remains of Barden Tower, interesting from their form and situation, and still more so from the recollections which they excite."—W. W.

The earlier half of this Poem was composed at Stockton-upon-Tees, when Mrs. Wordsworth and I were on a visit to her eldest Brother, Mr. Hutchinson, at the close of the year 1807. The country is flat, and the weather was rough. I was accustomed every day to walk to and fro under the shelter of a row of stacks in a field at a small distance from the town, and there poured forth my verses

aloud as freely as they would come. Mrs. Wordsworth reminds me that her brother stood upon the punctilio of not sitting down to dinner till I joined the party; and it frequently happened that I did not make my appearance till too late, so that she was made uncomfortable. I here beg her pardon for this and similar transgressions during the whole course of our wedded life. To my beloved Sister the same apology is due.

When, from the visit just mentioned, we returned to Town-end, Grasmere, I proceeded with the Poem; and it may be worth while to note, as a caution to others who may cast their eye on these memoranda, that the skin having been rubbed off my heel by my wearing too tight a shoe, though I desisted from walking I found that the irritation of the wounded part was kept up, by the act of composition, to a degree that made it necessary to give my constitution a holiday. A rapid cure was the consequence. Poetic excitement, when accompanied by protracted labour in composition, has throughout my life brought on more or less bodily derangement. Nevertheless, I am, at the close of my seventy-third year, in what may be called excellent health; so that intellectual labour is not necessarily unfavourable to longevity. But perhaps I ought here to add that mine has been generally carried on out of doors.

Let me here say a few words of this Poem in the way of criticism. The subject being taken from feudal times has led to its being compared to some of Walter Scott's poems that belong to the same age and state of society. The comparison is inconsiderate. Sir Walter pursued the customary and very natural course of conducting an action, presenting various turns of fortune, to some outstanding point on which the mind might rest as a termination or catastrophe. The course I attempted to pursue is entirely different. Everything that is attempted by the principal personages in "The White Doe" fails, so far as its object is external and substantial. So far as it is moral and spiritual it succeeds. The Heroine of the Poem knows that her duty is not to interfere with the current of events, either to forward or delay them, but

"To abide
The shock, and finally secure
O'er pain and grief a triumph pure."

This she does in obedience to her brother's injunction, as

most suitable to a mind and character that, under previous trials, had been proved to accord with his. She achieves this not without aid from the communication with the inferior Creature, which often leads her thoughts to revolve upon the past with a tender and humanising influence that exalts rather than depresses her. The anticipated beatification, if I may so say, of her mind, and the apotheosis of the companion of her solitude, are the points at which the Poem aims, and constitute its legitimate catastrophe, far too spiritual a one for instant or widely-spread sympathy, but not therefore the less fitted to make a deep and permanent impression upon that class of minds who think and feel more independently, than the many do, of the surfaces of things and interests transitory because belonging more to the outward and social forms of life than to its internal spirit. How insignificant a thing, for example, does personal prowess appear compared with the fortitude of patience and heroic martyrdom; in other words, with struggles for the sake of principle, in preference to victory gloried in for its own sake.—I. F.

Written 1807-1808; dated by Wordsworth in the "Advertisement" 1807; first published 1815, a quarto, containing also "The Force of Prayer; or, the Founding of Bolton Priory." In the Fenwick note Wordsworth assigns the "earlier half of this poem" to the close of 1807, when he was on a visit to his brother-in-law, Mr. Hutchinson, at Stockton-on-Tees; he says that when he returned from that visit to Dove Cottage, Grasmere, he "proceeded with the poem." Wordsworth left Grasmere for Stockton on Dec. 1, 1807, and returned on the Wednesday before Christmas Day. In a letter of Jan. 3, 1808 (misdated December), Dorothy Wordsworth informs Lady Beaumont that her brother has written "above 1200 lines" of the poem. On April 20, 1808, she writes, "The poem [doubtless 'The White Doe'] is to be published. Longman has consented . . . to give him one hundred guineas per thousand copies." But on Feb. 28, 1810, she writes: "After this task [three books of 'The Recluse'] is finished, he hopes to complete 'The White Doe,' and proud should we all be if it could be honoured by a frontispiece from the pencil of Sir George Beaumont." The frontispiece illustrating Canto I., ll. 178-185—the mother calling upon her boy to observe the Doe—appeared in edd. 1815, 1820.

The text was carefully revised and rehandled for the 1836-7 edition of "Poetical Works." In 1836 Words-

spoke of "The White Doe" to the Hon. Mr. Coleridge as "in conception the highest work he er produced. The mere physical action was all ssful; but the true action of the poem was spiritual ubduing of the will, and all inferior passions, to the purifying and spiritualising of the intellectual ; while the Doe, by connection with Emily, is is it were from its mere animal nature into some-iysterious and saint-like." He announced that he devote much labour to "perfecting the execu-it in the mere business parts." To Archdeacon ham he wrote in 1816: "'The White Doe' starts high point of imagination, and comes round, i various wanderings of that faculty, to a still —nothing less than the apotheosis of the animal. . . . s the poem thus begins and ends with pure and iagination, every motive and impetus that actuates sons introduced is from the same source; a kindred ervades, and is intended to harmonise the whole. hout, objects (the banner, for instance) derive their e, not from properties inherent in themselves, not hat they *are* actually in themselves, but from such *estowed* upon them by the minds of those who are ant with or affected by those objects. Thus the if there be any in the work, proceeds, as it ought rom the *soul of man*, communicating its creative s to the images of the external world."

Dedication is dated by Wordsworth April 20, 1815. "of celestial birth" (1837) was previously "born enly birth." The losses of his brother John and lren are probably referred to in stanza 3.

motto, "Action is transitory," etc., appears first ; its first six lines are taken from "The Borderers." 1815 and 1820 the sonnet (published in 1815 in s") beginning "Weak is the will of man," stood e extract from Bacon's essay, "Of Atheism," as ind preceded the Dedication.—Ed.

"*Action is transitory—*" (*page* 5).

and the five lines that follow were either read or by me, more than thirty years since, to the late zlitt, who quoted some expressions in them (imper-emembered) in a work of his published several go.—W. W.

"*From Bolton's old monastic Tower*" (*page* 5).

It is to be regretted that at the present day B Abbey wants this ornament: but the Poem, accordi the imagination of the Poet, is composed in Queen I beth's time. "Formerly," says Dr. Whitaker, "ove Transept was a tower. This is proved not only fron mention of bells at the Dissolution, when they could had no other place, but from the pointed roof of the c which must have terminated westward, in some bui of superior height to the ridge."—W. W.

"*A Chapel, like a wild bird's nest*" (*page* 6).

"The Nave of the Church having been reserved a Dissolution, for the use of the Saxon Cure, is still a chial Chapel; and, at this day, is as well kept a neatest English cathedral."—W. W.

"*Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak!*" (*page*

"At a small distance from the great gateway stoo Prior's Oak, which was felled about the year 1720 sold for £70. According to the price of wood at time, it could scarcely have contained less than 140 of timber."—W. W.

"*When Lady Aäliza mourned*" (*page* 12).

The detail of this tradition may be found in Whitaker's book, and in a Poem of this Collection, ' Force of Prayer."—W. W.

"*Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door;*" (*page* 1

"At the East end of the North aisle of Bolton I Church is a chantry belonging to Bethmesly Hall a vault, where, according to tradition, the Claph (who inherited this estate, by the female line, fro Mauleverers) "were interred upright." John de Cla of whom this ferocious act is recorded, was a man of note in his time: "he was a vehement partisan c house of Lancaster, in whom the spirit of his chie the Cliffords, seemed to survive."—W. W.

"*Who loved the Shepherd Lord to meet*" (*page* 1

In the second Volume of these Poems will be fou

entitled, "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors." To that Poem is annexed an account of this personage, chiefly extracted from Burns and Nicholson's "History of Cumberland and Westmoreland." It gives me pleasure to add these further particulars concerning him, from Dr. Whitaker, who says he "retired to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him, who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself. I think this nobleman resided here almost entirely when in Yorkshire, for all his charters which I have seen are dated at Barden.

"His early habits, and the want of those artificial measures of time which even shepherds now possess, had given him a turn for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies; and, having purchased such an apparatus as could then be procured, he amused and informed himself by those pursuits, with the aid of the Canons of Bolton, some of whom are said to have been well versed in what was then known of the science.

"I suspect this nobleman to have been sometimes occupied in a more visionary pursuit, and probably in the same company.

"For, from the family evidences, I have met with two MSS., on the subject of Alchemy, which, from the character, spelling, etc., may almost certainly be referred to the reign of Henry the Seventh. If these were originally deposited with the MSS. of the Cliffords, it might have been for the use of this nobleman. If they were brought from Bolton at the Dissolution, they must have been the work of those Canons whom he almost exclusively conversed with.

"In these peaceful employments Lord Clifford spent the whole reign of Henry the Seventh, and the first years of his son. But in the year 1513, when almost sixty years old, he was appointed to a principal command over the army which fought at Flodden, and showed that the military genius of the family had neither been chilled in him by age, nor extinguished by habits of peace.

"He survived the battle of Flodden ten years, and died April 23rd, 1523, aged about 70. I shall endeavour to

appropriate to him a tomb, vault, and chantry, in the choir of the church of Bolton, as I should be sorry to believe that he was deposited, when dead, at a distance from the place which in his lifetime he loved so well.

"By his last will he appointed his body to be interred at Shap, if he died in Westmoreland; or at Bolton, if he died in Yorkshire."

With respect to the Canons of Bolton, Dr. Whitaker shows from MSS. that not only alchemy but astronomy was a favourite pursuit with them.—W. W.

"Now joy for you who from the towers
Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fear," (*page* 23).

Brancepeth Castle stands near the river Were, a few miles from the city of Durham. It formerly belonged to the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland. See Dr. Percy's account.—W. W.

"Of mitred Thurston—what a Host
He conquered!" (*page* 29).

See the Historians for the account of this memorable battle, usually denominated the Battle of the Standard.—W. W.

"In that other day of Neville's Cross?" (*page* 29).

"In the night before the battle of Durham was strucken and begun, the 17th day of October, *anno* 1346, there did appear to John Fosser, then Prior of the Abbey of Durham, a Vision, commanding him to take the holy Corporax-cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert did cover the chalice when he used to say mass, and to put the same holy relique like to a banner-cloth upon the point of a spear, and the next morning to go and repair to a place on the west side of the city of Durham, called the Red Hills, where the Maid's Bower wont to be, and there to remain and abide till the end of the battle. To which vision the Prior obeying, and taking the same for a revelation of God's grace and mercy by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, did accordingly the next morning, with the monks of the said abbey, repair to the said Red Hills, and there most devoutly humbling and prostrating themselves in prayer for the victory in the said battle: (a great multitude of the Scots running and pressing by them,

with intention to have spoiled them, yet had no power to commit any violence under such holy persons, so occupied in prayer, being protected and defended by the mighty Providence of Almighty God, and by the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, and the presence of the holy relique). And, after many conflicts and warlike exploits there had and done between the English men and the King of Scots and his company, the said battle ended, and the victory was obtained, to the great overthrow and confusion of the Scots, their enemies: And then the said Prior and monks accompanied with Ralph Lord Nevil, and John Nevil his son, and the Lord Percy, and many other nobles of England, returned home and went to the abbey church, there joining in hearty prayer and thanksgiving to God and Holy St. Cuthbert for the victory achieved that day."

The battle was afterwards called the Battle of Neville's Cross from the following circumstance:—

"On the west side of the city of Durham, where two roads pass each other, a most notable, famous, and goodly cross of stonework was erected and set up to the honour of God for the victory there obtained in the field of battle, and known by the name of Nevil's Cross, and built at the sole cost of the Lord Ralph Nevil, one of the most excellent and chief persons in the said battle." The Relique of St. Cuthbert afterwards became of great importance in military events. For soon after this battle, says the same author, 'The prior caused a goodly and sumptuous banner to be made," (which is then described at great length), "and in the midst of the same banner-cloth was the said holy relique and corporax-cloth enclosed, etc. etc., and so sumptuously finished, and absolutely perfected, this banner was dedicated to holy St. Cuthbert, of intent and purpose that for the future it should be carried to any battle, as occasion should serve; and was never carried and showed at any battle but by the especial grace of God Almighty, and the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, it brought home victory; which banner-cloth, after the dissolution of the abbey, fell into the possession of Dean Whittingham, whose wife, called Katharine, being a French woman, (as is most credibly reported by eye-witnesses,) did most injuriously burn the same in her fire, to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient and goodly reliques."—Extracted from a book entitled, "Durham Cathedral, as it stood before the Dissolution of the Monastery." It appears, from the old metrical History, that the above-mentioned banner was carried by the Earl of Surrey to Flodden Field.—W. W.

"*An edifice of warlike frame*
Stands single—Norton Tower its name—" (*page* 39).

It is so called to this day, and is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:—"Rylstone Fell yet exhibits a monument of the old warfare between the Nortons and Cliffords. On a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are the remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dodsworth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong groutwork, about four feet thick. It seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made in all the sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable.

"But Norton Tower was probably a sort of pleasure-house in summer, as there are, adjoining to it, several large mounds, (two of them are pretty entire,) of which no other account can be given than that they were butts for large companies of archers.

"The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the uses of a watch tower."—W. W.

————"*despoil and desolation*
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown;" (*page* 51).

"After the attainder of Richard Norton his estates were forfeited to the crown, where they remained till the 2nd or 3rd of James; they were then granted to Francis Earl of Cumberland." From an accurate survey, made at that time, several particulars have been extracted by Dr. W. It appears that "the mansion-house was then in decay. Immediately adjoining is a close, called the Vivery, so called, undoubtedly, from the French Vivier, or modern Latin Vivarium; for there are near the house large remains of a pleasure-ground, such as were introduced in the earlier part of Elizabeth's time, with topiary works, fish-ponds, and island, etc. The whole township was ranged by an hundred and thirty red deer, the property of the Lord, which, together with the wood, had, after the attainder of Mr. Norton, been committed to Sir Stephen Tempest. The wood, it seems, had been abandoned to depredations, before which time it appears that the neighbourhood must have exhibited a forest-like and sylvan scene. In this survey among the old tenants, is mentioned one Richard Kitchen, butler to Mr. Norton, who rose in rebellion with his master, and was executed at Ripon."—W. W.

"*In the deep fork of Amerdale;*" (*page* 55).

"At the extremity of the parish of Burnsal, the valley of Wharf forks off into two great branches, one of which retains the name of Wharfdale, to the source of the river; the other is usually called Littondale, but more anciently and properly, Amerdale. Dernbrook, which runs along an obscure valley from the N.W., is derived from a Teutonic word, signifying concealment."—Dr. Whitaker.—W. W.

"*When the Bells of Rylstone played*
Their Sabbath music—'God us ayde!'" (*page* 56).

On one of the bells of Rylstone Church, which seems coeval with the building of the tower, is this cypher, "I. N." for John Norton, and the motto, "God us ayde." —W. W.

"*The grassy rock-encircled Pound*" (*page* 58).

Which is thus described by Dr. Whitaker:—"On the plain summit of the hill are the foundations of a strong wall stretching from the S.W. to the N.E. corner of the tower, and to the edge of a very deep glen. From this glen, a ditch, several hundred yards long, runs south to another deep and rugged ravine. On the N. and W. where the banks are very steep, no wall or mound is discoverable, paling being the only fence that could stand on such ground.

"From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border it appears that such pounds for deer, sheep, etc. were far from being uncommon in the south of Scotland. The principle of them was something like that of a wire mouse-trap. On the declivity of a steep hill, the bottom and sides of which were fenced so as to be impassable, a wall was constructed nearly level with the surface on the outside, yet so high within, that without wings it was impossible to escape in the opposite direction. Care was probably taken that these enclosures should contain better feed than the neighbouring parks or forests; and whoever is acquainted with the habits of these sequacious animals, will easily conceive, that if the leader was once tempted to descend into the snare, a herd would follow."

I cannot conclude without recommending to the notice of all lovers of beautiful scenery, Bolton Abbey and its neighbourhood. This enchanting spot belongs to the Duke

of Devonshire; and the superintendence of it has for some years been entrusted to the Rev. William Carr, who has most skilfully opened out its features; and, in whatever he has added has done justice to the place, by working with an invisible hand of art in the very spirit of nature.—W. W.

Collation of Text of "The White Doe."

L. 3, "shines" (1837); previously "is."

L. 6, "of crystal" (1820); "of the crystal" (1815).

Ll. 27, 28 (1837); previously:

> "A rural Chapel, neatly drest
> In covert like a little nest."

L. 41 (1837); previously "And faith and hope are their prime."

L. 54. After this line, in edd. 1815-1832, follow two lines (omitted 1837):

> "And right across the verdant sod
> Towards the very house of God;"

L. 78, "pledge" (1837); previously "gift."

L. 84, "leads" (1837); previously "is."

Ll. 104, 105 (1837); previously one line, "To the ope day gives blessedness."

Ll. 120-125, previous to 1837 these couplets were arranged: (1) altar, (2) dormitory, (3) chamber; to effe a climax the "altar" and "chamber" couplets were tran posed, and in transposing a word or two were necessari altered.

L. 132 (1837); previously "Methinks she passeth l the sight."

L. 140 (1827); previously "And in this way she fare till at last."

L. 143, "Gentle" (1845); previously "Gently."

Ll. 150, 151 (1837); previously:

> "Like the river in its flowing;
> Can there be a softer sound?"

Ll. 156, 157 (1837); previously:

> "When now again the people rear
> A voice of praise, with awful chear!"

Ll. 166-168 (1837); previously:

> "Turn, with obeisance gladly paid,
> Towards the spot, where, full in view,
> The lovely Doe, of whitest hue,"

L. 192. Before this line, and opening the paragraph, appeared 1815-1832 the following:

> "This whisper soft repeats what he
> Had known from early infancy."

And in l. 192 "was" in 1837 replaced "is."

L. 218 (1837); previously "Who in his youth hath ['had' 1815-20] often fed."

Ll. 221, 222 (1837); previously:

> "And lately hath brought home the scars
> Gathered in long" etc.

L. 224, "is mounting" (1837); previously "hath mounted."

Ll. 231, 232, "the grace Of God" (1837); previously "God's grace At length."

Ll. 261, 262 (1837); previously:

> "Well may her thoughts be harsh; for she
> Numbers among" etc.

L. 279, "Cumbrian" (1827); previously "Cumbria's."

L. 294, "lowly" (1837); previously "humble."

Ll. 301, 302 (1837); previously:

> "through strong desire
> Searching the earth with chemic fire."

Ll. 303, 304 added in 1837.

L. 325 (1837); previously "By busy dreams, and fancies wild."

Ll. 331-333 (1837, except "his" in l. 331, added 1843); previously:

> "Thou hast breeze-like visitings;
> For a Spirit with angel wings
> Hath touched," etc.

L. 346, "this Maid" (1827); previously "'twas She."

L. 351, "its" (1837); previously "the."

L. 352, "fashioned to" (1837); previously "one that did."

L. 355, "her Sire's" (1837); previously "was the."

Ll. 372, 373 (1820 with "dread" for "stern," which dates from 1845); in 1815:

> "To be by force of arms renewed;
> Glad prospect for the multitude!"

L. 395, "blameless" (1827); previously "blissful."
L. 398 (1837); previously "Loud noise was in t crowded hall."
L. 400, "pronounced with" (1837); previously "whi had."
L. 402, "As" (1837); previously "And."
L. 404, "Moist" (1820); "wet" (1815).
L. 405 (1837); previously "Then seized the staff, a thus did say."
Ll. 414-416 (1837); previously:

"Forth when Sire and Sons appeared
A gratulating shout was reared,
With din".

L. 419, "voice" (1837); previously "shout."
L. 427 (1837); previously "And when he waked length, his eye."
L. 445. After this line the couplet (omitted 18: followed in 1815-32:

"Oh! hide them from each other, hide,
Kind Heaven, this pair severely tried!"

L. 449. After this line the couplet (omitted 18: followed in 1815-32:

"How could he chuse but shrink or sigh?
He shrunk, and muttered inwardly,"

Ll. 457-459 (1837); previously:

"He paused, her silence to partake,
And long it was before he spake:
Then, all at once, his thoughts" etc.

L. 471, "have been loved" (1837); previously "w beloved."
L. 472 was added in 1837.
L. 482, "Stood" (1827); previously "Was."
L. 484, "by" (1820); "in" (1815).
L. 486, "grapple with" (1827); previously "sta against."
L. 496 (1837); previously "Thee, chiefly thee," etc.
L. 567 (1837); previously two lines:

"The last leaf, which by heaven's decree
Must hang upon a blasted tree;"

L. 568, "we breathed" (1827); previously "we ha breathed."

L. 592, "then" (1837); previously "he."
Ll. 594-596 (1837); previously four lines:

"Now joy for you and sudden chear,
Ye Watchmen upon Brancepeth Towers;
Looking forth in doubt and fear,
Telling melancholy hours!"

L. 601, "Well-pleased" (1837); previously "Forthwith."
L. 604, "greet" (1837); previously "hail."
L. 617, "Love's" (1837); previously "the."
L. 683. After this line followed, in edd. 1815-32, the line (omitted in 1837) "With tumult and indignant rout".
L. 703 (1827); previously "Came Foot and Horsemen of each degree,"
L. 719 (1827); previously "But none for undisputed worth."
Ll. 720, 721 (1837); in 1815 the first only of these lines appears; in 1827-1832:

"Like those eight sons—embosoming
Determined thoughts—who, in a ring,"

L. 724. After this line in edd. 1815-1820 followed the line "In youthful beauty flourishing"; omitted 1827.
Ll. 726-728 (1837); previously:

"With feet that firmly pressed the ground
They stood, and girt their Father round;
Such was his choice,—no Steed will he".

L. 730 (1845), when "stands" replaced "stood"; in 1820 "grassy" replaced "verdant."
L. 742, "loftier height" (1837); previously "higher height."
L. 746, "Bright" (1827); previously "Rich."
L. 753, "thousands" (1837); previously "many."
L. 761, "through" (1837); previously "on."
L. 764, "alone" (1837); previously "this day."
Ll. 771-773 (1837); previously:

"Stretched out upon the ground he lies,—
As if it were his only task
Like Herdsman in the sun to bask."

L. 781, "He thence" (1820); "That he thence" (1815).

Ll. 792-794 (1837); previously:

> " And Neville was opprest with fear;
> For, though he bore a valiant name,
> His heart was of a timid frame,"

L. 797 (1837); previously " And therefore will retreat to seize."

L. 801, "come" (1837); previously "comes."

L. 805, " trusting" (1837); previously "giving."

L. 811 (1837); previously "How often hath the strength of heaven."

Ll. 819-823 (1837); previously:

> " On which the gray-haired Barons stood,
> And the infant Heir of Mowbray's blood,
> Beneath the saintly Ensigns three,"

L. 824 (1837); in 1815, "Their confidence and victory!"; in 1820-32, " Stood confident of victory."

Ll. 829-834 (1837); previously:

> " When, as the Vision gave command,
> The Prior of Durham with holy hand
> Saint Cuthbert's Relic did uprear
> Upon the point of a lofty spear,
> And God descended in his power,
> While the Monks prayed in Maiden's Bower."

L. 841 (1837); previously "The Chiefs were by his zeal confounded,"

L. 846 (1837); previously "This Banner raised so joyfully,"

L. 848 was added in 1837.

L. 852, " light" (1837); previously " frail."

Ll. 862, 863 (1827); previously:

> "—So speaking, he upraised his head
> Towards that Imagery once more;"

L. 867 (1827); previously " Blank fear, and", etc.

L. 872 (1837); previously " She did in passiveness obey,"

Ll. 881-883 (1837); previously:

> " Her Brother was it who assailed
> Her tender spirit and prevailed.
> Her other Parent, too, whose head".

Ll. 885, 886 (1837); previously " From reason's earliest dawn beguiled The docile", etc.

Ll. 889-913 (1837); previously:

"While thus he brooded, music sweet
Was played to chear them in retreat;
But Norton lingered in the rear:
Thought followed thought—and ere the last
Of that unhappy train was past,
Before him Francis did appear.

"'Now when 'tis not your aim to oppose,
Said he, 'in open field your Foes;
Now that from this decisive day
Your multitude must melt away,
An unarmed Man may come unblamed;
To ask a grace, that was not claimed
Long as your hopes were high, he now
May hither bring a fearless brow;
When his discountenance can do
No injury,—may come to you.
Though in your cause no part I bear,
Your indignation I can share;
Am grieved this backward march to see,
How careless and disorderly!
I scorn your Chieftains, Men who lead,
And yet want courage at their need;
Then look at them with open eyes!
Deserve they further sacrifice?'"

Ll. 927-929 (1837); previously:

" . . . . . this prayer?
Or how from his depression raised,
The Father on his Son had gazed;"

Ll. 930, 931 (1845); previously:

"Suffice it that the Son gave way,
Nor strove that passion to allay;"

L. 936, "His best" (1837); previously "The like."
L. 938, 939 (1837); previously:

"From cloudless ether looking down,
The Moon, this tranquil evening, sees".

Ll. 943, 944 (1837); previously all the nouns were plural.

L. 950 (1827); previously "The silver smoke, and

mounts in wreaths"—an interesting gain in descriptive accuracy.

L. 963, "Hath" (1827); previously "Had."

Ll. 973-975 (1837); previously:

> "The same fair Creature who ['which' 1815 only]
> was nigh
> Feeding in tranquillity,
> When Francis uttered to the Maid".

Ll. 977-980 were added in 1837.

Ll. 999-1001 (1837); previously:

> "But where at this still hour is she,
> The consecrated Emily?
> Even while I speak, behold the Maid
> Emerging from the cedar shade."

Ll. 1011-1019 (1837); previously:

> " . . . . . . Doe!
> Yet the meek Creature was not free,
> Erewhile from some perplexity:
> For thrice hath she approached, this day,
> The thought-bewildered Emily;
> Endeavouring, in her gentle way,
> Some smile or look of love to gain,—
> Encouragement to sport or play;
> Attempts which by the unhappy Maid
> Have all been slighted or gainsaid."

Ll. 1020-1022 (1837); in 1815-20:

> "—O welcome to the viewless breeze!
> 'Tis fraught with acceptable feeling,
> And instantaneous sympathies
> Into the Sufferer's bosom stealing;—
> Ere she hath reached yon rustic Shed".

In 1827-32:

> "Yet she is soothed: the viewless breeze
> Comes fraught with kindlier sympathies:
> Ere she hath ['had' 1832] reached" etc.

L. 1026, "Revived" (1837); previously "Revives."

L. 1035 (1837); previously "Returns to her;—'tis that bless'd Saint.

L. 1045, "Mute" (1837); previously "Thou."

Ll. 1051-1056 (1837); previously:

> "Descend on Francis:—through the air
> Of this sad earth to him repair,
> Speak to him with a voice, and say,
> 'That he must cast despair away!'"

Ll. 1069-1072, italics and capitals first in 1820. Doubtless Wordsworth had in his mind the line of Milton's sonnet "On his blindness," "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Ll. 1073-1077 (1837); previously:

> "—She knows, she feels it, and is cheered;
> At least her present pangs are checked.
> —But ['And' 1815-20] now an ancient Man appeared,
> Approaching her with grave respect.
> Down the smooth walk which then she trod,
> He paced along the silent sod,
> And greeting her thus gently spake,"

Ll. 1084, 1085 (1837); previously:

> "In friendship; go—from him—from me—
> Strive to avert this misery."

Ll. 1088, 1089 (1837); previously:

> "—If prudence offer help or aid,
> On *you* is no restriction laid;"

Ll. 1092, 1093 (1837); previously:

> "Hope," said the sufferer's zealous Friend,
> Must not forsake us till the end.—"

L. 1112, "want not" (1837); previously "have the."

Ll. 1123, 1124 (1837); previously:

> "Their flight the fair Moon may not see;
> For, from mid-heaven, already she".

L. 1131, "faithless" (1837); previously "haughty."

L. 1138, "our" (1837); previously "the."

Ll. 1146, 1147 (1837); previously:

> "Another close
> To that brave deed".

L. 1158, "spread" (1820); "spreads" (1815).

L. 1174, "and seldom" (1820); "and as seldom" (1815).

L. 1182, "scorching noon-tide" (1820); "heat of the noon-tide" (1815).

L. 1184 (1837); previously two lines:

"They to the Watch-tower did repair,
Commodious Pleasure-house! and there".

L. 1187 (1837) previously "He was the proudest," etc.

L. 1191, 1192. Between these two lines in ed. 1815 the following lines (omitted 1820) occur:

"Dead are they, they were doomed to die;
The Sons and Father all are dead,
All dead save One; and Emily
No more shall seek this Watch-tower high,
To look far forth with anxious eye,—
She is relieved from hope and dread,
Through suffering in extremity."

L. 1200 (1837); previously six lines:

"She turned to him, who with his eye
Was watching her while on the height
She sate, or wandered restlessly,
O'erburdened by her sorrow's weight;
To him who this dire news had told,
And now beside the Mourner stood;"

Ll. 1206-1208 (1837); previously "place" instead of "height"; "sad" in place of "dire," and l. 1207, "And told, as gently as could be."

Ll. 1227, 1228 were added in 1827.

L. 1229, "there were who cried" (1827); previously "the people cried."

L. 1232, "Through force" (1837); previously "For sake."

Ll. 1233-1238 (1837); previously:

"He rose not in this quarrel, he
His Father and his Brothers wooed,
Both for their own and Country's good,
To rest in peace—he did divide".

L. 1247 (1820); in 1815, "To scatter gleams through."

L. 1250. After this line followed in 1815 two lines (omitted 1820):

"But most, compassion for your fate,
Lady! for your forlorn estate,"

Ll. 1251 1252 (1837); in 1815:

"Me did these move, and I made bold,
And entrance gained" etc.

In 1820-32:

"And, in your service, I made bold—
And entrance gained" etc.

L. 1258 (1837); previously three lines:

"But I will end what is begun;
'Tis matter which I do not fear
To entrust to any living ear."

L. 1274, "To see her" (1820); "Had seen her" (1815).
L. 1279, "Fit" (1837); previously "Glad."
L. 1289, "prove" (1837); previously "be."
L. 1302, "noble" (1837); previously "beauteous."
Ll. 1310, 1311 (1837); previously:

"Then Francis answered fervently,
'If God so will, the same shall be.'"

L. 1312, "The pledge obtained, the" (1837); previously "Immediately, this."
Ll. 1323-1326 (1837); previously:

"The Banner which a Soldier bore,
One marshalled thus with base intent
That he in scorn might go before,
And, holding up this monument,"

L. 1334, "stood" (1837); previously "were."
L. 1341, 1342 (1837); previously "This insult"; and "That moment from among the tide."
L. 1345, "instantly" (1837); previously "unobserved."
L. 1351, "comfort" (1820); in 1815, "encourage."
L. 1354-1357 (1837); previously:

"'Yet, yet in this affliction,' said
The old Man to the silent Maid,
'Yet, Lady! heaven is good—the night
Shews yet a Star which is most bright;"

Ll. 1364-1366 (1837); previously:

"Why comes not Francis?—Joyful chear
In that parental gratulation,

And glow of righteous indignation,
Went with him from the doleful City:—
He fled—yet in his flight could hear
The death-sound of the Minster-bell;"

L. 1374 (1837); previously "With motion fleet as winged ['as a winged' 1832] Dove."

L. 1376, "Of speediest wing" (1837); previously "An Angel-guest."

Ll. 1378, 1379. Between these lines occurred in edd. 1815-32 the following:

"The Banner-staff was in his hand
The Imagery concealed from sight,
And cross the expanse, in open flight,"

Ll. 1381, 1382 (1832); in 1815-20.

"The sorrow of the Villages;
From the triumphant cruelties".

The second of these lines assumed its present form in 1827; the first in 1832.

Ll. 1385-1388 (1827); previously:

"Unchecked he journies—under law
Of inward occupation strong;"

L. 1407 (1837): previously three lines:

"Within himself, and found no rest;
Calm liberty he could not gain;
And yet the service was unblest."

Ll. 1410, 1411 (1820); in 1815:

"Raised self-suspicion which was strong,
Swaying the brave Man to his wrong:"

Ll. 1414-1431 (1837); previously:

"Its will intelligibly shewn,
Finds he the Banner in his hand,
Without a thought to such intent,
Or conscious effort of his own?
And no obstruction to prevent
His Father's wish and last command!
And, thus beset, he heaved a sigh;
Remembering his own prophecy
Of utter desolation made
To Emily in the yew-tree shade:

He sighed, submitting to the power,
The might of that prophetic hour."

Ll. 1439, 1440 (1837); previously:

"Pursued;—and, on the second day,
He reached a summit", etc.

Ll. 1451, 1452 (1837); previously:

"How Francis had the Banner claimed,
And with that charge had disappeared;"

L. 1465, "They cried" (1837); previously "Behold."
Ll. 1472, 1473 (1837); previously:

"It weakens me, my heart hath bled
Till it is weak—but you beware,"

L. 1478, "That" (1837); previously "Which."
L. 1480, "warlike" (1820); "a Warrior's" (1815).
Ll. 1483-1519. This passage stands now as recast in ed. 1837, except ll. 1496-1498, which date from 1845; the 1837 form of these three lines was as follows:

"Had tinged with searching overflow,
More deeply tinged the embroidered show
Of His whose side was pierced upon the Rood!"

The entire passage previous to ed. 1837 stood thus:

"A spear,—and with his eyes he watched
Their motions, turning round and round:—
His weaker hand the Banner held;
And straight by savage zeal impelled
Forth rushed a Pikeman, as if he,
Not without harsh indignity,
Would seize the same:—instinctively—
To smite the Offender—with his lance
Did Francis from the brake advance;
But, from behind, a treacherous wound
Unfeeling, brought him to the ground,
A mortal stroke: oh, grief to tell!
Thus, thus, the noble Francis fell:
There did he lie of breath forsaken;
The Banner from his grasp was taken,
And borne exultingly away;
And the Body was left on the ground where it lay.

Two days, as many nights, he slept
Alone, unnoticed, and unwept;
For at that time distress and fear
Possessed the Country far and near;
The third day, One, who chanced to pass,
Beheld him stretched upon the grass.
A gentle Forester was he,
And of the Norton Tenantry;
And he had heard that by a Train
Of Horsemen Francis had been slain.
Much was he troubled—for the Man
Hath recognized his pallid face;
And to the nearest Huts he ran,
And called the People to the place.
—How desolate is Rylstone-hall!
Such was the instant thought of all;
And if the lonely Lady there
Should be, this sight she cannot bear!
Such thought the Forester express'd
And all were swayed, and deemed it best
That, if the Priest should yield assent
And join himself to their intent,"

Ll. 1533, 1534 (1837 with "sung" altered, 184: "sing"); previously:

"In decency and humble chear;
And psalms are sung with holy sound."

L. 1551. The motto, from the "Address to Kilcl Castle," prefixed to Canto vii. first appears in ed. 183

L. 1564, "low" (1820); "deep" (1815). For cau change see next note.

L. 1567, "deep" (1820); "calm" (1815).

L. 1570 (1845); previously "The walks and] neglect hath sown."

L. 1580, "Appears" (1837); previously "There is

L. 1584, 1585. Between these two lines appeai edd. 1815-32 a line (omitted 1837), "There seated, this Maid be seen,"

L. 1642 (1837); previously "For, of that band of r ing Deer."

L. 1644, "her" (1837); "its" (1815-27); "his" (1ŧ

Ll. 1652, 1653 (1837); previously three lines:

"Stopped once again;—but, as no trace
Was found of any thing to fear,
Even to her feet the Creature came,"

L. 1666, "chosen" (1837); previously "choicest."

L. 1668 (1837); previously "For both a bounteous, fruitful meeting."

Ll. 1678, 1679 (1837); previously one line "And take this gift of Heaven with grace?"

L. 1685, "her" (1837); previously "this."

L. 1695, "stood" (1837); previously "was."

L. 1698 (1837); previously "Did she behold—saw once again;"

Ll. 1702, 1703 (1837); previously:

> "So doth the Sufferer deem it good
> Even once again this neighbourhood".

L. 1724, "wreathed" (1827); previously "writhed."

L. 1741, "White as whitest" (1827); previously "White as the whitest." In l. 1742, edd. 1827-32, read "an azure sky"; edd. 1837-49 revert to the reading of 1815.

Ll. 1745-1748 (1837); previously the couplets appeared in the reverse order.

L. 1753, "ranging" (1837); previously "wandering."

L. 1758, "and grateful" (1845); previously "delicious."

Ll. 1779-1782 (1837); previously "doth she climb," "looks", "measures", "The Feeble hath subdued."

L. 1789 (1837); previously "This single Creature that disproves."

L. 1805-1810 (1837); previously:

> "So beautiful the spotless Thrall,
> (A lovely Youngling white as foam,)
> That it was brought to Rylstone-hall;
> Her youngest Brother led it home,
> The youngest, then a lusty Boy,
> Brought home the prize—and with what joy!"

L. 1815, "Nor feared she" (1827); previously "Nor did she fear."

Ll. 1819, 1820 (1837); previously:

> ". . . . there oft and long
> She sate in meditation strong:"

L. 1826, "its" (1820); "her" (1815).

L. 1832, "sing" (1837); previously "frame."—Ed.

Ecclesiastical Sonnets (*page* 61).

During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much-beloved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season,—our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene; and such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader was the result.

When this work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my friend, Mr. Southey, had been engaged with similar views in writing a concise History of the Church *in* England. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my friend will participate.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT,
January 24, 1822.

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets: but the Reader, it is to be hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only—its difficulty.—W. W.

My purpose in writing this Series was, as much as possible, to confine my view to the introduction, progress, and operation of the Church in England, both previous and subsequent to the Reformation. The Sonnets were written long before ecclesiastical history and points of doctrine had excited the interest with which they have been recently enquired into and discussed. The former particular is mentioned as an excuse for my having fallen

into error in respect to an incident which had been selected as setting forth the height to which the power of the Popedom over temporal sovereignty had attained, and the arrogance with which it was displayed. I allude to the last Sonnet but one in the first series, where Pope Alexander the third at Venice is described as setting his foot on the neck of the Emperor Barbarossa. Though this is related as a fact in history, I am told it is a mere legend of no authority. Substitute for it an undeniable truth not less fitted for my purpose, namely, the penance inflicted by Gregory the Seventh upon the Emperor Henry the Fourth.

Before I conclude my notice of these Sonnets, let me observe that the opinion I pronounced in favour of Laud (long before the Oxford Tract movement) and which had brought censure upon me from several quarters, is not in the least changed. Omitting here to examine into his conduct in respect to the persecuting spirit with which he has been charged, I am persuaded that most of his aims to restore ritual practices which had been abandoned were good and wise, whatever errors he might commit in the manner he sometimes attempted to enforce them. I further believe that, had not he, and others who shared his opinions and felt as he did, stood up in opposition to the reformers of that period, it is questionable whether the Church would ever have recovered its lost ground and become the blessing it now is, and will, I trust, become in a still greater degree, both to those of its communion and to those who unfortunately are separated from it.—I. F.

The "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" were written in the main in 1821, and were published with the title "Ecclesiastical Sketches," 1822. In 1837 the name "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" was adopted. Probably the first sonnets written were XXXIX., XL., XLI. of the third series—suggested in Dec., 1820, by Sir G. Beaumont's design of building a new church on his property at Coleorton. The total number of sonnets as originally published was 102; to these 11 were added in 1827; 1 in 1832; 3 in 1835; 1 in 1837; 3 in 1842; 11 in 1845; increasing the total number to 132. The sonnets on "Aspects of Christianity in America" were suggested by Henry Reed, of Philadelphia, and Bishop Doane; and some of the later subjects taken from offices of the Liturgy were suggested by Henry Reed. See notes on the individual sonnets.

The motto (page 61) from George Herbert was added in 1827.—Ed.

Introduction (*page* 61).

L. 1 (1827); in 1822, "I, who descended with glad step to chase."

Ll. 3, 4 (1827); in 1822:

> "And of my wild Companion dared to sing,
> In verse that moved with strictly-measured pace."

L. 7, "proudly" (1827); "fiercely" (1822).

L. 8 (1827); in 1822, "In victory found her natural resting-place."

L. 13, "And" (1837); "Where" (1822).—Ed.

Conjectures (*page* 62).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

"*Did Holy Paul,*" *etc.* (*page* 62).

Stillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favourite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church at Glastonbury; alluded to hereafter, in a passage upon the dissolution of monasteries.—W. W.

Trepidation of the Druids (*page* 62).

L. 6, "ages" (1827); "seasons" (1822).—Ed.

Druidical Excommunication (*page* 63).

Ll. 12, 13 (1827); in 1822:

> "And yon thick woods maintain the primal truth,
> Debased by many a superstitious form."—Ed.

Uncertainty (*page* 63).

L. 5 (1827); in 1822, "Of silently departed ages crossed."

L. 9, "name" (1843); previously "fame," rhyming with "fame," l. 11. Query—an oversight or misprint?—Ed.

Persecution (*page* 64).

L. 7 (1838); in 1822, "Some pierced beneath the unavailing shield"; in 1827 "ineffectual" replaced "unavailing."—Ed.

"That Hill, whose flowery platform," etc. (*page* 64).

This hill at St. Alban's must have been an object of great interest to the imagination of the venerable Bede, who thus describes it, with a delicate feeling, delightful to meet with in that rude age, traces of which are frequent in his works:—"Variis herbarum floribus depictus imò usquequaque vestitus, in quo nihil repentè arduum, nihil præceps, nihil abruptum, quem lateribus longè latèque deductum in modum æquoris natura complanat, dignum videlicet eum pro insitâ sibi specie venustatis jam olim reddens, qui beati martyris cruore dicaretur."—W. W.

Recovery; Temptations from Roman Refinement (*page* 65).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

Dissensions (*page* 66).

L. 5 (1827); in 1822, "Lifting towards," etc.—Ed.

Struggle of the Britons (*page* 66).

Ll. 3, 4 (1837); previously:

"The spirit of Caractacus defends
The Patriots, animates their glorious task;—"—Ed.

Saxon Conquest (*page* 67).

L. 11, "Who, as the fields" (1827); "Intent, as fields," 1822. In l. 12, "Will build" (1827); in 1822, "To build."

Ll. 13, 14 (1827); in 1822:

"Witness the foss, the barrow, and the girth
Of many a long-drawn rampart, green and bare."—Ed.

*"Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid
Of hallelujahs"* (*page* 67).

Alluding to the victory gained under Germanus.—See Bede.—W. W.

*"By men yet scarcely conscious of a care
For other monuments than those of earth;"* (*page* 67).

The last six lines of this Sonnet are chiefly from the prose of Daniel; and here I will state (though to the

Readers whom this Poem will chiefly interest it is unnecessary) that my obligations to other prose writers are frequent,—obligations which, even if I had not a pleasure in courting, it would have been presumptuous to shun, in treating an historical subject. I must, however, particularise Fuller, to whom I am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicliffe and in other instances. And upon the acquittal of the Seven Bishops I have done little more than versify a lively description of that event in the MS. Memoirs of the first Lord Lonsdale.—W. W.

Sonnet XII. (*page* 68).

"Ethelforth reached the convent of Bangor, he perceived the Monks, twelve hundred in number, offering prayers for the success of their countrymen: 'if they are praying against us,' he exclaimed, 'they are fighting against us;' and he ordered them to be first attacked: they were destroyed; and, appalled by their fate, the courage of Brocmail wavered, and he fled from the field in dismay. Thus abandoned by their leader, his army soon gave way, and Ethelforth obtained a decisive conquest. Ancient Bangor itself soon fell into his hands, and was demolished; the noble monastery was levelled to the ground; its library, which is mentioned as a large one, the collection of ages, the repository of the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons, was consumed; half ruined walls, gates, and rubbish were all that remained of the magnificent edifice."—See Turner's valuable history of the Anglo-Saxons.

Taliesin was present at the battle which preceded this desolation.

The account Bede gives of this remarkable event, suggests a most striking warning against National and Religious prejudices.—W. W.

L. 10, "vanish like a dream" (1827); "pass away like steam" (1822).—Ed.

Casual Incitement (*page* 68).

L. 4, "immortal City" (1827); "glorious City" (1822).

L. 6 (1837); previously "His wing who seemeth lovelier in Heaven's eye."—Ed.

Glad Tidings (*page* 69).

Ed. 1838 (only) has "holy prayer" in l. 8; and ll. 9, 10 are:

"Rich conquest over minds which they would free
Awaits their coming:—the tempestuous sea."—Ed.

Sonnet XV. (*page* 69).

The person of Paulinus is thus described by Bede, from the memory of an eye-witness:—"Longæ staturæ, paululum incurvus, nigro capillo, facie macilentâ, naso adunco, pertenui, venerabilis simul et terribilis aspectu." —W. W.

L. 10 (1832); previously "Towards the Truths;" —Ed.

"*Man's life is like a Sparrow*," (*page* 70).

See the original of this speech in Bede.—The Conversion of Edwin, as related by him, is highly interesting—and the breaking up of this Council accompanied with an event so striking and characteristic, that I am tempted to give it at length in a translation. "'Who,' exclaimed the King, when the Council was ended, 'shall first desecrate the altars and the temples?' 'I,' answered the Chief Priest; 'for who more fit than myself, through the wisdom which the true God hath given me, to destroy, for the good example of others, what in foolishness I worshipped?' Immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the King to grant him what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a courser (equum emissarium); which mounting, and furnished with a sword and lance, he proceeded to destroy the Idols. The crowd, seeing this, thought him mad—he, however, halted not, but, approaching, he profaned the temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand, and, exulting in acknowledgment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the temple, with all its enclosures. The place is shown where those Idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, and is at this day called Gormund Gaham, ubi pontifex ille, inspirante Deo vero, polluit ac destruxit eas, *quas ipse sacraverat aras*." The last expression is a pleasing proof that the venerable monk of Wearmouth was familiar with the poetry of Virgil.—W. W.

Ll. 2-4 (1837); previously:

"That, stealing in while by the fire you sit
Housed with rejoicing Friends, is seen to flit
Safe from the storm, in comfort tarrying."—Ed.

Conversion (*page* 71).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

——"*such the inviting voice*
Heard near fresh streams;" (*page* 71).

The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near rivers, for the convenience of baptism. —W. W.

Apology (*page* 71).

L. 6 (1827); in 1822, "Then let the *good* be free to breathe a note."

L. 9 (1837); previously "Outshining nightly tapers, or the blaze."—Ed.

Sonnet XIX. (*page* 72).

Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds:—"Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis habitus, ita ut ubicunque clericus aliquis, aut monachus adveniret, gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere pergens inveniretur, accurrebant, et flexâ cervice, vel manu signari, vel ore illius se benedici, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortatoriis diligenter auditum præbebant." Lib. iii. cap. 26.—W. W.

Text unchanged.—Ed.

Other Influences (*page* 72).

L. 1, "Body" (1837); previously "Frame."

L. 9, "Souls" (1832); previously "those."—Ed.

Seclusion (*page* 73).

L. 13 (1837); previously "Yet, while they stran[illegible]g without mercy, bring."—Ed.

Continued (*page* 73).

L. 7, "sylvan" (1837); previously "forest."

L. 9, "Would elevate" (1827); "Perchance would throng" (1822).—Ed.

Reproof (*page* 74).

L. 4 (1827); in 1822, "The hovering Shade of venerable Bede."

L. 7, "thou heard'st" (1827); in 1822, "he heard."—Ed.

Saxon Monasteries (*page* 75).

L. 7 (1832); previously "And peace, and equity.—Bold faith! yet rise."

L. 8 (1827); in 1822, "The sacred Towers for universal gains."—Ed.

"*The people work like congregated bees*" (*page* 75).

See, in Turner's History, vol. iii. p. 528, the account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery. Penances were removable by the performance of acts of charity and benevolence.—W. W.

Missions and Travels (*page* 75).

L. 11 (1827); in 1822, "Nor leaves her speech wherewith to clothe a sigh."

L. 13, "but" (1827); "while" (1822).—Ed.

Alfred (*page* 76).

Ll. 13, 14 (1827); in 1822:

"And Christian India gifts with Alfred shares
By sacred converse link'd with India's clime."—Ed.

——"*pain narrows not his cares*" (*page* 76).

Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies.—W. W.

His Descendants (*page* 76).

Ll. 1-4 (1837); previously:

"Can aught survive to linger in the veins
Of kindred bodies—an essential power

That may not vanish in one fatal hour,
And wholly cast away terrestrial chains?"

L. 5, "covet" (1832); previously "covets."

Ll. 9, 10 (1827); in 1822, "thrive" at end of (? misprint); l. 10, "With the fierce storm; meanwh —Ed.

Influence abused (*page* 77).

In l. 12 ed. 1838 has "swoln with pride."

L. 13 (1837); previously "In shows of virtue pu to its extremes."—Ed.

"*Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey!*" (*page*

The violent measures carried on under the influenc *Dunstan*, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, we leading cause of the second series of Danish invasion See Turner.—W. W.

L. 2, "checking arms" (1837); previously "check arms."

L. 4 (1837); previously "And widely spreads more a Pagan sway."—Ed.

Canute (*page* 78).

L. 6, "listens" (1827); "listen'd" (1822). L. 9, ' (1827); "was" (1822).

L. 11, "accordant Rhyme" (1827); "memorial Rhy (1822).—Ed.

The Norman Conquest (*page* 79).

L. 3 (1827); in 1822, "Hark! 'tis the Curfew's k the stars may shine;"

L. 14 (1837); previously "Brings to Religion no jurious change."—Ed.

"*Coldly we spake*" (*page* 79).

First published 1837. Text unchanged, except tha 1838 reads "who" for "that" in l. 6.—Ed.

The Council of Clermont (*page* 80).

In l. 10, l. 12, l. 14, "astounds", "rebounds", ' sounds" in 1827 replace the past tenses of the same ve

L. 13, "And in awe-stricken Countries" (1827); in 1822, "Sacred resolve, in countries."

L. 14, "that voice," 1837-49; in 1822, "that night"; in 1827-1832, "the voice."—ED.

Crusades (*page* 80).

Text unchanged.—ED.

Richard I. (*page* 81).

L. 6, "love-vows" (1827); "Love's vows" (1822).

Ll. 13, 14 (1837); previously "Of those enthusiast powers a constant Friend, Through giddier," etc.—ED.

An Interdict (*page* 81).

L. 9, "smiles" (1838 and 1845-49); "smile" (1822 to 1843, except ed. 1838).—ED.

Papal Abuses (*page* 82).

Text unchanged.—ED.

Scene in Venice (*page* 82).

See Fenwick note on the series. Text unchanged. —ED.

Papal Dominion (*page* 83).

Text unchanged.—ED.

"*How soon*" and "*From false assumption*" (*page* 84).

First published 1845; text unchanged.—ED.

"*Here Man more purely lives,*" *etc.* (*page* 85).

"Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmiatur copiosius."—Bernard. "This sentence," says Dr. Whitaker, "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistertian houses."—W. W.

L. 2, "stricter" (1837); previously "nicer."

In l. 9 ed. 1822 has "desire," probably a misprint. —ED.

"*Deplorable his lot*" (*page* 85).

First published in "Yarrow Revisited," etc., 1835, with XII. and XIII., having this note prefixed: "The three following Sonnets are an intended addition to the 'Ecclesiastical Sketches;' the first to stand second; and the two that succeed, seventh and eighth, in the second part of the series.—See the Author's Poems. They are placed here as having some connexion with the foregoing Poem" (*i.e.*, "St. Bees"). Text unchanged.—ED.

Monks and Schoolmen (*page* 86).

Ed. 1838 reads "earnest" in l. 6 for the "fervent" of other edd.—ED.

Other Benefits (*page* 86).

L. 5, "humbler" (1837); previously "humble."
L. 12, "perilous" (1827); "doubtful" (1822).—ED.

Continued (*page* 87).

Text unchanged.—ED.

Crusaders (*page* 87).

Ll. 1-3 (1845); previously:

"Nor can Imagination quit the shores
Of these bright scenes without a farewell glance
Given to those ['the' 1837] dream-like Issues—that ['the' 1837] Romance."

L. 4, "that" (1837); previously "which."
L. 13, "Brave, and Good" (1837); previously "Good, and Brave."—ED.

"*As faith*" and "*Where long and deeply*" (*pages* 88, 89).

Written 1842; first published 1845. Text unchanged. Wordsworth wrote to Professor Reed, Sept. 4, 1842: "To the second part of the same series, I have also added two, in order to do more justice to the Papal Church for the services which she did actually render to Christianity in the Middle Ages."—ED.

Transubstantiation (*page* 89).

L. 9, "brooks" (1837); previously "brook'd." L. 12, "are" (1837); previously "were."—ED.

The Vaudois (*page* 90).

First published 1835. See note on Sonnet IV., Part II. of this series. Text unchanged.—Ed.

"*Praised be the Rivers*" (*page* 90).

First published 1835. See note on Sonnet IV., Part II. of this series.

Ll. 5-10 (1837); in 1835:

"Nor be unthanked their tardiest lingerings
'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes drear,
Their own creation, till their long career
End in the sea engulphed. Such welcomings
As came from mighty Po when Venice rose,
Greeted those simple Heirs of truth divine".

L. 12, "came" (1837); "were" (1835).

L. 14, "were" (1838-49); previously "are."—Ed.

Waldenses (*page* 91).

L. 1, "Those had given" (1845); "These who gave" (1822); "These had given" (1838).

L. 3, "Or" (1838); previously "Who."

L. 6, (1845); in 1822, "These Harbingers of good, whom bitter hate;" in 1838, "At length came those Waldensian bands whom Hate."

L. 7, "endeavours" (1838-49); previously "endeavoured."

L. 8, "Whom" (1843); previously "Fell."

L. 9 (1827); in 1822, "Meanwhile the unextinguishable fire."—Ed.

"*Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark:*" (*page* 91).

The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious:—and, as is, alas! too natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them Patarenians, or Paturins, from *pati*, to suffer.

"Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the pine
And green oak are their covert; as the gloom
Of night oft foils their enemy's design,
She calls them Riders on the flying broom;
Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have become
One and the same through practices malign."—W. W.

Archbishop Chichely to Henry V. (*page* 91).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

Wars of York and Lancaster (*page* 92).

Ll. 7, 8 (1827); in 1822:

> "But mark the dire effect in coming years!
> Deep, deep as hell itself, the future draught'.

L. 13, "this" (1827); "that" (1822).—Ed.

Wicliffe (*page* 93).

Text unchanged. For his obligation to Fuller see Wordsworth's note on Part I., Sonnet XI.—Ed.

Corruptions of the Higher Clergy (*page* 93).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

Abuse of Monastic Power (*page* 94).

Ll. 8, 9 (1827); in 1822:

> "Scorning their wants because her arm is strong?
> Inversion strange! that to a Monk, who lives".

Ll. 12, 13 (1827, except the word "both" added in 1845); in 1822:

> "And hath allotted, in the world's esteem,
> To such a higher station than to him".—Ed.

Monastic Voluptuousness (*page* 94).

Ll. 9-11 (1832); previously:

> . . . . "In every brain
> Spreads the dominion of the sprightly juice,
> Through the wide world to madding Fancy dear."

See Wordsworth's note on next sonnet.—Ed.

Dissolution of the Monasteries (*page* 95).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

"*And the green lizard and the gilded newt*
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age" (*page* 95).

These two lines are adopted from a MS., written about the year 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession. The close of the preceding Sonnet on monastic voluptuousness is taken from the same source, as is the verse, "Where Venus sits," etc., and the line, "Once ye were holy, ye are holy still," in a subsequent Sonnet.—W. W.

The Same Subject (*page* 95).

L. 5, "a cheek" (1837); previously "her cheek."
L. 7, "Convent's" (1837); previously "Convent."—Ed.

Continued (*page* 96).

Ll. 1, 2 (1838); previously:

"Yet some, Noviciates of the cloistral shade,
Or chained by vows, with undissembled glee."—Ed.

Saints; The Virgin; Apology (*pages* 97, 98).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

Imaginative Regrets (*page* 98).

L. 13, "spectral" (1837); previously "phantom."—Ed.

Reflections (*page* 99).

L. 5 (1827); in 1822, "With farewell sighs of mollified disdain."—Ed.

Translation of the Bible (*page* 99).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

The Point at Issue (*page* 100).

First published 1827. Ll. 2, 3 (1832); in 1827:

"Than that pure Faith dissolve the bonds of Sense;
The Soul restored to God by evidence".

L. 6, "For" (1832); in 1827, "*That.*" Same change and same date in l. 9.—Ed.

Edward VI. (*page* 100).

L. 2 (1845); in 1822, "Time-honoured Chaucer when he framed the ['that' 1837] lay." The words quoted are not Chaucer's, but an addition of Wordsworth's own in his modernisation of the "Prioress' Tale."—Ed.

Edward signing the Warrant (*page* 101).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

Revival of Popery (*page* 102).

First published 1827. L. 1 (1832); in 1827, "Melts into silent shades the Youth, discrowned."

L. 4 (1832); in 1827, "They cast, they cast with joy upon the ground."—Ed.

Latimer and Ridley (*page* 102).

First published 1827; text unchanged.—Ed.

"*One* (*like those prophets whom God sent of old*) *Transfigured*," *etc.* (*page* 102).

"M. Latimer suffered his keeper very quietly to pull off his hose, and his other array, which to looke unto was very simple: and being stripped into his shrowd, he seemed as comely a person to them that were present, as one should lightly see: and whereas in his clothes hee appeared a withered and crooked sillie (weak) olde man, he now stood bold upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold. . . . . Then they brought a faggotte, kindled with fire, and laid the same downe at doctor Ridley's feete. To whome M. Latimer spake in this manner, 'Bee of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man: wee shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never bee put out.'"—Fox's *Acts, etc.*

Similar alterations in the outward figure and deportment of persons brought to like trial were not uncommon. See note to the above passage in Dr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography," for an example in an humble Welsh fisherman.—W. W.

Cranmer (*page* 103).

L. 1, "upbraided hand" (1827); in 1822, "upbraiding hand."

L. 7, (1837); previously "To the bare head, the victory complete."

L. 9, "Answers" (1837); previously "Answering."

L. 11-14 (1827); in 1822:

"Now wrapt in flames—and now in smoke embowered—
'Till self-reproach and panting aspirations
Are, with the heart that held them, all devoured;
The Spirit set free, and crown'd with joyful acclamations!"—Ed.

General View (*page* 103).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

English Reformers in Exile (*page* 104).

L. 9 (1827); in 1822, "With prurient speculations rashly sown."—Ed.

Elizabeth (*page* 105).

L. 9 (1827); in 1822, "Meanwhile by prudence ruled,".

Ll. 12-14 (1845); previously:

"For, wheresoe'er she moves, the clouds anon
Disperse; or—under a Divine constraint—
Reflect some portion of her glorious light!"—Ed.

Eminent Reformers (*page* 105).

L. 7, "can" (1827); "could" (1822).—Ed.

"*The gift exalting, and with playful smile:*" (*page* 105).

"On foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker sit at his own table; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends; and at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him, and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, 'Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and I thank God with much ease,' and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts

of Germany; and he said, 'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me, at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God bless you, good Richard.'"—See WALTON'S *Life of Richard Hooker.*—W. W.

The Same (*page* 106).

L. 1, "are" (1827); "were" (1822). L. 3, "do" (1827); "did" (1822). L. 4, "Church reformed" (1845); previously "new-born Church." L. 5, "may" (1827); "might" (1822). L. 10 (1827); in 1822, "In polity and discipline they sought."

"New-born Church" offended some readers who held that the Reformation was a Restoration of the Church. Wordsworth substituted "reformed," but, as he says ("Memoirs," ii. 113), without liking it—"if taken in its literal sense, as a *transformation*, it is very objectionable." See next sonnet, l. 13.—ED.

Distractions (*page* 106).

L. 13, "Totters the Throne" (1827); "The Throne is plagued" (1822).—ED.

———" *craftily incites*
The overweening, personates the mad" (*page* 107).

A common device in religious and political conflicts.—See Strype in support of this instance.—W. W.

Gunpowder Plot (*page* 107).

Text unchanged.—ED.

Illustration (*page* 108).

Printed in both "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent of 1820" and "Ecclesiastical Sketches" (both published in 1822). In the "Memorials" l. 11 reads, "with which he tries."—ED.

Troubles of Charles I. (*page* 108).

L. 1 (1832); in 1822, "Such contrast, in whatever track we move,"; in 1827, "Such is the contrast, which, where'er we move,".—Ed.

Laud (*page* 109).

In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, "that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period." A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers:—"Ever since I came in place, I have laboured nothing more than the external publick worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, *had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour.*"—W. W.

See Fenwick note on the series. L. 1 (1827); in 1822, "Pursued by Hate, debarred from friendly care." L. 3, "Laud" (1827); "Long" (1822). Ll. 6, 7 (1827); in 1822, "Laud relied Upon the strength which Innocence supplied,". L. 8, "breathes" (1827); "breathed" (1822). —Ed.

Afflictions of England (*page* 109).

L. 10, "Weep with the good" (1827); "As good men wept" (1822).—Ed.

Ecclesiastical Sonnets, Part III. (*page* 110).

When I came to this part of the series I had the dream described in this Sonnet. The figure was that of my daughter, and the whole passed exactly as here represented. The Sonnet was composed on the middle road leading from Grasmere to Ambleside: it was begun as I left the last house of the vale, and finished, word for word

as it now stands, before I came in view of Rydal. I wish I could say the same of the five or six hundred I have written: most of them were frequently retouched in the course of composition, and, not a few, laboriously.

I have only further to observe that the intended Church which prompted these Sonnets was erected on Coleorton Moor towards the centre of a very populous parish between three and four miles from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, on the road to Loughborough, and has proved, I believe, a great benefit to the neighbourhood.—I. F.

"*I saw the figure*" (*page* 110).

L. 5 (1837); previously "Substance she seem'd (and *that* my heart betrayed".—Ed.

Patriotic Sympathies (*page* 111).

L. 1, "that" (1845); previously "this." L. 2 (1837, with "that" for "which", this last dating from 1845); previously "Fear to my Spirit—passion that might seem." L. 3, "Wholly" (1827); "To lie" (1822). L. 4 (1832); previously "Yet do I love my country—and partake." Ll. 5, 6 (1832); previously "for her sake; She visits oftentimes my midnight dreams." L. 7, "Thy" (1832); previously "Her"; so again in l. 9; and in l. 12, "thou" (1832); previously "she."—Ed.

Charles II. (*page* 111).

Ll. 10-12 (1837); previously:

"Already stands our Country on the brink
Of bigot rage, that all distinction levels
Of truth and falsehood, swallowing the good name."—Ed.

Latitudinarianism (*page* 112).

Text unchanged. L. 8—from "Paradise Lost"—occurs in "The Prelude," bk. iii., where Milton is spoken of.—Ed.

Walton's Book of Lives (*page* 112).

Ll. 10-12 (1827); in 1822:

"Apart—like glow-worms in the woods of spring,
Or lonely tapers shooting far a light
That guides and cheers,".—Ed.

Clerical Integrity (*page* 113).

L. 5, "tempests" (1837); previously "tempest."—Ed.

Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters (*page* 113).

First published 1827. Text unchanged.—Ed.

Acquittal of the Bishops (*page* 114).

L. 1, "long-expecting" (1827); "long-expectant" (1822).
L. 10, "speech" (1827); "voice" (1822).—Ed.

William III. (*page* 115).

L. 5 (1845); previously "(By constant impulse of religious awe".
L. 11, "stedfast" (1845); previously "righteous."—Ed.

Obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty (*page* 115).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

Sacheverel (*page* 116).

First published 1827. L. 7 (1832); in 1827, "Mingling their Light with graver flatteries."—Ed.

"*Down a swift Stream*" (*page* 116).

First published 1827. L. 14 (1845); previously "Features that else had vanished like a dream."—Ed.

Aspects of Christianity in America, I., II., III. (*pages* 117, 118).

Written 1842; first published 1842 in "Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years." Text unchanged. In a letter of March 1, 1842, to Henry Reed, Wordsworth writes:—"I have sent you three sonnets upon certain 'Aspects of Christianity in America,' having, as you will see, a reference to the subject upon which you wished me write. I wish they had been more worthy of the subject; I hope, however, you will not disapprove of the connection which I have thought myself warranted in tracing between the Puritan fugitives and Episcopacy."—Ed.

The Pilgrim Fathers (*page* 117).

American episcopacy, in union with the church in Eng land, strictly belongs to the general subject; and I her make my acknowledgments to my American friend: Bishop Doane, and Mr. Henry Reed of Philadelphia, fo having suggested to me the propriety of adverting to i and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities o Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the grea work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated a Lambeth, Feb. 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore; and befor his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been cor secrated in America, by himself. For his character an opinions, see his own numerous Works, and a "Sermo in commemoration of him, by George Washington Doan Bishop of New Jersey."—W. W.

Bishops and Priests (*page* 118).

First published 1845; text unchanged.—Ed.

Places of Worship and *Pastoral Character* (*pages* 119, 120

Text unchanged.—Ed.

"*A genial hearth——*
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion" (*page* 120).

Among the benefits arising, as Mr. Coleridge has we observed, from a Church establishment of endowmen corresponding with the wealth of the country to which belongs, may be reckoned as eminently important, th examples of civility and refinement which the clerg stationed at intervals, afford to the whole people. Th established clergy in many parts of England have lon been, as they continue to be, the principal bulwark again barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestere peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age Nor is it below the dignity of the subject to observe, tha their taste, as acting upon rural residences and scener often furnishes models which country gentlemen, who ar more at liberty to follow the caprices of fashion, migh profit by. The precincts of an old residence must be treated by ecclesiastics with respect, both from prudence and necessity. I remember being much pleased, some years ago, at Rose Castle, the rural seat of the See of

Carlisle, with a style of garden and architecture, which, if the place had belonged to a wealthy layman, would no doubt have been swept away. A parsonage-house generally stands not far from the church; this proximity imposes favourable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommodations and elegancies of life with the outward signs of piety and mortality. With pleasure I recall to mind a happy instance of this in the residence of an old and much-valued friend in Oxfordshire. The house and church stand parallel to each other, at a small distance; a circular lawn or rather grass-plot, spreads between them; shrubs and trees curve from each side of the dwelling, veiling, but not hiding, the church. From the front of this dwelling, no part of the burial-ground is seen; but as you wind by the side of the shrubs towards the steeple-end of the church, the eye catches a single, small, low, monumental headstone, moss-grown, sinking into, and gently inclining towards the earth. Advance, and the churchyard, populous and gay with glittering tombstones, opens upon the view. This humble, and beautiful parsonage called forth a tribute, for which see the seventh of the "Miscellaneous Sonnets," Part 3. —W. W.

The Liturgy (*page* 120).

L. 4, "set career" (1837); previously "fixed career."
Ll. 9-12 (1845); previously:

"Enough for us to cast a transient glance
The circle through; relinquishing its story
For those whom Heaven hath fitted to advance,
And, harp in hand, rehearse the King of glory—".—Ed.

Baptism (*page* 121).

First published 1827. L. 1, "Dear" (1845); previously "Blest." L. 4 (1832); in 1827, "The sinful product of a bed of Weeds!"—Ed.

Sponsors (*page* 121).

First published 1832; text unchanged.—Ed.

Catechising (*page* 122).

Text unchanged. "I remember my mother only in some few situations, one of which was her pinning a nose-

gay to my breast when I was going to say the catechism in the church, as was customary before Easter."—Wordsworth in "Memoirs," i., 8.—Ed.

Confirmation (*page* 122).

First published 1827; text unchanged.—Ed.

Confirmation continued (*page* 123).

First published 1827. L. 8, "through" (1837); previously "to."—Ed.

Sacrament (*page* 123).

First published 1827. L. 3, "mysterious Sacrament" (1845); previously "memorial Sacrament!" Ll. 9, 1■ (1845); previously:

> "Here must my Song in timid reverence pause:
> But shrink not, ye,".—Ed.

Sonnets XXVI., XXVII., XXVIII., XXIX., XXX XXXI. (*pages* 124-127).

Of these sonnets—the text of which is unchanged—certainly four were written in 1842, and probably t■ others followed in the same year or a little later. Th■ were all first published in 1845. Writing to Henry Ree■ September 4, 1842, Wordsworth says:—"A few da■ ago, after a very long interval, I returned to poeti■ composition; and my first employment was to write■ couple of sonnets upon subjects recommended by you take place in the Ecclesiastical Series. They are up■ the Marriage Ceremony and the Funeral Service. I ha■ about the same time, added two others, both upon subje■ taken from the Services of our Liturgy."—Ed.

Sonnet XXXII. (*page* 127).

This is still continued in many churches in Westmor land. It takes place in the month of July, when the flo of the stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; and hence it called the "Rush-bearing."—W. W.

Ll. 1-2 (1845); in 1822:

> "With smiles each happy face was overspread,
> That trial ended. Give" . . .

In 1827:

> "Content with calmer scenes around us spread,
> And humbler objects, give" . . .

L. 3, "annual" (1827); "festal" (1822).
L. 4, "This" (1827); "That" (1822).—Ed.

Regrets (page 128).

L. 5, "Giving to" (1845); previously "Giving the." —Ed.

Mutability (page 128).

L. 2, "sink" (1843); previously "sinks." L. 12, "His" (1837); previously "Its."—Ed.

Old Abbeys (page 129).

L. 8 (1845 returning to 1822 text); in 1837-43, "And faults of others—so, where'er he may."
L. 9, "So with" (1837); previously "Towards."—Ed.

"Teaching us to forget them or forgive" (page 129).

This is borrowed from an affecting passage in Mr. George Dyer's history of Cambridge.—W. W.

Emigrant French Clergy (page 129).

First published 1827. L. 14, "fearless" (1837); previously "dreadless."—Ed.

Congratulation (page 130).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

——"Had we, like them, endured
Sore stress of apprehension" (page 130).

See Burnet, who is unusually animated on this subject; the east wind, so anxiously expected and prayed for, was called the "Protestant wind."—W. W.

New Churches (page 131).

L. 14, "vale or hill" (1837); previously "hill or vale." —Ed.

Churches to be Erected (*page* 131).

L. 11, the word "there" introduced in 1838.—Ed.

Continued (*page* 132).

L. 1, "spirit" (1827); "spirits" (1822).—Ed.

"*Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,*
Like men ashamed;" (*page* 132).

The Lutherans have retained the Cross within their churches: it is to be regretted that we have not done the same.—W. W.

New Church-yard (*page* 132).

L. 10 (1837); in 1822, "its grasp of joy and woe"; in 1832, "in grasp of weal and woe."—Ed.

Cathedrals, etc. (*page* 133).

L. 7, "eye" (1827); "eyes" (1822).—Ed.

Inside of King's College Chapel (*page* 133).

Text unchanged. One of the sonnets suggested by King's College Chapel was probably composed during Wordsworth's visit to Cambridge, Nov.-Dec., 1820. See Knight's "Life," iii. 53, 54.—Ed.

The Same (*page* 134).

Ll. 2-4 (1827); in 1822:

"Their portraiture the lateral windows hide,
Glimmers their corresponding stone-work, dyed
With the soft".—Ed.

Continued and *Ejaculation* (*page* 135).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

"*Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name*
From roseate hues," *etc.* (*page* 135).

Some say that Monte Rosa takes its name from a belt of rock at its summit—a very unpoetical and scarcely a probable supposition.—W. W.

Conclusion (*page* 136).

L. 10, "this" (1827); in 1822, "that."—Ed.

Evening Voluntaries (*page* 137).

This group first appeared in the "Yarrow Revisited" volume, 1835, and then consisted of nine pieces. Of these one, a cento from Akenside, Beattie and Thomson, was not reprinted. It will be found in an Appendix of this edition. To the group of 1835 were added eight poems, viz., IX.-XVI.—Ed.

"*Calm is the fragrant air*" (*page* 137).

Dated by Wordsworth 1832; first published 1835. Ll. 25, 26 were added 1837. Then also in l. 22 "The busy dor-hawk" replaced "Far-heard the dor-hawk," and l. 19, "joins" replaced the earlier "join."—Ed

On a high part of the Coast of Cumberland (*page* 138).

The lines were composed on the road between Moresby and Whitehaven while I was on a visit to my son, then rector of the former place. This and some other Voluntaries originated in the concluding lines of the last paragraph of this poem. With this coast I have been familiar from my earliest childhood, and remember being struck for the first time by the town and port of Whitehaven, and the white waves breaking against its quays and piers, as the whole came into view from the top of the high ground down which the road (it has since been altered) then descended abruptly. My sister, when she first heard the voice of the sea from this point, and beheld the scene spread before her, burst into tears. Our family then lived at Cockermouth, and this fact was often mentioned among us as indicating the sensibility for which she was so remarkable.—I. F.

Written 1833; first published 1835. Text unchanged. —Ed.

By the Sea-Side (*page* 139).

Dated by Wordsworth 1833; first published 1835. Text unchanged. L. 3, "Air slumbers"; in ed. 1837, Sonnet XXX. of "Miscellaneous Sonnets, Part I." opened with the words "Air sleeps", afterwards altered.—Ed.

"*Not in the lucid intervals of life*" (*page* 140).

The lines following "nor do words" were written with Lord Byron's character, as a poet, before me, and that of others, his contemporaries, who wrote under like influences. —I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1834; first published 1835. Text unchanged, except in l. 12, "dare" (1837); in 1835 "dares."—ED.

By the Side of Rydal Mere (*page* 141).

Dated by Wordsworth 1834; first published 1835. Three lines, 24-26, were added in 1837.—ED.

"*Soft as a cloud*" (*page* 143).

Dated by Wordsworth 1834; first published 1835. Text unchanged.—ED.

"*The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill*" (*page* 144).

Composed by the side of Grasmere lake. The mountains that enclose the vale, especially towards Easdale, are most favourable to the reverberation of sound. There is a passage in the "Excursion," towards the close of the fourth book, where the voice of the raven in flight is traced through the modifications it undergoes, as I have often heard it in that vale and others of this district.

"Often, at the hour
When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,
Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
One voice—the solitary raven."—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1834; first published 1835. Text unchanged, except in l. 24, "nor" (1837); in 1835, "the." —ED.

"*The Sun has long been set*" (*page* 145).

Written June 8, 1802; incorrectly dated by Wordsworth 1804; first published 1807 among "Moods of my own Mind;" excluded from subsequent edd. until the "Yarrow Revisited" volume, 1835. The friend spoken of in the Fenwick note is Dorothy Wordsworth. Her Journal of 1802 gives the date. Ll. 6, 7 (1835); in 1807:

"And a noise of wind that rushes,
With a noise of water that gushes;"—ED.

Composed upon an Evening of extraordinary Splendour and Beauty (*page* 146).

Felt and in a great measure composed upon the little mount in front of our abode at Rydal. In concluding my notices of this class of poems it may be as well to observe that among the "Miscellaneous Sonnets" are a few alluding to morning impressions which might be read with mutual benefit in connection with these "Evening Voluntaries." See, for example, that one on Westminster Bridge, that composed on a May morning, the one on the song of the Thrush, and that beginning—"While beams of orient light shoot wide and high."—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1818; first published 1820, with the title "Evening Ode, composed," etc.; classed among "Poems of the Imagination;" placed among "Evening Voluntaries" in 1837.

L. 13 (1832); previously "Or ranged like stars along some sovereign height."

L. 49, "shoulders" (1837); previously "shoulder."

L. 62, "mine eye" (1837); previously "my eye."—Ed.

"*Wings at my shoulders seem to play*" (*page* 148).

In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of "Jacob's Dream," by Mr. Alstone, now in America. It is pleasant to make this public acknowledgment to a man of genius, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends.—W. W.

Composed by the Seashore (*page* 149).

These lines were suggested during my residence under my Son's roof at Moresby, on the coast near Whitehaven, at the time when I was composing those verses among the "Evening Voluntaries" that have reference to the sea. It was in that neighbourhood I first became acquainted with the ocean and its appearances and movements. My infancy and early childhood were passed at Cockermouth, about eight miles from the coast, and I well remember that mysterious awe with which I used to listen to anything said about storms and shipwrecks. Sea-shells of many descriptions were common in the town; and I was not a little surprised when I heard that Mr. Landor had denounced me as a plagiarist from himself for having described a boy applying a sea-shell to his ear and listening to it for intimations of what was going on in its native

element. This I had done myself scores of times, and it was a belief among us that we could know from the sound whether the tide was ebbing or flowing.—I. F.

Written 1833, as indicated by the Fenwick note; first published 1845. Text unchanged.—Ed.

"The Crescent-Moon" (*page* 150).

Date uncertain; first published 1842 in "Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years." Text unchanged.—Ed.

To the Moon (*page* 150).

Dated by Wordsworth 1835; first published 1837. Text unchanged.—Ed.

To the Moon (*Rydal*) (*page* 153).

Dated by Wordsworth 1835; first published 1837. Text unchanged.—Ed.

To Lucca Giordano and *"Who but is pleased"* (*page* 155).

Written 1846; first published 1850.—Ed.

"Where lies the truth?" (*page* 156).

Written 1846; first published 1850. Suggested by the death of Wordsworth's grandson, who died at Rome early in 1846, by the illness of Wordsworth's brother, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and by that of his nephew. See letter to Professor Reed of Jan. 23, 1846, in "Memoirs," ii. 422, 423.—Ed.

Poems composed or suggested during a Tour in the Summer of 1833 (*page* 157).

My companions were H. C. Robinson and my son John. —I. F.

This group of Poems, first published in the "Yarrow Revisited" volume, 1835, was originally "Sonnets Composed," etc. Three poems which are not sonnets, XI., XXVII., XLVI., were afterwards included in the group, and one sonnet previously published, XLIII., was also included. On the other hand, one sonnet "Fancy and Tradition," was transferred from this group to the "Yarrow Revisited" series of 1831.—Ed.

"*Adieu Rydalian laurels*" (*page* 157).

Text unchanged. Some various readings from MS. are given by Professor Knight.—Ed.

"*Why should the Enthusiast*" (*page* 158).

L. 14 (1845); previously "If what is rightly reverenced may last."—Ed.

"*They called thee Merry England*" (*page* 158).

L. 14, "Shall" (1837); "May" (1835).—Ed.

To the River Greta (*page* 159).

Text unchanged. In a letter to Humphrey Davy, Oct. 9, 1800, S. T. Coleridge wrote, "Greta, or rather Grieta, is exactly the Cocytus of the Greeks; the word, literally rendered in modern English, is 'The Loud Lamenter;' to griet, in the Cumbrian dialect, signifying to roar aloud for grief or pain, and it does *roar* with a vengeance." —*Fragmentary Remains of Sir H. Davy*, 81-83.—Ed.

"*But if thou, like Cocytus,*" *etc.* (*page* 159).

Many years ago, when I was at Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, the hostess of the inn, proud of her skill in etymology, said, that "the name of the river was taken from the *bridge*, the form of which, as every one must notice, exactly resembled a great A." Dr. Whitaker has derived it from the word of common occurrence in the North of England, "*to greet;*" signifying to lament aloud, mostly with weeping: a conjecture rendered more probable from the stony and rocky channel of both the Cumberland and Yorkshire rivers. The Cumberland Greta, though it does not, among the country people, take up *that* name till within three miles of its disappearance in the River Derwent, may be considered as having its source in the mountain cove of Wythburn, and flowing through Thirlmere, the beautiful features of which lake are known only to those who, travelling between Grasmere and Keswick, have quitted the main road in the vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over to the opposite side of the lake, have proceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediately above Keswick, has, for the purposes of building, been in a great measure

cleared of the immense stones which, by their concussion in high floods, produced the loud and awful noises described in the sonnet.

"The scenery upon this river," says Mr. Southey in his "Colloquies," "where it passes under the woody side of Latrigg, is of the finest and most rememberable kind:—

——"ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque,
Occurrensque sibi venturas aspicit undas."—W. W.

To the River Derwent (*page* 159).

First published 1819 (with "The Waggoner"); from 1820 to 1832 placed among "Miscellaneous Sonnets;" placed in its present position 1835 ("Yarrow Revisited," etc.). L. 9, "wreath" (1827); in 1819 and 1820, "wreaths."—Ed.

Town of Cockermouth and *Cockermouth Castle* (*pages* 160, 161).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

Nun's Well, Brigham (*page* 161).

So named from the religious House which stood close by. I have rather an odd anecdote to relate of the Nun's Well. One day the landlady of a public-house, a field's length from the well, on the road side, said to me—"You have been to see the Nun's Well, Sir?"—"The Nun's Well! what is that?" said the Postman, who in his royal livery stopt his mail-car at the door. The landlady and I explained to him what the name meant, and what sort of people the nuns were. A countryman who was standing by, rather tipsy, stammered out—"Aye, those nuns were good people; they are gone; but we shall soon have them back again." The Reform mania was just then at its height.—I. F.

L. 11, "Votaresses" (1837); in 1835, "Votaries."—Ed.

"*By hooded votaresses,*" *etc.* (*page* 162).

Attached to the church of Brigham was formerly a chantry, which held a moiety of the manor; and in the decayed parsonage some vestiges of monastic architecture are still to be seen.—W. W.

To a Friend (*page* 162).

My son John, who was then building a parsonage on his small living at Brigham—I. F.

Text unchanged. Various readings from MS. are given by Knight. The sonnet is addressed to Wordsworth's son "in consequence of some discouraging thoughts expressed by him" when he entered on the undertaking of building a parsonage house. Wordsworth to Lady Beaumont in "Coleorton Letters," vol. ii. p. 272.—ED.

Mary Queen of Scots landing at Workington (*page* 162).

"The fears and impatience of Mary were so great," says Robertson, "that she got into a fisher-boat, and with about twenty attendants landed at Workington, in Cumberland; and thence she was conducted with many marks of respect to Carlisle." The apartment in which the Queen had slept at Workington Hall (where she was received by Sir Henry Curwen as became her rank and misfortunes) was long preserved, out of respect to her memory, as she had left it; and one cannot but regret that some necessary alterations in the mansion could not be effected without its destruction.—W. W.

I will mention for the sake of the friend who is writing down these notes, that it was among the fine Scotch firs near Ambleside, and particularly those near Green Bank, that I have over and over again paused at the sight of this image. Long may they stand to afford a like gratification to others!—This wish is not uncalled for, several of their brethren having already disappeared.—I. F.

Ll. 3, 4 (1837); in 1835—

"And to the throng how touchingly she bowed
That hailed her landing on the Cumbrian shore;"

1838 gives the present text, with "While" for "And" in l. 3.

L. 5 (1843); in 1835, "Bright as a Star (that, from a sombre cloud"); in 1838, "And like a Star (that, from a sombre cloud"). Various readings from MS. are given by Knight.—ED.

Stanzas, etc. (*page* 163).

St. Bees' Heads, anciently called the Cliff of Baruth, are a conspicuous sea-mark for all vessels sailing in the N.E. parts of the Irish Sea. In a bay, one side of which is formed by the southern headland, stands the village of

St. Bees; a place distinguished, from very early times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

"St. Bees," says Nicholson and Burns, "had its name from Bega, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said to have founded here, about the year of our Lord 650, a small monastery, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her.

"The aforesaid religious house, being destroyed by the Danes, was restored by William de Meschiens, son of Ranulph, and brother of Ranulph de Meschiens, first Earl of Cumberland after the Conquest; and made a cell of a prior and six Benedictine monks to the Abbey of St. Mary at York."

Several traditions of miracles, connected with the foundation of the first of these religious houses, survive among the people of the neighbourhood; one of which is alluded to in these Stanzas; and another, of a somewhat bolder and more peculiar character, has furnished the subject of a spirited poem by the Rev. R. Parkinson, M.A., late Divinity Lecturer of St. Bees' College, and now Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, Archbishop Grindal founded a free school at St. Bees, from which the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland have derived great benefit; and recently, under the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has been established there for the education of ministers for the English Church. The old Conventual Church has been repaired under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Ainger, the Head of the College; and is well worthy of being visited by any strangers who might be led to the neighbourhood of this celebrated spot.

The form of stanza in this Poem, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the "St. Monica," a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte Smith: a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered. She wrote little, and that little unambitiously, but with true feeling for rural nature, at a time when nature was not much regarded by English Poets; for in point of time her earlier writings preceded, I believe, those of Cowper and Burns.—W. W.

The most important change in the text was the addition in 1845 of two stanzas, ll. 118-135.

L. 30 (1845); previously "And Wisdom, that once held a Christian place."

After l. 33 occurred in ed. 1835 the two following lines, omitted 1837 :

"As high and higher heaved the billows, faith
Grew with them, mightier than the powers of death."

L. 49, "near" (1837); in 1835, "round."

In ll. 64-78 the tense of several verbs, past in 1835, was changed in 1837 to present; l. 64, "were," l. 65, "extended," l. 72, "kept," l. 73, "were," l. 77, "was," l. 78, "said."

L. 109. Two lines which opened the stanza in 1835 were omitted 1837 :

"On, Champions, on!—But mark! the passing Day
Submits her intercourse to milder sway,"

after which comes the present l. 109 in a different form :

"With high and low whose busy thoughts from far."

After l. 159 occurred in 1835 two lines omitted in 1837 :—

"Expert to move in paths that Newton trod,
From Newton's Universe would banish God."—Ed.

"*Are not, in sooth, their Requiems sacred ties*" (*page* 165).

I am aware that I am here treading upon tender ground; but to the intelligent reader I feel that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed; the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith. The ministers of religion, from their habitual attendance upon sick-beds, would be daily witnesses of these benign results, and hence would be strongly tempted to aim at giving to them permanence, by embodying them in rites and ceremonies, recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was in course of nature, so was it blameless, and even praiseworthy; since some of its effects, in that rude state of society, could not but be salutary. No reflecting person, however, can view without sorrow the abuses which rose out of thus formalising sublime instincts, and disinterested movements of passion, and perverting them into means of gratifying the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But, while we deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it would be a great

mistake if we imputed the origin of the offices to prospective selfishness on the part of the monks and clergy: *they* were at first sincere in their sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their own creed, than artful and designing men. Charity is, upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages, or of the present time.—W. W.

In the Channel (*page* 169).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

At Sea, off the Isle of Man (*page* 169).

This sonnet in 1835 (by some oversight?) appeared without the present l. 2, and so consisted of only thirteen lines. The correction was made in 1837.—Ed.

"*Desire we past illusions*" (*page* 170).

L. 12 (1837); in 1835, "Of Power, whose ministering Spirits records keep."—Ed.

On Entering Douglas Bay (*page* 170).

L. 8 (1845); previously "A Tower of refuge to the else forlorn."—Ed.

"*And they are led by noble Hillary*" (*page* 171).

The Tower of Refuge, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of Sir William Hillary; and he also was the founder of the life-boat establishment at that place; by which, under his superintendence, and often by his exertions at the imminent hazard of his own life, many seamen and passengers have been saved.—W. W.

By the Sea Shore, Isle of Man (*page* 171).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

Isle of Man (*page* 172).

My son William is here the person alluded to as saving the life of the youth, and the circumstances were as mentioned in the sonnet.—I. F.

Should "William" in the Fenwick note be "John"? It

was John Wordsworth who accompanied his father in the Tour of 1833. Ll. 4-8 (1837); in 1835:

> "Leapt from this rock, and surely, had not aid
> Been near, must soon have breathed out life, betrayed
> By fondly trusting to an element
> Fair, and to others more than innocent;
> Then had sea-nymphs sung dirges for him laid".—Ed.

Isle of Man (*page* 172).

The title in 1835 was "The Retired Marine Officer, Isle of Man."

L. 1, "Did" (1837); in 1835, "Not." L. 2, "or" (1837); in 1835, "nor." L. 3, "sway" (1837); in 1835, "swayed."

L. 6 a return in 1845 to reading of 1835; in 1837-43, "No—a Ship-soldier." L. 9, "He" (1845); previously "who."—Ed.

Sonnets XIX., XX., XXI., XXII. (*page* 173-175).

Text unchanged. Knight gives various readings of XX., XXI., XXII. from MS.—Ed.

By a Retired Mariner (*page* 173).

This unpretending sonnet is by a gentleman nearly connected with me, and I hope, as it falls so easily into its place, that both the writer and the reader will excuse its appearance here.—W. W.

Mrs. Wordsworth's brother Henry.—I. F.

At Bala-Sala, Isle of Man supposed to be written by a friend (*page* 173).

Mr. H. Cookson, who died there a few years after. —I. F.

Tynwald Hill (*page* 174).

Mr. Robinson and I walked the greater part of the way from Castle-town to Peel, and stopped some time at Tynwald Hill. One of my companions was an elderly man, who in a muddy way (for he was tipsy) explained and answered, as far as he could, my enquiries about this place and the ceremonies held here. I found more agreeable company in some little children; one of whom, upon

my request, recited the Lord's Prayer to me, and I helped her to a clearer understanding of it as well as I could; but I was not at all satisfied with my own part; hers was much better done, and I am persuaded that, like other children, she knew more about it than she was able to express, especially to a stranger.—I. F.

"Off with yon cloud, old Snafell!" (*page* 174).

The summit of this mountain is well chosen by Cowley as the scene of the "Vision," in which the spectral angel discourses with him concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell. "I found myself," says he, "on the top of that famous hill in the Island Mona, which has the prospect of three great, and not long since most happy, kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked upon them, they called forth the sad representation of all the sins and all the miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years." It is not to be denied that the changes now in progress, and the passions, and the way in which they work, strikingly resemble those which led to the disasters the philosophic writer so feelingly bewails. God grant that the resemblance may not become still more striking as months and years advance!—W. W.

In the Frith of Clyde, Ailsa Crag (*page* 175).

The morning of the eclipse was exquisitely beautiful while we passed the Crag as described in the sonnet. On the deck of the steamboat were several persons of the poor and labouring class, and I could not but be struck by their cheerful talk with each other, while not one of them seemed to notice the magnificent objects with which we were surrounded; and even the phenomenon of the eclipse attracted but little of their attention. Was it right not to regret this? They appeared to me, however, so much alive in their own minds to their own concerns that I could not look upon it as a misfortune that they had little perception for such pleasures as cannot be cultivated without ease and leisure. Yet if one surveys life in all its duties and relations, such ease and leisure will not be found so enviable a privilege as it may at first appear. Natural Philosophy, Painting, and Poetry, and refined taste, are no doubt great acquisitions to society; but among those who dedicate themselves to such pursuits it is to be feared that few are as happy, and as consistent in

the management of their lives, as the class of persons who at that time led me into this course of reflection. I do not mean by this to be understood to derogate from intellectual pursuits, for that would be monstrous: I say it in deep gratitude for this compensation to those whose cares are limited to the necessities of daily life. Among them, self-tormentors so numerous in the higher classes of society, are rare.—I. F.

Text unchanged, except in l. 14, "or" (1837); in 1835, "and."—Ed.

On the Frith of Clyde in a Steamboat (*page* 176).

The mountain outline on the north of this island, as seen from the Frith of Clyde, is much the finest I have ever noticed in Scotland or elsewhere.—I. F.

Text unchanged, except in l. 8, "as" (1837); in 1835, "like."—Ed.

On revisiting Dunolly Castle (*page* 176).

This ingenious piece of workmanship, as I afterwards learned, had been executed for their own amusement by some labourers employed about the place.—W. W.

L. 9, "Effigy" (1837); in 1835, "Effigies."

Ll. 10-12 (1837); in 1835:

". . . . . . . or symbol of past times,
That towering courage, and the savage deeds
Those times were proud of, take Thou too a share,"

Various readings from MS. are given by Knight.—Ed.

The Dunolly Eagle (*page* 177).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

Written in a Blank Leaf of Macpherson's Ossian (*page* 177).

The verses—

"Or strayed
From hope and promise, self-betrayed,"

were, I am sorry to say, suggested from apprehensions of the fate of my friend, H. C., the subject of the verses addressed to "H. C. when six years old." The piece to "Memory" arose out of similar feelings.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1824; first published 1827;

placed among "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection" until 1845, when it found its present place.

L. 1 (1832); in 1827, "Oft have I caught from fitful breeze."—Ed.

Sonnet XXIX: Cave of Staffa (*page* 180).

The reader may be tempted to exclaim, "How came this and the two following sonnets to be written, after the dissatisfaction expressed in the preceding one?" In fact, at the risk of incurring the reasonable displeasure of the master of the steam-boat, I returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favourable to those imaginative impressions which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind.—W. W.

Text unchanged.—Ed.

Cave of Staffa (*page* 180).

L. 11 (1837); in 1835, "And flashing upwards to its topmost height."—Ed.

Cave of Staffa (*page* 181).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

"Hope smiled when your nativity was cast,
Children of summer!" (*page* 182).

Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the cave, rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was richly decorated with that large bright flower, the ox-eyed daisy. I had noticed the same flower growing with profusion among the bold rocks on the western coast of the Isle of Man, making a brilliant contrast with their black and gloomy surfaces.—W. W.

Ll. 11, 12 (1843); in 1835:

"Suns and their systems, diverse yet sustained
In symmetry, and fashioned to endure."—Ed.

Iona (*page* 182).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

Iona (*upon Landing*) (*page* 183).

The four last lines of this sonnet are adopted from a

well-known sonnet of Russel, as conveying my feeling better than any words of my own could do.—W. W.

L. 1 (1837); in 1835, "With earnest look, to every voyager."

L. 2, "his store" (1837); in 1835, "a store." L. 6, "Yet is" (1837); in 1835, "But see."

L. 7, "the" (1837); in 1835, "this." L. 8 (1837); in 1835, "Nay spare thy scorn, haughty Philosopher." Various readings from MS. are given by Knight.—Ed.

The Black Stones of Iona (*page* 183).

Text unchanged. Various readings from MS. are given by Knight.—Ed.

"*Homeward we turn*" (*page* 184).

Ll. 5-7 (1837); in 1835:

"Remote St. Kilda, art thou visible?
No—but farewell to thee, beloved sea-mark
For many a voyage made in Fancy's bark."—Ed.

Greenock (*page* 184).

L. 9 (1837); in 1835, "Too busy Mart! thus fared it with old Tyre,".—Ed.

"'*There!' said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride*" (*page* 185).

Mosgiel was thus pointed out to me by a young man on the top of the coach on my way from Glasgow to Kilmarnock. It is remarkable that, though Burns lived some time here, and during much the most productive period of his poetical life, he nowhere adverts to the splendid prospects stretching towards the sea and bounded by the peaks of Arran on one part, which in clear weather he must have had daily before his eyes. In one of his poetical effusions he speaks of describing "fair Nature's face" as a privilege on which he sets a high value; nevertheless, natural appearances rarely take a lead in his poetry. It is as a human being, eminently sensitive and intelligent, and not as a poet, clad in his priestly robes and carrying the ensigns of sacerdotal office, that he interests and affects us. Whether he speaks of rivers, hills, and woods, it is not so much on account of the

properties with which they are absolutely endowed, as relatively to local patriotic remembrances and associations, or as they ministered to personal feelings, especially those of love, whether happy or otherwise;—yet it is not always so. Soon after we had passed Mosgiel Farm we crossed the Ayr, murmuring and winding through a narrow woody hollow. His line—"Auld hermit Ayr strays through his woods"—came at once to my mind with Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,—Ayrshire streams over which he breathes a sigh as being unnamed in song; and surely his own attempts to make them known were as successful as his heart could desire.—I. F.

Text unchanged.—Ed.

The River Eden (*page* 186).

It is to be feared that there is more of the poet than the sound etymologist in this derivation of the name Eden. On the western coast of Cumberland is a rivulet which enters the sea at Moresby, known also in the neighbourhood by the name of Eden. May not the latter syllable come from the word Dean, *a valley?* Langdale, near Ambleside, is by the inhabitants called Langden. The former syllable occurs in the name Emont, a principal feeder of the Eden; and the stream which flows, when the tide is out, over Cartmel sands, is called the Ea—eau, French—aqua, Latin.—W. W.

"Nature gives thee flowers that have no rivals among British bowers." This can scarcely be true to the letter; but, without stretching the point at all, I can say that the soil and air appear more congenial with many upon the banks of this river than I have observed in any other parts of Great Britain.—I. F.

L. 12, "this" (1845); previously "the." L. 13 (1845); in 1835, "That things far off are toiled for, while a good"; in 1843, "That for things far off we toil, while many a good." L. 14, "never gained" (1843); previously "seldom gained." Various readings from MS. are given by Knight.—Ed.

Monument of Mrs. Howard (*page* 186).

Before this monument was put up in the Church at Wetheral I saw it in the sculptor's studio. Nollekens, who, by the bye, was a strange and grotesque figure that interfered much with one's admiration of his works, showed me at the same time the various models in clay

which he had made, one after another, of the Mother and her Infant: the improvement on each was surprising; and how so much grace, beauty, and tenderness had come out of such a head I was sadly puzzled to conceive. Upon a window-seat in his parlour lay two casts of faces, one of the Duchess of Devonshire, so noted in her day; and the other of Mr. Pitt, taken after his death, a ghastly resemblance, as these things always are, even when taken from the living subject, and more ghastly in this instance from the peculiarity of the features. The heedless and apparently neglectful manner in which the faces of these two persons were left—the one so distinguished in London Society, and the other upon whose counsels and public conduct, during a most momentous period, depended the fate of this great Empire and perhaps of all Europe—afforded a lesson to which the dullest of casual visitors could scarcely be insensible. It touched me the more because I had so often seen Mr. Pitt upon his own ground at Cambridge and upon the floor of the House of Commons.—I. F.

L. 2, "ending" (1845); previously "issue."—Ed.

Suggested by the Foregoing (*page* 187).

L. 7 (1838); previously "Peace to the Mourner's soul; but He who wore."

L. 8 (1835); ed. 1838 reads for ll. 8, 9:

> "The crown of thorns had from a bleeding brow
> Through our sad being shed his glorious light,"

L. 9 is identical with 1835 except "celestial" (1843), for which 1835-37 read "his glorious."—Ed.

Nunnery (*page* 187).

I became acquainted with the walks of Nunnery when a boy; they are within easy reach of a day's pleasant excursion from the town of Penrith, where I used to pass my summer holidays under the roof of my maternal Grandfather. The place is well worth visiting; though, within these few years its privacy, and therefore the pleasure which the scene is so well fitted to give, has been injuriously affected by walks cut in the rocks on that side the stream which had been left in its natural state.—I. F.

Text unchanged. Various readings from MS. are given by Knight.—Ed.

"*Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell;*" (*page* 188).

At Corby, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown over a deep glen or ravine, at a very short distance from the main stream.—W. W.

Steamboats, etc. (*page* 188).

Text unchanged—Ed.

"*A weight of awe not easy to be borne*" (*page* 189).

The daughters of Long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number above ground; a little way out of the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single stone, eighteen feet high. When I first saw this monument, as I came upon it by surprise, I might over-rate its importance as an object; but, though it will not bear a comparison with Stonehenge, I must say I have not seen any other relique of those dark ages which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.—W. W.

Probably written 1821; first published in "A Description of the Scenery of the Lakes," etc. 1822. (? I query 1822, for my edition is the Fourth, that of 1823). In 1827 and 1832 this appeared among "Miscellaneous Sonnets;" in 1837 it found its present position.

On Jan. 6, 1821 Wordsworth writes to Sir G. Beaumont: "My road brought me suddenly and unexpectedly upon that ancient monument called by the country people Long Meg and her Daughters. Everybody has heard of it, and so had I from very early childhood, but had never seen it before. Next to Stonehenge it is, beyond dispute, the most noble relic of the kind that this or probably any other country contains."

Ll. 4, 5 (1837); in 1827-32:

"When first I saw that Sisterhood forlorn,
And Her, whose massy strength and stature scorn".

This is also the reading of 1823 in l. 4; but l. 5 is, "And Her, whose strength and stature seem to scorn".

L. 12 (1837); in 1827-32, "Thy progeny, in hieroglyphic round."

Ll. 11-13 in 1823 stood thus:
"When, how, and wherefore, rose on British ground
That wondrous Monument, whose mystic round
Forth shadows, some have deemed, to mortal sight."—ED.

Sonnets XLIV., XLV., and *The Somnambulist* (*pages* 189, 190).

Text unchanged. Various readings from MS. are given by Knight.—ED.

Lowther (*page* 189).

"Cathedral pomp." It may be questioned whether this union was in the contemplation of the artist when he planned the edifice. However this might be, a poet may be excused for taking the view of the subject presented in this sonnet.—I. F.

To the Earl of Lonsdale (*page* 190).

This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials, which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long-continued attacks upon his character, through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case; and, in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.—W. W.

The Somnambulist (*page* 191).

This poem might be dedicated to my friends, Sir G. Beaumont and Mr. Rogers, jointly. While we were making an excursion together in this part of the Lake District we heard that Mr. Glover, the artist, while lodging at Lyulph's Tower, had been disturbed by a loud shriek, and upon rising he had learnt that it had come from a young woman in the house who was in the habit of walking in her sleep. In that state she had gone downstairs, and, while attempting to open the outer door, either from some difficulty or the effect of the cold stone upon her feet, had uttered the cry which alarmed him. It seemed to us all that this might serve as a hint for a poem, and the story here told was constructed, and soon after put into verse by me as it now stands.—I. F.

To Cordelia M—— (*page* 195).

L. 2 (1845); previously "You tell me, Delia!"

L. 6 (1845); previously "You say, but from Helvellyn's."—Ed.

"Most sweet it is" (*page* 196).

Text unchanged.—Ed.

Expostulation and Reply (*page* 197).

This poem is a favourite among the Quakers, as I have learnt on many occasions. It was composed in front of the house at Alfoxden in the spring of 1798.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1798; first published 1798. Text unchanged. Wordsworth's "Matthew" was in part idealised from William Taylor, his schoolmaster at Hawkshead.—Ed.

The Tables Turned (*page* 198).

Dated by Wordsworth 1798; first published 1798. The first and second pairs of lines in stanza 1 appeared in a reverse order previous to 1820. L. 14 (1815); previously "And he is no mean preacher." L. 30, "those" (1837); previously "these.—Ed.

Lines written in Early Spring (*page* 199).

Actually composed while I was sitting by the side of the brook that runs down from the Comb, in which stands the village of Alford, through the grounds of Alfoxden. It was a chosen resort of mine. The brook fell down a sloping rock so as to make a waterfall considerable for that country, and across the pool below had fallen a tree, an ash, if I rightly remember, from which rose perpendicularly boughs in search of the light intercepted by the deep shade above. The boughs bore leaves of green that for want of sunshine had faded into almost lily-white; and from the underside of this natural sylvan bridge depended long and beautiful tresses of ivy which waved gently in the breeze that might poetically speaking be called the breath of the waterfall. This motion varied of course in proportion to the power of water in the brook. When, with dear friends, I revisited this spot, after an interval of more than forty years, this interesting feature of the scene was gone. To the owner of the place I could

not but regret that the beauty of this retired part of the grounds had not tempted him to make it more accessible by a path, not broad or obtrusive, but sufficient for persons who love such scenes to creep along without difficulty. —I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1798; first published 1798. The dell described in the Fenwick note was known as the "Mare's Pool," of which a description will also be found in Coleridge's "This Lime Tree Bower my Prison," agreeing closely with that of Wordsworth's note. L. 9, "green" (1837); previously "sweet." Ll. 21, 22 (1820, with "is" for "be," which dates from 1827); previously:

"If I these thoughts may not prevent,
If such be of my creed the plan,"

In 1832:

"From Heaven if this belief be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,"—Ed.

A Character (*page* 200).

The principal features are taken from that of my friend Robert Jones.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1800; first published 1800, with the title, "A Character, in the antithetical manner"; omitted from ed. 1802 to ed. 1832; restored in 1837. On Robert Jones see vol. i., Memoir, p. xxvii (note). L. 2 (1837); in 1800, "For the weight and the levity seen in his face." L. 9, "or" (1837); in 1800 "and."—Ed.

To my Sister (*page* 201).

Composed in front of Alfoxden House. My little boy-messenger on this occasion was the son of Basil Montagu. The larch mentioned in the first stanza was standing when I revisited the place in May, 1841, more than forty years after. I was disappointed that it had not improved in appearance as to size, nor had it acquired anything of the majesty of age, which, even though less perhaps than any other tree, the larch sometimes does. A few score yards from this tree grew, when we inhabited Alfoxden, one of the most remarkable beech-trees ever seen. The ground sloped both towards and from it. It was of immense size, and threw out arms that struck into the soil, like those of the banyan-tree, and rose again from it. Two of the branches thus inserted themselves twice, which gave to each the appearance of a serpent moving along by gathering itself up in folds. One of the large boughs of this

tree had been torn off by the wind before we left Alfo den, but five remained. In 1841 we could barely find t spot where the tree had stood. So remarkable a produ tion of nature could not have been wilfully destroy —I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1798; first published 17 with the title (1798-1815), "Lines written at a sma distance from my House, and sent by my little Boy to th Person to whom they are addressed." In edd. 1820 t 1843 the title was "To my Sister, written at a smal Distance from my House, and sent by my little Boy" present title, 1845. L. 21, "a" (1837); previously "an." L. 26 (1837); previously "Than fifty years of reason;" L. 29, "will" (1820); previously "may."—Ed.

Simon Lee (*page* 203).

This old man had been huntsman to the squires o Alfoxden, which, at the time we occupied it, belonged to a minor. The old man's cottage stood upon the common, a little way from the entrance to Alfoxden Park. But i had disappeared. Many other changes had taken plac in the adjoining village, which I could not but notice wit a regret more natural than well-considered. Improve ments but rarely appear such to those who, after lon intervals of time, revisit places they have had much plea sure in. It is unnecessary to add, the fact was as men tioned in the poem; and I have, after an interval of forty five years, the image of the old man as fresh before m eyes as if I had seen him yesterday. The expressio when the hounds were out, "I dearly love their voice," was word for word from his own lips.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1798; first published 1798. T understand what follows it will be necessary for th reader to number the stanzas. The changes and trans positions of text chiefly concern the first seven stanzas; i will be convenient, therefore, to deal first with stanza 8-12 which are little altered. These five stanzas wer from 1798 to 1849-50 the last five stanzas of the poem, an their order of succession was never changed. The change of text in these stanzas are few. L. 60 (1815); previousl "His poor old ancles swell." L. 63 (1820); previousl "And I'm afraid that you expect." L. 70 (1820) previously "I hope you'll kindly take it." L. 71 th emphatic word "think" was italicised 1832 to 1843. L 75 (1815); previously "About the root of an old tree

L. 96, "Hath" (1820); previously "Has." We now come to the portion of the poem which has undergone perplexing changes, stanzas 1-7; and in recording these changes I shall call the first half of a stanza *a* and the second half *b*. It is necessary first to print the original text, 1798 (eight stanzas, afterwards reduced to seven), adding, for convenience, numbers to the stanzas:

1.

"In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
An old man dwells, a little man,
I've heard he once was tall.
Of years he has upon his back,
No doubt, a burthen weighty;
He says he is three score and ten,
But others say he's eighty.

2.

"A long blue livery-coat has he,
That's fair behind, and fair before;
Yet, meet him where you will, you see
At once that he is poor.
Full five and twenty years he lived
A running huntsman merry;
And, though he has but one eye left,
His cheek is like a cherry.

3.

"No man like him the horn could sound,
And no man was so full of glee;
To say the least, four counties round
Had heard of Simon Lee;
His master's dead, and no one now
Dwells in the hall of Ivor;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;
He is the sole survivor.

4.

"His hunting feats have him bereft
Of his right eye, as you may see:
And then, what limbs those feats have left
To poor old Simon Lee!
He has no son, he has no child,
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village common.

5.

"And he is lean and he is sick,
His little body's half awry
His ancles they are swoln and thick;
His legs are thin and dry.
When he was young he little knew
Of husbandry, or tillage;
And now he's forced to work, though weak,
—The weakest in the village.

6.

"He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind;
And often, ere the race was done,
He reeled and was stone-blind.
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices!

7.

"Old Ruth works out of doors with him,
And does what Simon cannot do;
For she, not over stout of limb,
Is stouter of the two.
And though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
Alas! 'tis very little, all
Which they can do between them.

8.

"Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger;
But what avails the land to them,
Which they can till no longer?"

It will be seen that the sixth of these stanzas, which contains, as the Fenwick note informs us, actual words of the old man, "I dearly love their voices," is hardly altered. This stanza was moved from its original position but the only change of text is in its third line, "chase" in 1827 replacing "race."

1800 l. 2 of stanza 5 (1798) became, "His dwindled 's half awry." No other alteration was at that date e in these stanzas.

1802 an important transposition was made. Stanza 1798 became stanza 6, and accordingly stanzas 5 and 1798 became stanzas 4 and 5. Ed. 1805 is identical 1802. In 1815, as noted above, two changes of text made in the later stanzas, but these earlier eight ined as in 1802-1805, except that the line, "His es they are swoln and thick" (1798-1805) becomes, s ancles, too, are swoln and thick."

l. 1820 condenses stanzas 1 and 2 (1798-1815) into a e stanza, made up of stanza 1 (*a*) 1798-1815, unged, and stanza 2 (*b*), with the new reading in the two lines:

> "And still the centre of his cheek
> Is blooming as a cherry."

a result of this condensation stanza 3, 1798-1815, now mes stanza 2; the text of this stanza is unchanged. The l stanza of 1820 corresponds in its first four lines to a 4 (*a*), 1798, but with an altered text, reading in ll. of stanza:

> "And Simon to the world is left,
> In liveried poverty."

e last four lines of this third stanza of 1820 are ical with stanza 5 (*b*), 1798, except that the earlier s" now becomes "is." Stanza 4 (1820) is identical with a 6, 1798, with unchanged text. Stanza 5 (1820) first four lines corresponds to stanza 5 (*a*) of 1798, ing, "But he is lean," "dwindled body" instead of le body's," and in the third line, "Rests upon ancles n and thick" (the final text of this line); the last lines of this stanza are identical with 4 (*b*) of ed. 1798. za 6 and stanza 7 (1820) are identical with stanza 7 stanza 8 of edd. 1798-1815.

. 1827 in stanza 1 l. 4 gives the final reading, "'Tis said ce was tall," and in l. 5 reads, "Full five and thirty s," the final text, instead of the previous "Full five twenty years." Stanza 2 (*a*), 1827, corresponds to of 1798, and 3 (*a*) of 1820, with an altered text, viz.:

> "Worn out by hunting feats—bereft
> By time of friends and kindred, see!
> Old Simon to the world is left
> In liveried poverty."

Stanza 2 (*b*), 1827, is identical with stanza 3 (*b*), 1798, and with stanza 2 (*b*), 1820.

Stanza 3 (*a*), 1827, corresponds to 3 (*a*), 1798, and to 2 (*a*), 1820; stanza 3 (*b*), 1827, corresponds to stanza 5 (*b*), 1798, and to stanza 3 (*b*), 1820, but the whole of this stanza is recast and now attains the final text. Stanza 4, 1827, agrees with stanza 4, 1820, and stanza 6, 1798, only reading "chase" for the previous "race." Stanza 5 (1827) corresponds to stanza 5 (1820), and to the final stanza 5, the text being the final text except that the first word "And" (1832, and final) is here "But." Stanzas 6 and 7 (1827) reverse the order (7 and 6) of 1820 and of 1798. Stanza 6 in 1827 attains to the final text except in the last two lines, which troubled Wordsworth much, and of which the several forms (in addition to 1798, already recorded) may here be given:

"'But what,' saith he, 'avails the land,
Which I can till no longer?'" (1827).

"But what avails it now, the land,
Which he can till no longer?" (1832).

"'Tis his, but what avails the land,
Which he can till no longer?" (1837).

"The time alas! is come, when he
Can till the land no longer" (1843).

"But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer" (1845).

Stanza 7 (1827) corresponding to the final stanza 7 attains the final text, except that its last two lines are as in stanza 7, 1798, and stanza 6, 1820, the final text not being reached until 1843.

Ed. 1832 transposes stanza 3 of 1827 into its final position, viz., stanza 2 (text unchanged); stanza 4 of 1827 also now assumes its final place, viz., stanza 3 (text unchanged); stanza 2 of 1827 now assumes its final place, viz., stanza 4, and the first two lines of the stanza are altered to the final form of text (note that the phrase now adopted "But oh the heavy change" occurs in Milton's "Lycidas). In stanza 5 "And he is lean" now replaces "But he is lean."

The only change in ed. 1837 is that recorded above among readings of the last two lines of our present stanza 6. These lines are again altered in 1843, and the last lines of

our present stanza 7 assume their final form, replacing the earlier

> "Alas! 'tis very little, all
> Which they can do between them."

In 1845 the final form of the last two lines of stanza 6 is reached, and no other variation occurs.—ED.

Written in Germany (*page* 206).

A bitter winter it was when these verses were composed by the side of my Sister, in our lodgings at a draper's house in the romantic imperial town of Goslar, on the edge of the Hartz Forest. In this town the German emperors of the Franconian line were accustomed to keep their court, and it retains vestiges of ancient splendour. So severe was the cold of this winter, that when we passed out of the parlour warmed by the stove, our cheeks were struck by the air as by cold iron. I slept in a room over a passage which was not ceiled. The people of the house used to say, rather unfeelingly, that they expected I should be frozen to death some night; but, with the protection of a pelisse lined with fur, and a dog's-skin bonnet, such as was worn by the peasants, I walked daily on the ramparts, or in a sort of public ground or garden, in which was a pond. Here, I had no companion but a kingfisher, a beautiful creature, that used to glance by me. I consequently became much attached to it. During these walks I composed the poem that follows.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1799, and also (in 1815) 1798; first published 1800. Between stanza 1 and stanza 2 appeared in edd. 1800 to 1815 the following stanza:

> "Our earth is no doubt made of excellent stuff,
> But her pulses beat slower and slower,
> The weather in Forty was cutting and rough,
> And then, as Heaven knows, the glass stood low enough,
> And *now* it is four degrees lower."

The other changes are slight. L. 1, "plague on" (1820); previously "fig for." L. 6, "See that fly" (1820); previously "Here's a fly." L. 8, "the" (1827); previously "this." L. 14, "then in search of the wall" (1837); previously "and now back to the wall." L. 19, "to the south" (1827); previously "and the south." L. 21, "His" (1845); in 1800-1820, "See! his"; in 1827-1837, "How his." L. 26, "Mate" (1827); previously "Friend." L. 33, "come" (1837); previously "comes."—ED.

A Poet's Epitaph (*page* 207).

Dated by Wordsworth 1799; first published 1800. L. 1, "Statist" (1837); previously "Statesman." L. 2, "conflicts" (1837); previously "business." Ll. 6-8 (1820); previously:

"other place
The hardness of thy coward eye,
The falsehood of thy sallow face."

L. 13 (1820); previously repeating the form of words in l. 9, "Art thou a man of gallant pride."

L. 24 (1837); in 1800-1805, "Thy pin-point of a soul away!"; in 1815-1832, "That abject thing, thy soul, away." L. 30, "great or small" (1837); previously "great nor small." L. 31, "Self-sufficing" in all edd. except 1802 and 1805 which give "Self-sufficient." In the Fenwick note on the last preceding poem Wordsworth mentions that "A Poet's Epitaph" was composed during his walks on the ramparts of Goslar in the winter of 1798-99. The "Doctor" of stanza 3 I take (with C. Lamb) to be not a physician (see l. 17) but a divine. Canon Ainger points out that Wordsworth's poet is clad in "russet brown" (l. 38) through a reminiscence of the bard "in russet brown bedight" in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence." The severity of Wordsworth's indictment of the lawyer may have been modified in consequence of Lamb's objection in a letter of 1800. "The 'Poet's Epitaph' is disfigured, to my taste, by the common satire upon parsons and lawyers in the beginning, and the coarse epithet of 'pin-point' in the sixth stanza. All the rest is eminently good, and your own" ("Lamb's Letters," ed. Ainger, vol. i. p. 163).—ED.

To the Daisy (*page* 209).

This and the other poems addressed to the same flower were composed at Town-end, Grasmere, during the earlier part of my residence there. I have been censured for the last line but one—"thy function apostolical"—as being little less than profane. How could it be thought so? The word is adopted with reference to its derivation, implying something sent on a mission; and assuredly this little flower, especially when the subject of verse, may be regarded, in its humble degree, as administering both to moral and to spiritual purposes.—I. F.

Written 1802; first published 1807; erroneously dated by Wordsworth 1803. See, for evidence of date, note on

the poem "To a Daisy," vol ii. p. 263. Placed among "Poems of the Fancy" 1815-1832; assigned its present place in 1837. Notwithstanding Wordsworth's just defence in the Fenwick note of "thy function apostolical," the stanza containing that line was omitted in edd. 1827-1832; restored 1837. "I was loath to part with this stanza," Wordsworth wrote to B. Field, "it may either be restored, or printed at the end of a volume, among notes and variations, when you edit the fifteenth edition." L. 2 (1843); more happily perhaps in edd. 1807-1832, "A Pilgrim bold in Nature's care." The other lines of the stanza are now as in edd. 1807-1832 and 1843-1849; but in 1837 an unhappy reading appears:

"Confiding Flower, by Nature's care
Made bold,—who, lodging here or there,
Art all the long year through the heir
Of joy or sorrow,"

and at the same time l. 6 became "Communion with humanity." L. 9 is now as in 1807; but edd. 1827-1832 read, "And wherefore? Man is sore deprest"; the earlier reading was restored in 1837.—ED.

Matthew (*page* 210).

Such a Tablet as is here spoken of continued to be preserved in Hawkshead School, though the inscriptions were not brought down to our time. This and other poems connected with Matthew would not gain by a literal detail of facts. Like the Wanderer in "The Excursion," this Schoolmaster was made up of several both of his class and men of other occupations. I do not ask pardon for what there is of untruth in such verses, considered strictly as matters of fact. It is enough if, being true and consistent in spirit, they move and teach in a manner not unworthy of a Poet's calling.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1799; first published 1800, with the title (in "Contents"), "Lines written on a tablet in a School"; changed in 1827 (in "Contents") to "If Nature, for a favourite child"; in 1837 it was named "Matthew." Text unchanged, except l. 24, "dew" (1815); previously "oil."—ED.

The Two April Mornings (*page* 212).

Dated by Wordsworth 1799; first published 1800. In 1802 ll. 25-28 received their present form, with a double

rhyme introduced, which seems to me to harmonize ill with the rest of the poem; in 1800:

"And on that slope of springing corn
The self-same crimson hue
Fell from the sky that April morn,
The same which now I view!"

Ll. 29, 30 (1815); previously:

"With rod and line my silent sport
I plied by Derwent's wave,"

L. 31 (1837); previously "And, coming to the church, stopp'd short." Wordsworth wished to name the "church-yard" rather than the "church," lest the grave should be for a moment imagined as within the church. In the last stanza of the poem, "his bough" was the reading 1800-1820.—Ed.

The Fountain (*page* 214).

Dated by Wordsworth 1799; first published 1800. The changes of text are few; the most interesting is in l. 63, "he grasped my hand" (1815); previously "he grasped his hands." L. 9, (1820), beginning the conversation with "said I," replaced the earlier "Now, Matthew, let us try to match." L. 21 (1837); previously "Down to the vale this water steers." Although this was its only printed variance, the stanza exercised Wordsworth much, and Professor Knight gives four or five MS. experiments in alteration, of which one may here be offered:

"Down to the vale with eager speed
Behold this Streamlet run,
From subterranean bondage freed,
And glittering in the sun."

Ll. 37, 38 (1837); previously:

"The blackbird in the summer trees,
The lark upon the hill,"

In ed. 1800, "On silence Matthew lay," (l. 17) is, doubtless, a misprint.—Ed.

Personal Talk (*page* 216).

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The last line but two stood, at first, better and more characteristically, thus:

"By my half-kitchen and half-parlour fire."

My Sister and I were in the habit of having the tea-kettle in our little sitting-room; and we toasted the bread ourselves, which reminds me of a little circumstance not unworthy of being set down among these minutiæ. Happening both of us to be engaged a few minutes one morning when we had a young prig of a Scotch lawyer to breakfast with us, my dear Sister, with her usual simplicity, put the toasting-fork with a slice of bread into the hands of this Edinburgh genius. Our little book-case stood on one side of the fire. To prevent loss of time, he took down a book, and fell to reading, to the neglect of the toast, which was burnt to a cinder. Many a time have we laughed at this circumstance, and other cottage simplicities of that day. By the bye, I have a spite at one of this series of Sonnets (I will leave the reader to discover which) as having been the means of nearly putting off for ever our acquaintance with dear Miss Fenwick, who has always stigmatized one line of it as vulgar, and worthy only of having been composed by a country squire.—I. F.

Dated conjecturally 1806; first published 1807, without a title; placed in 1815 among "Poems proceeding from Sentiment and Reflection;" placed in 1820-1843 among "Miscellaneous Sonnets," and named "Personal Talk;" replaced among "Poems of Sentiment," etc., in 1845. The most interesting change of text is that noticed by Wordsworth in the Fenwick note:—l. 12 (1815) previously "By my half-kitchen my half-parlour fire." L. 3, "Of friends" (1815); in 1807, "About friends," which impaired the metre. The only other change is in ll. 37-40 (1827); previously:

"There do I find a never-failing store
Of personal themes, and such as I love best;
Matter wherein right voluble I am:
Two will I mention, dearer than the rest;"

Professor Knight states that "the stanza ['one line'—W. W.] referred to as disliked by Miss Fenwick is the first." He also notices that ll. 51-54 were inscribed, at the suggestion of Principal Shairp to Dean Stanley, under the statue of Wordsworth in Westminster Abbey. In connection with the reference to Desdemona it is worth noting that Wordsworth pronounced "Othello," Plato's record of the last scenes of the career of Socrates, and Walton's "Life of George Herbert," the most pathetic of human compositions.—Ed.

Illustrated Books and Newspapers (page 218).

Dated by Wordsworth 1846; first published 1850. Text necessarily, therefore, unchanged. The sonnet is evidently placed in its position here as connected by subject with the last two sonnets of "Personal Talk."—Ed.

To the Spade of a Friend (page 219).

This person was Thomas Wilkinson, a quaker by religious profession; by natural constitution of mind, or shall I venture to say, by God's grace, he was something better. He had inherited a small estate, and built a house upon it near Yanwath, upon the banks of the Emont. I have heard him say that his heart used to beat, in his boyhood, when he heard the sound of a drum and fife. Nevertheless, the spirit of enterprise in him confined itself to tilling his ground, and conquering such obstacles as stood in the way of its fertility. Persons of his religious persuasion do now, in a far greater degree than formerly, attach themselves to trade and commerce. He kept the old track. As represented in this poem, he employed his leisure hours in shaping pleasant walks by the side of his beloved river, where he also built something between a hermitage and a summer-house, attaching to it inscriptions after the manner of Shenstone at his Leasowes. He used to travel from time to time, partly from love of nature, and partly with religious friends in the service of humanity. His admiration of genius in every department did him much honour. Through his connection with the family in which Edmund Burke was educated, he became acquainted with that great man, who used to receive him with great kindness and consideration; and many times have I heard Wilkinson speak of those interesting interviews. He was honoured also by the friendship of Elizabeth Smith, and of Thomas Clarkson and his excellent wife, and was much esteemed by Lord and Lady Lonsdale, and every member of that family. Among his verses (he wrote many) are some worthy of preservation—one little poem in particular upon disturbing, by prying curiosity, a bird while hatching her young in his garden. The latter part of this innocent and good man's life was melancholy. He became blind, and also poor by becoming surety for some of his relations. He was a bachelor. He bore, as I have often witnessed, his calamities with unfailing resignation. I will only add that, while working in

one of his fields, he unearthed a stone of considerable size, then another, then two more, and, observing that they had been placed in order as if forming the segment of a circle, he proceeded carefully to uncover the soil, and brought into view a beautiful Druid's temple of perfect though small dimensions. In order to make his farm more compact, he exchanged this field for another; and, I am sorry to add, the new proprietor destroyed this interesting relic of remote ages for some vulgar purpose. —I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1804; first published 1807. I believe that Wordsworth's date not improbably refers to the time spoken of in the title, "While we were labouring together," with which occasion the author desired to connect the origin of the poem; but I have little doubt that it was in fact written in 1806. In a letter of Wordsworth's to Wilkinson, written at Coleorton in November, 1806 (and given in Knight's "Wordsworth's Poetical Works," vol. ii. pp. 349, 350) he writes: "On the other page you will find a copy of verses addressed to an implement of yours; they are supposed to have been composed that afternoon when you and I were labouring together in your pleasure-ground, an afternoon I often think of with pleasure." On Wilkinson see note on "The Solitary Reaper," vol. iii. p. 367. Further information about this interesting person will be found in Professor Knight's note on the present poem, and in Mary Carr's article in the "Friends' Quarterly Examiner," 1882. In l. 29 a curious variation of text occurs: I cannot doubt that "uselessness" is the true reading; but "usefulness" is that of 1807, and it recurs in 1832; all other edd. "uselessness." L. 8, "labouring" (1837); previously "toiling." L. 9 (1827); previously "Health, quiet, meekness, ardour, hope secure." L. 20 (1815); in 1807, "More noble than the noblest warrior's sword." Ll. 25, 26 (1837); previously:

"With Thee he will not dread a toilsome day,
His powerful Servant, his inspiring Mate!"

L. 28 (1837); previously, in a bolder poetic spirit, "Thee a surviving soul shall consecrate." L. 31 (1837); previously ". . . . up, and will adorn."—Ed.

A Night Thought (*page* 220).

These verses were thrown off extempore upon leaving Mrs. Luff's house at Fox-Ghyll, one evening. The good

woman is not disposed to look at the bright side of things, and there happened to be present certain ladies who had reached the point of life where *youth* is ended, and who seemed to contend with each other in expressing their dislike of the country and climate. One of them had been heard to say she could not endure a country where there was "neither sunshine nor cavaliers."—I. F.

Dated conjecturally 1837; first published in 1837, with the title, "Stanzas," in "The Tribute, a collection of Miscellaneous unpublished Poems by various Authors. Edited by Lord Northampton"; first included among Wordsworth's poems in "Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years," 1842. The text of 1842 is the final text. "The Tribute" gives the following variations. Ll. 1, 2:

> "The moon that sails along the sky
> Moves with a happy destiny,"

Stanza 1 was followed by a stanza omitted 1842-1850:

> "Not flagging when the winds all sleep,
> Not hurried onward, when they sweep
> The bosom of th' ætherial deep,
>   Not turned aside,
> She knows an even course to keep,
>   Whate'er betide."

L. 7, "Perverse are we—a froward race"; l. 13, "should make."—Ed.

Incident characteristic of a Favourite Dog (*page* 221).

This Dog I knew well. It belonged to Mrs. Wordsworth's brother, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, who then lived at Sockburn on the Tees, a beautiful retired situation where I used to visit him and his sisters before my marriage. My Sister and I spent many months there after our return from Germany in 1799.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1805; first published 1807. L. 14 (1837); previously "Hath an instinct what to do"; l. 32, "fondly strives" (1815); "doth her best" (1807). Ll. 39, 40 (1837); previously:

> "Makes efforts and complainings; nor gives o'er
> Until her Fellow sank ['sunk' 1807-15] and reappear'd
>   no more."—Ed.

Tribute, etc. (*page* 222).

Dated by Wordsworth 1805; first published 1807. The changes of text were made chiefly with a view to toning down any seeming extravagance in the feeling towards the dog, and in the ascription of almost human passions to her. Two opening lines of 1807-1820 were omitted in 1827:

> "Lie here sequester'd:—be this little mound
> For ever thine, and be it holy ground."

L. 2, "a covering" (1827); previously "the covering." L. 11 (1837); in 1807-1815 Wordsworth prayed for Music: "I pray'd for thee, and that thy end were past"; in 1820 the present line, but with "I" instead of "We" (1837), was substituted. Ll. 27, 28 (1837) toning down the previous:

> "For love, that comes to all; the holy sense,
> Best gift of God, in thee was most intense;"

L. 33, "The soul of love" (1837); previously "A soul of love."—Ed.

Fidelity (*page* 224).

The young man whose death gave occasion to this poem was named Charles Gough, and had come early in the spring to Patterdale for the sake of angling. While attempting to cross over Helvellyn to Grasmere he slipped from a steep part of the rock where the ice was not thawed, and perished. His body was discovered as is told in this poem. Walter Scott heard of the accident, and both he and I, without either of us knowing that the other had taken up the subject, each wrote a poem in admiration of the dog's fidelity. His contains a most beautiful stanza:—

> "How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber,
> When the wind waved his garment how oft didst thou start."

I will add that the sentiment in the last four lines of the last stanza in my verses was uttered by a shepherd with such exactness, that a traveller, who afterwards reported his account in print, was induced to question the man whether he had read them, which he had not.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1805; first published 1807. C. Gough was lost early in April, 1805; the body was

found about July 20; the dog was a yellow terrier. Wordsworth told Crabb Robinson (Sept. 10, 1816) that "he purposely made the narrative as prosaic as possible, in order that no discredit might be thrown on the truth of the incident. In the description at the beginning, and in the moral at the end, he has alone indulged in a poetic vein; and these parts, he thinks, he has peculiarly succeeded in."

Ll. 7, 8 (1815, with "from" in place of "through," which word dates from 1820); in 1807:

> "From which immediately leaps out
> A Dog, and yelping runs about."

L. 25, "doth" (1820); previously "does." L. 33, "holds" (1837); previously "binds" (a barrier can hardly be said to bind). L. 34 (1815); in 1807, "Not knowing what to think, a while." L. 36 (1837); previously "Towards the Dog, o'er rocks and stones." L. 40 (1815); in 1807, "Sad sight! the shepherd with a sigh." Ll. 50, 51 (1815); in 1807:

> "But hear a wonder now, for sake
> Of which this mournful Tale I tell!"

L. 59 (1827); previously "On which the Traveller thus had died."—Ed.

Ode to Duty (*page* 226).

This ode is on the model of Gray's "Ode to Adversity," which is copied from Horace's "Ode to Fortune." Many and many a time have I been twitted by my wife and sister for having forgotten this dedication of myself to the stern lawgiver. Transgressor indeed I have been, from hour to hour, from day to day: I would fain hope, however, not more flagrantly or in a worse way than most of my tuneful brethren. But these last words are in a wrong strain. We should be rigorous to ourselves and forbearing, if not indulgent, to others, and, if we make comparisons at all, it ought to be with those who have morally excelled us.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1805; first published 1807; motto added in 1837. The most interesting fact about the text is the omission in 1815 and all later edd. of a stanza, which in 1807 came between the present fifth and sixth stanzas, and which dwelt on the need of a free and

glad acceptance of the law of duty, so that it might become, as it were, choice :

"Yet not the less would I throughout
Still act according to the voice
Of my own wish ; and feel past doubt
That my submissiveness was choice :
Not seeking in the school of pride
For 'precepts over dignified,'
Denial and restraint I prize
No farther than they breed a second Will more wise."

The only changes are the following. L. 8 (1815) ; in 1807, "From strife and from despair ; a glorious ministry." Ll. 15, 16 (1837) ; in 1807-1820 :

"May joy be theirs while life shall last!
And Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!"

In 1827-1832 :

"Long may the kindly impulse last!
But Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!"

Ll. 21, 22 (1827) ; previously :

"And bless'd are they who in the main
This faith, even now, do entertain :"

L. 24 (1845); in 1807-1832, "Yet find that other strength, according to their need." In 1837 as now, except that "find" appears in place of "seek" (1845).

Ll. 29-31 (1827) ; in 1807 :

"Resolved that nothing e'er should press
Upon my present happiness,
I shoved unwelcome tasks away ;"

In 1815 :

"Full oft when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task imposed, from day to day ;"

L. 40, "that" (1827) ; previously "which."

An interesting discovery has been made by Mr. Tutin, of Hull, namely, that while the volumes of 1807 were going through the press an earlier form of this poem was printed and was cancelled. The last four stanzas of this cancelled version are identical with the last four of the

received text of 1807. The first four may here be printed:

"There are who tread a blameless way
In purity, and love, and truth,
Though resting on no better stay
Than on the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do the right, and know it not:
May joy be theirs while life shall last
And may a genial sense remain, when youth is past.

"Serene would be our days and bright;
And happy would our nature be;
If Love were an unerring light;
And Joy its own security.
And bless'd are they who in the main,
This creed, even now, do entertain,
Do in this spirit live; yet know
That Man hath other hopes; strength which elsewhere
must grow.

"I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
Resolv'd that nothing e'er should press
Upon my present happiness,
I shov'd unwelcome tasks away:
But henceforth I would serve; and strictly if I may.

"O Power of DUTY! sent from God
To enforce on earth his high behest,
And keep us faithful to the road
Which conscience hath pronounc'd the best:
Thou, who art Victory and Law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
From Strife, and from Despair, a glorious Ministry!"

It will be seen that the present stanza 1 came fourth in the cancelled version with a much inferior text.—ED.

Character of the Happy Warrior (*page* 228).

The course of the great war with the French naturally fixed one's attention upon the military character, and, to

the honour of our country, there were many illustrious instances of the qualities that constitute its highest excellence. Lord Nelson carried most of the virtues that the trials he was exposed to in his department of the service necessarily call forth and sustain, if they do not produce the contrary vices. But his public life was stained with one great crime, so that, though many passages of these lines were suggested by what was generally known as excellent in his conduct, I have not been able to connect his name with the poem as I could wish, or even to think of him with satisfaction in reference to the idea of what a warrior ought to be. For the sake of such of my friends as may happen to read this note I will add, that many elements of the character here portrayed were found in my brother John, who perished by shipwreck as mentioned elsewhere. His messmates used to call him the Philosopher, from which it must be inferred that the qualities and dispositions I allude to had not escaped their notice. He often expressed his regret, after the war had continued some time, that he had not chosen the Naval, instead of the East India Company's service, to which his family connection had led him. He greatly valued moral and religious instruction for youth, as tending to make good sailors. The best, he used to say, came from Scotland; the next to them, from the North of England, especially from Westmoreland and Cumberland, where, thanks to the piety and local attachments of our ancestors, endowed, or, as they are commonly called, free, schools abound.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1806; first published 1807. Immediately after the poem follows in ed. 1807 this note: "The above Verses were written soon after tidings had been received of the Death of Lord Nelson, which event directed the Author's thoughts to the subject. His respect for the memory of his great fellow-countryman induces him to mention this; though he is well aware that the Verses must suffer from any connection in the Reader's mind with a Name so illustrious." On Feb. 11, 1806 Wordsworth sent to Sir G. Beaumont a MS. copy of these lines, saying that they were written "several weeks ago." Southey speaks of the poem with admiration in a letter to Scott of Feb. 4, 1806. Harriet Martineau relates in her "Autobiography" that having mentioned to Wordsworth how Channing specially admired this poem, "Ay," said Wordsworth, "that was not on account of the *poetic conditions* being best fufilled in that poem; but because it

is (solemnly) a chain of extremely *valooable* thoughts." On ll. 75, 76 Wordsworth added in 1807 a parallel from "The Floure and the Leafe:"

> "For Knightes ever should be persevering
> To seek honour without feintise or slouth
> Fro well to better in all manner thing."

The text is little changed. In 1820 "That" replaced "whom" in l. 2, but it was not until 1845 that the same change was made in the last line of the poem. L. 5, "boyish" (1845); previously "childish." L. 7, "makes" (1832); previously "make." L. 33 (1837); previously "He fixes good on good alone, and owes." L. 79 (1843); in 1807, "Or he must go to dust without his fame"; in 1837, "Or he must fall and sleep without his fame."—Ed.

The Force of Prayer (*page* 231).

An Appendage to "The White Doe." My friend, Mr. Rogers, has also written on the subject. The story is preserved in Dr. Whitaker's "History of Craven"—a topographical writer of first-rate merit in all that concerns the past; but such was his aversion from the modern spirit, as shown in the spread of manufactories in those districts of which he treats, that his readers are left entirely ignorant both of the progress of these arts and their real bearing upon the comfort, virtues, and happiness of the inhabitants. While wandering on foot through the fertile valleys and over the moorlands of the Apennine that divides Yorkshire from Lancashire, I used to be delighted with observing the number of substantial cottages that had sprung up on every side, each having its little plot of fertile ground won from the surrounding waste. A bright and warm fire, if needed, was always to be found in these dwellings. The father was at his loom; the children looked healthy and happy. Is it not to be feared that the increase of mechanic power has done away with many of these blessings, and substituted many evils? Alas! if these evils grow, how are they to be checked, and where is the remedy to be found? Political economy will not supply it; that is certain, we must look to something deeper, purer, and higher.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1808, but written in its first form 1807; first published with "The White Doe," 1815, and again the same year in "Poems," vol. ii. The variations of text are very few and slight. L. 9, "by" (1815,

"Poems"); "from" ("White Doe"). L. 17, "The pair" (1820); previously "And the pair." L. 34, "by" (1815, "Poems"); "with" ("White Doe"). L. 37, "there is" (1815, "Poems"); "is there" ("White Doe"). L. 47, "further" (1815, "Poems"); "farther" ("White Doe").

In its first form the poem was written in Sept., 1807. Dorothy Wordsworth writing on Oct. 18, 1807, says, that he wrote "about a month ago" a poem on "the story of young Romelli and the Strid." A transcript of that date by Dorothy is given by Professor Knight ("Poet. Works," vol. iv. pp. 205, 206), differing in many points from the printed version. The first three stanzas, in which the differences are most considerable, are as follows:

"'*What is good for a bootless bene?*'
The Lady answer'd, '*endless sorrow.*'
Her words are plain; but the Falconer's words
Are a path that is dark to travel thorough.

"These words I bring from the banks of Wharf,
Dark words to front an ancient tale:
And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring
When prayer is of no avail?

"'What is good for a bootless bene?'
The Falconer to the Lady said,
And she made answer as ye have heard,
For she knew that her Son was dead."

Charles Lamb wrote to Wordsworth with a generous extravagance: "Young Romilly is divine; the reasons of the mother's grief being remediless. I never saw parental love carried up so high, towering above the other loves. Shakespeare has done something for the filial in Cordelia, and by implication for the fatherly too, in Lear's resentment; he left it for you to explore the depths of the maternal grief."

In the stanza beginning "If for a Lover the Lady wept" there is a reminiscence of Logan's "The Braes of Yarrow," which was more obvious in the earlier version of Wordsworth's poem. Rogers has written a poem, "The Boy of Egremond," on the same subject.—ED.

A Fact, and an Imagination (*page* 233).

The first and last fourteen lines of this poem each make a sonnet, and were composed as such; but I thought that

by intermediate lines they might be connected so as to make a whole. One or two expressions are taken from Milton's "History of England."—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1816; first published 1820. The fourteenth line is nearly identical with Milton's prose. Ll. 6-8 (1843); previously

> "' . . . . set!' Absurd decree!
> A mandate uttered to the foaming sea,
> Is to its motion less than wanton air."

L. 19, "fact" (1849); previously "truth." L. 23, "as" (1849); previously "and." L. 35, "his" (1837); previously "its."—Ed.

"*A little onward lend thy guiding hand*" (*page* 235).

The complaint in my eyes which gave occasion to this address to my daughter first showed itself as a consequence of inflammation, caught at the top of Kirkstone, when I was over-heated by having carried up the ascent my eldest son, a lusty infant. Frequently has the disease recurred since, leaving my eyes in a state which has often prevented my reading for months, and makes me at this day incapable of bearing without injury any strong light by day or night. My acquaintance with books has therefore been far short of my wishes; and on this account, to acknowledge the services daily and hourly done me by my family and friends, this note is written.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1816; first published 1820. "In quest of parallels to his own case, the Poet recurs in imagination, first, to the 'Samson Agonistes' of Milton, and then to the 'Œdipus' of Sophocles" ("Memoirs," by C. Wordsworth, vol. i. p. 370). The "Antigone" of l. 11 became (1849-50) "Dora" after his daughter's death in 1847; from 1820 to 1845:—"O my Antigone, beloved child!" Compare the change in 1849 (not 1845, see vol. i. p. 377) of "Laura" to "Dora" in "The Longest Day." L. 20, "torrents" (1820, and again 1837); "torrent" (1827-1832). L. 38, "to" (1837); previously "in." The most important change is the substitution in 1827 of the last nine lines for the following of 1820:—

> "Re-open now thy everlasting gates,
> Thou Fane of Holy Writ! Ye classic Domes,
> To these glad orbs from darksome bondage freed,
> Unfold again your portals! Passage lies

Through you to heights more glorious still, and shades
More awful, where this Darling of my care,
Advancing with me hand in hand, may learn,
Without forsaking a too earnest world,
To calm the affections, elevate the soul,
And consecrate her life to truth and love."—Ed.

Ode to Lycoris (*page* 237).

The discerning reader, who is aware that in the poem of "Ellen Irwin" I was desirous of throwing the reader at once out of the old ballad, so as, if possible, to preclude a comparison between that mode of dealing with the subject and the mode I meant to adopt—may here perhaps perceive that this poem originated in the four last lines of the first stanza. Those specks of snow, reflected in the lake and so transferred, as it were, to the subaqueous sky, reminded me of the swans which the fancy of the ancient classic poets yoked to the car of Venus. Hence the tenor of the whole first stanza, and the name of Lycoris, which —with some readers who think my theology and classical allusion too far-fetched and therefore more or less unnatural and affected—will tend to unrealise the sentiment that pervades these verses. But surely one who has written so much in verse as I have done may be allowed to retrace his steps in the regions of fancy which delighted him in his boyhood, when he first became acquainted with the Greek and Roman Poets. Before I read Virgil I was so strongly attached to Ovid, whose Metamorphoses I read at school, that I was quite in a passion whenever I found him, in books of criticism, placed below Virgil. As to Homer, I was never weary of travelling over the scenes through which he led me. Classical literature affected me by its own beauty. But the truths of scripture having been entrusted to the dead languages, and these fountains having been recently laid open at the Reformation, an importance and a sanctity were at that period attached to classical literature that extended, as is obvious in Milton's "Lycidas," for example, both to its spirit and form in a degree that can never be revived. No doubt the hackneyed and lifeless use into which mythology fell towards the close of the seventeenth century, and which continued through the eighteenth, disgusted the general reader with all allusion to it in modern verse; and though, in deference to this disgust, and also in a measure participating in it, I abstained in my earlier writings from all introduction of

pagan fable, surely, even in its humble form, it may ally itself with real sentiment, as I can truly affirm it did in the present case.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth May, 1817; first published 1820. To what the Fenwick note tells I may add words from a letter of Mrs. Fletcher, Nov. 24, 1847. "Wordsworth said it was suggested to him one day at Ullswater, in the year 1817, by seeing two white sunny clouds reflected in the lake. 'They looked,' he said, 'like two swans.'" L. 15, "her" (1827); previously "its." Ll. 31, 32 (1827); previously:

> "Pleased with the soil's requited cares;
> Pleased with the blue that ether wears;"

Ll. 45-48 (1837); previously:

> "Frank greeting, then, to that blithe Guest
> Diffusing smiles o'er land and sea
> To aid the vernal Deity
> Whose home is in the breast!"—Ed.

To the Same (*page* 238).

This as well as the preceding and the two that follow were composed in front of Rydal Mount and during my walks in the neighbourhood. Nine-tenths of my verses have been murmured out in the open air: and here let me repeat what I believe has already appeared in print. One day a stranger having walked round the garden and grounds of Rydal Mount asked one of the female servants, who happened to be at the door, permission to see her master's study. "This," said she, leading him forward, "is my master's library where he keeps his books, but his study is out of doors." After a long absence from home it has more than once happened that some one of my cottage neighbours has said—"Well, there he is; we are glad to hear him *booing* about again." Once more, in excuse for so much egotism, let me say, these notes are written for my familiar friends, and at their earnest request. Another time a gentleman whom James had conducted through the grounds asked him what kind of plants throve best there: after a little consideration he answered—"Laurels." "That is," said the stranger, "as it should be; don't you know that the laurel is the emblem of poetry, and that poets used on public occasions to be crowned with it?" James stared when the question was

first put, but was doubtless much pleased with the information. — I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1817; first published 1820. Ll. 19-41 date from 1827; in 1820 after l. 18:

"Ocean and earth contending for regard,"

the poem went on:

"Lo! there a dim Egerian grotto fringed
With ivy-twine, profusely from its brows
Dependant,—enter without further aim;
There let me see thee sink into a mood
Of quiet thought."

The other changes also date from 1827. L. 2, "'mid" (1827); previously "in."

L. 3 (1827); previously "Oft perilous, always tiresome; and each step,". Ll. 4-6 (1827); in 1820 two lines:

"As we for most uncertain gain ascend
Toward the clouds, dwarfing the world below,"

Professor Knight conjectures that the "Dearest Friend" of l. 45 was Dorothy Wordsworth, and he supposes that the spot described is a bower—here idealised—in the rock on Nab Scar, spoken of in Dorothy's Journal (see Knight's ed. of "Poetical Works," vol. vi. pp. 139, 140, and vol. ii. p. 171). But may not the "Dearest Friend" be Mary Wordsworth?—Ed.

September, 1819 (*page* 240).

Written Sept., 1819; first published 1820. Text unchanged. Having pleaded in "Lycoris" for Spring, Wordsworth now justifies Autumn.—Ed.

Upon the Same Occasion (*page* 241).

Dated by Wordsworth 1819; first published 1820. L. 47 (1827); in 1820, "With passion's finest finger swayed." L. 58, "gloried" ("Miscellaneous Poems," 1820); "boasted" (River Duddon volume, 1820).—Ed.

Memory (*page* 243).

Dated by Wordsworth 1823; first published 1827. In the Fenwick note to No. XXVII. of poems of the 1833 tour, Wordsworth mentions that this poem, "Memory," was "suggested from apprehensions of the fate of my friend H. C.," *i.e.*, Hartley Coleridge. Text unchanged. —Ed.

"*This Lawn, a carpet all alive*" (*page* 244).

This Lawn is the sloping one approaching the kitchen-garden, and was made out of it. Hundreds of times have I watched the dancing of shadows amid a press of sunshine, and other beautiful appearances of light and shade, flowers and shrubs. What a contrast between this and the cabbages and onions and carrots that used to grow there on a piece of ugly-shaped unsightly ground! No reflection, however, either upon cabbages or onions; the latter we know were worshipped by the Egyptians, and he must have a poor eye for beauty who has not observed how much of it there is in the form and colour which cabbages and plants of that genus exhibit through the various stages of their growth and decay. A richer display of colour in vegetable nature can scarcely be conceived than Coleridge, my Sister, and I saw in a bed of potato-plants in blossom near a hut upon the moor between Inversneyd and Loch Katrine. These blossoms were of such extraordinary beauty and richness that no one could have passed them without notice. But the sense must be cultivated through the mind before we can perceive these inexhaustible treasures of Nature, for such they really are, without the least necessary reference to the utility of her productions, or even to the laws whereupon, as we learn by research, they are dependent. Some are of opinion that the habit of analysing, decomposing, and anatomising is inevitably unfavourable to the perception of beauty. People are led into this mistake by overlooking the fact that such processes being to a certain extent within the reach of a limited intellect, we are apt to ascribe to them that insensibility of which they are in truth the effect and not the cause. Admiration and love, to which all knowledge truly vital must tend, are felt by men of real genius in proportion as their discoveries in natural Philosophy are enlarged; and the beauty in form of a plant or an animal is not made less but more apparent as a whole by more accurate insight into its constituent properties and powers. A *Savant* who is not also a poet in soul and a religionist in heart is a feeble and unhappy creature.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1829; first published 1835. Text unchanged.—Ed.

Humanity (*page* 245).

These verses and those entitled "Liberty" were com-

posed as one piece, which Mrs. Wordsworth complained of as unwieldy and ill-proportioned; and accordingly it was divided into two on her judicious recommendation. —I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1829; first published 1835. In 1835 ll. 101-104 were absent from the poem, and appeared as motto prefixed to it, given as an extract from MS. Ll. 11-14 (1837); in 1835:

> "And still in beast and bird a function dwells,
> That, while we look and listen, sometimes tells
> Upon the heart, in more authentic guise
> Than Oracles, or wingèd Auguries,
> Spake to the science of the ancient wise."

L. 38, "serve" (1845); previously "served." L. 40, "To speed their errand by" (1837); in 1835, "The ready service of." L. 45, "his creatures" (1843); previously "existence." L. 47, "But" (1843); previously "And." L. 70, "Whose" (1837); in 1835, "Where." L. 81, "still" (1837); in 1835, "should." Ll. 83, 84 (1837); in 1835, "a proud boast! And yet a mockery! if". Professor Knight calls attention to the fact that ll. 89, 90 closely resemble the "idol proudly named 'The Wealth of Nations'" of "The Prelude," bk. xiii. ll. 77, 78.—Ed.

"*Descending to the worm in charity;*" (*page* 246).

I am indebted, here, to a passage in one of Mr. Digby's valuable works.—W. W.

"*The unremitting voice,*" *etc.* (*page* 249).

Dated by Wordsworth 1846; first published 1850. Text unchanged.—Ed.

Thought on the Seasons (*page* 249).

Written at Rydal Mount.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1829; first published 1835. Text unchanged.—Ed.

To —— upon the Birth of her First-born Child, March, 1833 (*page* 250).

Written at Moresby near Whitehaven, when I was on a visit to my son, then Incumbent of that small living.

While I am dictating these notes to my friend, Miss Fenwick, January 24, 1843, the child upon whose birth these verses were written is under my roof, and is of a disposition so promising that the wishes and prayers and prophecies which I then breathed forth in verse are, through God's mercy, likely to be realised.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth March, 1833; first published 1835. Text unchanged.—ED.

The Warning (*page* 253).

These lines were composed during the fever spread through the Nation by the Reform Bill. As the motives which led to this measure, and the good or evil which has attended or has risen from it, will be duly appreciated by future historians, there is no call for dwelling on the subject in this place. I will content myself with saying that the then condition of the people's mind is not, in these verses, exaggerated.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1833; first published 1835. L. 13, "the events of home" (1837); in 1835, "each home-event." L. 29, "so prompt a love!" (1843); previously "an unbelated love!" Between l. 31 and l. 32 in 1835 appeared two lines omitted in 1837:

"She rivals the fleet Swallow, making rings
In the smooth lake where'er he dips his wings:"

L. 43, "and" (1837); in 1835, "or." Ll. 74-77 (1843); previously:

"Till undiscriminating Ruin swept
The Land, and Wrong perpetual vigils kept;
With proof before her that on public ends
Domestic virtue vitally depends."

L. 81, "Less for his own than" (1843); previously "Not for his own, but".

L. 83, "dark" (1843); previously "blind." Ll. 99, 100 were added in 1837.

L. 102, "in" (1837); in 1835, "with."—ED.

"*If this great world*," *etc.* (*page* 258).

Dated by Wordsworth 1833; first published 1835. Text unchanged. Probably suggested by the recent Reform Bill.—ED.

The Labourer's Noon-day Hymn (*page* 258).

Bishop Ken's "Morning and Evening Hymns" are, as they deserve to be, familiarly known. Many other hymns have also been written on the same subject; but, not being aware of any being designed for noon-day, I was induced o compose these verses. Often one has occasion to observe cottage children carrying, in their baskets, dinner to their Fathers engaged with their daily labours in the fields and woods. How gratifying would it be to me could I be assured that any portion of these stanzas had been sung by such a domestic concert under such circumstances. A friend of mine has told me that she introduced this Hymn into a village-school which she superintended, and the stanzas in succession furnished her with texts to comment upon in a way which without difficulty was made intelligible to the children, and in which they obviously took delight, and they were taught to sing it to the tune of the old 100th Psalm.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1834; first published 1835. L. 17 (1845); previously "Why should we crave a hallowed spot?"—Ed.

Ode composed on May Morning (*page* 260).

This and the following poem originated in the lines "How delicate the leafy veil," etc.—My daughter and I left Rydal Mount upon a tour through our mountains with Mr. and Mrs. Carr in the month of May, 1826, and as we were going up the vale of Newlands I was struck with the appearance of the little chapel gleaming through the veil of half-opened leaves; and the feeling which was then conveyed to my mind was expressed in the stanza referred to above. As in the case of "Liberty" and "Humanity," my first intention was to write only one poem, but subsequently I broke it into two, making additions to each part so as to produce a consistent and appropriate whole.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1826; first published 1835. Text unchanged. In a letter to W. Rowan Hamilton of Nov. 26, 1830, having described his journey of that month from Westmoreland to Cambridge, Wordsworth writes: "As I passed through the tame and manufacture-disfigured country of Lancashire, I was reminded, by the faded leaves, of Spring, and threw off a few stanzas of an 'Ode to May'"—perhaps this, more probably the next poem. —Ed.

To May (*page* 262).

Dated by Wordsworth 1826-1834; first published 1835. Text unchanged.—Ed.

Lines suggested by a Portrait from the Pencil of F. Stone (*page* 265).

This Portrait has hung for many years in our principal sitting-room, and represents J. Q. as she was when a girl. The picture, though it is somewhat thinly painted, has much merit in tone and general effect: it is chiefly valuable, however, from the sentiment that pervades it. The Anecdote of the saying of the Monk in sight of Titian's picture was told in this house by Mr. Wilkie, and was, I believe, first communicated to the public in this poem, the former portion of which I was composing at the time. Southey heard the story from Miss Hutchinson, and transferred it to the "Doctor"; but it is not easy to explain how my friend Mr. Rogers, in a note subsequently added to his "Italy," was led to speak of the same remarkable words having many years before been spoken in his hearing by a monk or priest in front of a picture of the Last Supper, placed over a Refectory-table in a convent at Padua. —I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1834; first published 1835. L. 103 (1837); in 1835, "Left not unvisited a glorious work." L. 128, "Which" (1837); in 1835, "That." J. Q. (see Fenwick note) was Miss Jemima Quillinan, eldest daughter of Edward Quillinan and his first wife. The portrait, Professor Knight mentions, "is now in Miss Quillinan's house, Loughrigg Holme."—Ed.

The Foregoing Subject resumed (*page* 269).

Dated by Wordsworth 1834; first published 1835. Text unchanged.—Ed.

"*So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive*" (*page* 271).

Written 1844; first published 1845. Text unchanged. The Rev. R. Perceval Graves tells the occasion on which this poem was suggested—a walk from Windermere, by Rydal and Grasmere, to Loughrigg Tarn, July, 1844. Wordsworth was accompanied by Archer Butler, Julius

Charles Hare, Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, and Mr. Graves. Near the Tarn Wordsworth's "attention was arrested by a fair smooth stone, of the size of an ostrich's egg, seeming to imbed at its centre, and at the same time to display a dark star-shaped fossil of most distinct outline. Upon closer inspection this proved to be the shadow of a daisy projected upon it with extraordinary precision by the intense light of an almost vertical sun. The poet drew the attention of the rest of the party to the minute but beautiful phenomenon, and gave expression at the time to thoughts suggested by it, which so interested our friend Professor Butler, that he plucked the tiny flower, and saying that 'it should be not only the theme but the memorial of the thought they had heard' bestowed it somewhere carefully for preservation."—Ed.

Upon seeing a Coloured Drawing of the Bird of Paradise in an Album (*page* 272).

I cannot forbear to record that the last seven lines of this poem were composed in bed during the night of the day on which my sister Sara Hutchinson died about 6 p.m., and it was the thought of her innocent and beautiful life that, through faith, prompted the words—

"On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,
No tempest from his breath."

The reader will find two poems on pictures of this bird among my poems. I will here observe that in a far greater number of instances than have been mentioned in these notes one poem has, as in this case, grown out of another, either because I felt the subject had been inadequately treated, or that the thoughts and images suggested in course of composition have been such as I found interfered with the unity indispensable to every work of art, however humble in character.—I. F.

Dated by Wordsworth 1835; first published 1837. Text unchanged.—Ed.

Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order (*page* 274).

This group was formed in 1845.—Ed.

I. (*page* 274).

Dated by Wordsworth 1831; first published 1835. Text unchanged. In the volume, "Yarrow Revisited and other Poems," 1835, this sonnet appears with a note appended, "This Sonnet ought to have followed No. VII. in the series of 1831, but was omitted by mistake." No. VII. of the 1831 series is the sonnet, "Composed in the Glen of Loch Etive." In ed. 1837 this sonnet occupies the position assigned in the note; in 1845 it assumed its present position.—Ed.

II. (*page* 275).

Written 1832; first published 1832 amongst "Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces; placed in 1837 among "Miscellaneous Sonnets, Part III."; in 1845 it assumed its present position.

L. 4, "judgments" (1838); previously "judgment." Ll. 9-11 (1837); previously:

> "Oh that with soul-aspirings more intense
> And heart-humiliations more profound
> This People, long so happy,"

The other pestilence than revolution was the cholera of 1832, which was the occasion of the general fast.—Ed.

III. (*page* 275).

Written probably in 1838; first published 1838; it appears as a note in "Sonnets," 1838, p. 450; the note being connected with the sonnet, "Protest against the Ballot, 1838." Text unchanged. This sonnet was omitted from edd. 1837-1843. The sonnet, "Protest against the Ballot, 1838," was not included by Wordsworth in any volume except the "Sonnets," 1838. In the present edition it will appear among additional poems not included in ed. 1849-1850. The note which introduces "Said Secrecy," etc., in "Sonnets," 1838, is as follows: "Having in this notice ['Protest,' etc.] alluded only in general terms to the mischief which, in my opinion, the Ballot would bring along with it, without especially branding its immoral and anti-social tendency, (for which no political advantages, were they a thousand times greater than those presumed upon, could be a compensation) I have been impelled to subjoin a reprobation of it

upon that score. In no part of my writings have I mentioned the name of any cotemporary, that of Buonaparte only excepted, but for the purpose of eulogy; and therefore, as in the concluding verse of what follows there is a deviation from this rule (for the blank will be easily filled up) I have excluded the Sonnet from the body of the collection, and placed it here as a public record of my detestation, both as a man and a citizen, of the proposed contrivance." The blank in l. 14 is to be filled with the name of Grote.—ED.

IV. (*page* 276).

Written 1838; first published in "Sonnets," 1838. Text unchanged except in l. 2, "him" (1842); in 1838, "her."—ED.

"*All change is perilous and all chance unsound*" (*page* 276).

SPENSER.—W. W.

V., VI., VII. (*pages* 276, 277).

Written probably between 1838 and 1842; first published 1842. Text unchanged.—ED.

VIII. (*page* 278).

These lines were written several years ago, when reports prevailed of cruelties committed in many parts of America, by men making a law of their own passions. A far more formidable, as being a more deliberate mischief, has appeared among those States, which have lately broken faith with the public creditor in a manner so infamous. I cannot, however, but look at both evils under a similar relation to inherent good, and hope that the time is not distant when our brethren of the West will wipe off this stain from their name and nation.—W. W.

Additional Note.

I am happy to add that this anticipation is already partly realised; and that the reproach addressed to the Pennsylvanians in the next sonnet is no longer applicable to them. I trust that those other States to which it may

yet apply will soon follow the example now set them by Philadelphia, and redeem their credit with the world. —W. W. 1850.

Written 1839 (sent in a letter to Professor H. Reed, Dec. 23, 1839, as "a sonnet which broke from me not long ago in reading an account of misdoings in many parts of your Republic"); first published 1842. Text unchanged. Of Wordsworth's note, dated 1850, Henry Reed writes (in his American ed. of Wordsworth, 1851): "This editorial note is on a fly-leaf at the end of the fourth volume of the edition, which was completed only a short time before the Poet's death. It contains probably the last sentences composed by him for the press. It was promptly added by him in consequence of a suggestion from me, that the Sonnet addressed 'To Pennsylvanians' was no longer just—a fact which is mentioned to show that the fine sense of truth and justice which distinguish his writings was active to the last."—Ed.

IX. (*page* 279).

Written probably early in 1845 (Wordsworth repeated the sonnet to Lady Richardson, Feb. 24, 1845); first published 1845. Text unchanged.—Ed.

X., XI., XII. (*pages* 279, 280).

Written probably in 1837 or soon after; first published 1842, in the group, "Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 1837;" transferred to their present position in 1845. Text unchanged.—Ed.

XIII. (*page* 281).

Written 1845; first published 1845. Text unchanged. On Feb. 9, 1845, Lady Richardson writes: "Wordsworth was in excellent spirits, and repeated with a solemn beauty, quite peculiar to himself, a sonnet he had lately composed on 'Young England;' and his indignant burst, 'Where then is *old*, our dear old England?' was one of the finest bursts of nature and art combined I have ever heard."—Ed.

XIV. (*page* 281).

This sonnet is recommended to the perusal of all those who consider that the evils under which we groan are to

be removed or palliated by measures ungoverned by moral and religious principles.—I. F.

Dated conjecturally 1842; first published 1842. Ll. 9, 10 (1845); in 1842:

> "Feel for the Poor,—but not to still your qualms
> By formal charity or dole of alms;"—Ed.

END OF VOL. IV.

CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

